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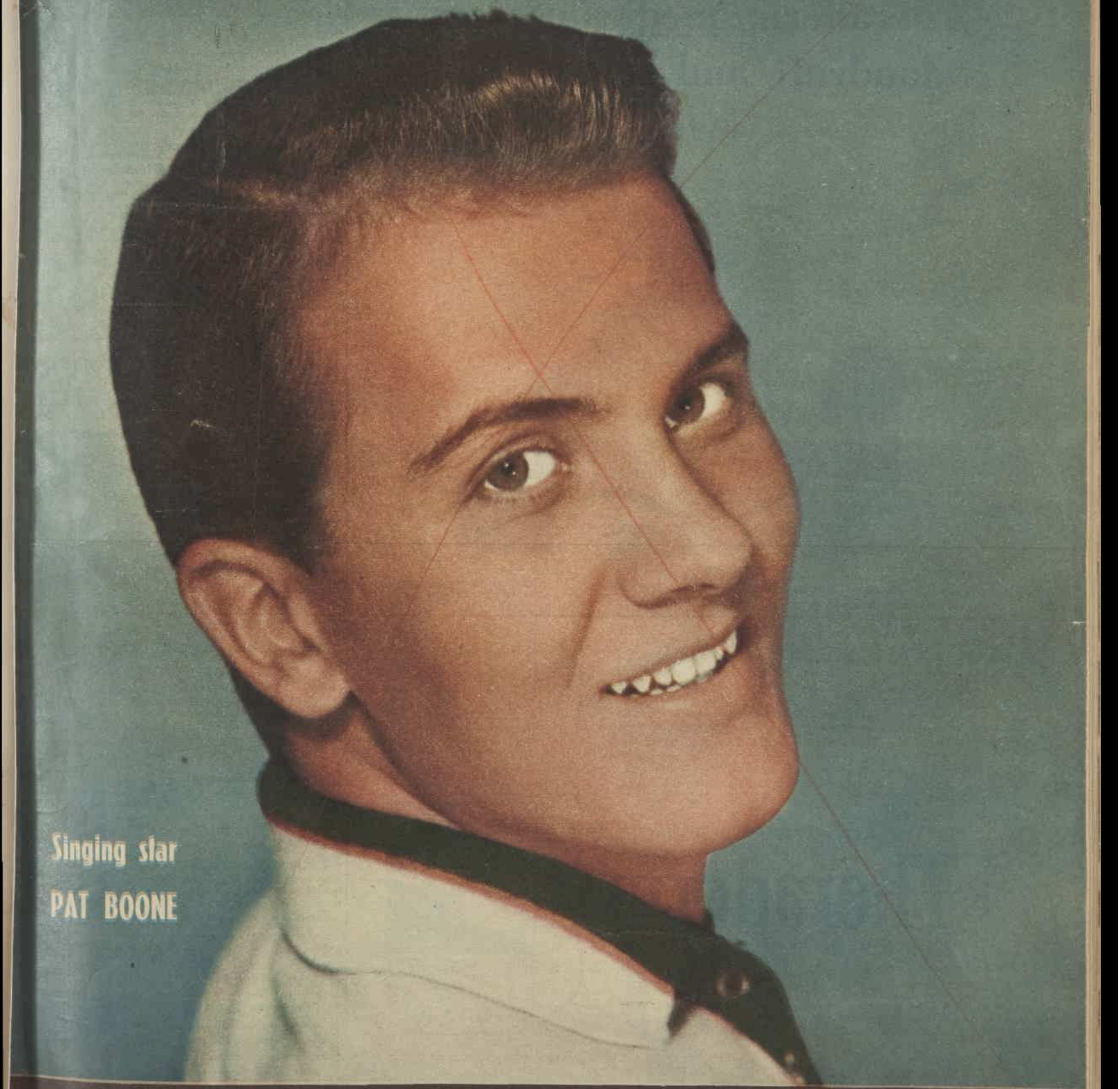

Singing star PAT BOONE

Beginning: PAT BOONE'S BEST SELLER 'Twixt Twelve and Twenty

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Our cover

● Pat Boone, who has added writing to his successful careers of singer and film star. The first instalment of his best-seller, "'Twixt Twelve and Twenty"—a talk to teenagers—is on pages 3 and 4 of Teenagers' Weekly.

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Teenagers' Weekly — 16-page pull-out

The Weekly Round

● Famous Australian painter Sir Hans Heysen, the "Knight of the Gum Trees" (story, pages 8, 9), has an amusing story to tell about Pavlova.

WHEN Pavlova visited Sir Hans and Lady Heysen at their lovely home in the Adelaide Hills, she admired a still-life painting hanging in the dining-room and wanted to buy it.

"No," said Sir Hans. "That belongs to my wife. But I will do one just like it for you."

When the painting was sent to the ballerina, she didn't want it. It had a white background instead of the black background of the one she had seen.

Eventually the painting was returned and later sold in Australia.

★ ★ ★

THE Lucke and Sara quads, holidaying together on Hayman Island (pages 16, 17), behaved beautifully and were a credit to their parents, reporter Marjorie Stapleton told us.

The children were natural, unspoiled, and easily made friends with other holidaymakers.

Their parents did not like them to accept favors, and the children would not do anything without permission.

★ ★ ★

FABULOUS Fabian, the 19-year-old American rock 'n-roll star without a surname, has been booked by Lee Gordon to appear in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane—probably in October.

His first record to reach Australia, "Turn Me Loose," is now on sale. Bernard Fletcher tells you all about it on page 7 of this week's Teenagers' Weekly.

★ ★ ★

IN our next issue we will publish letters we received when we asked readers to write their views of a controversial article by a young professor who said, "Love and marriage don't mix."

The professor is Dutch-born Dr. Ernest van den Haag, who has been living in New York since 1940.

His statements created a storm when they were published in the United States.

Many letters we received are sharply critical, but whether they are for or against the young professor's ideas they make interesting reading.

NEXT WEEK

● The second part of "You and Your Food," a Family Doctor Cookbook sponsored by the British Medical Association, is featured in a seven-page section in our next issue. The cookbook continues the wonderful selection of varied, nutritious recipes in the first part, which is presented as a pull-out supplement between pages 32 and 33 in this issue.

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Mag's figure is her fortune

● Mag weighs 16 stone and her vital statistics are 58-52-58, but her figure is her fortune—for these days mannequin Mag is one of the best-known personalities in the Paris fashion world.

MAG, the 16-stone mannequin, pictured (below) in Chanel-style suit and (above) with coat slung over her shoulders, which, she says, hides extra inches.

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

SINCE Mag first began her career as a model of outsize fashions she has gone on from success to success.

Among her other claims to fame: she's the popular president of the Large Girls' Club, which has branches in England and Canada, as well as throughout France.

And she was such a roaring success when she modelled at the Canadian National Exhibition two years ago that she has been asked to star in the international fashion show there again this year.

Mr. Pennington, Canada's specialist in outsize fashion-wear, says that he has been swamped with letters from the clients of his eleven speciality shops asking him to bring Mag back.

It's not surprising that the organisers of the exhibition consider her one of the best attractions on their programme—even though it includes some of North America's best-known TV and variety stars.

Wherever she goes Mag gets an enthusiastic reception.

Her friendly, cheerful grin, her personality, and her dynamism are irresistible. She generally gets far more applause than the slinky young mannequins who grace the average fashion show.

In fact, when Mag makes her twice-yearly tour of the French provinces to show off outsize styles, she gets a royal welcome.

Last year she was a riot in England when she was flown by helicopter to the Duke of Bedford's estate to launch Britain's first Large Girls' Club.

"Fat girls are fun," wrote London "Daily Mirror's" John Rolls after meeting Mag. "Jolly, bubbling, happy girls who can take a joke against themselves and their avoirdupois."

And, indeed, Mag doesn't care a tinker's cuss about her size.

"Men like thin women to take out and show off," she says, "but for everything else they like them fat.

"A large woman need never worry about finding a man. I find that the younger men, particularly the slim ones, like us, too."

Mag is also very definite about what large women would wear.

"A large woman can be just as elegant as her smaller sister," she says.

And to achieve this elegance she advises: "Be bold and gay.

"And don't worry about overeating. Just dress to suit your build."

When asked about her age, Mag says, "I'm not telling, but remember that fat women look youngest longest."

She admits, however, that she has a 28-year-old son. In fact, just now she is boasting about him—for in September his first play will open in Paris.

It is to be produced by Jean Mercure, one of France's best producers, and is called "Impossible Love in the United States."

In boasting that her figure is her fortune, Mag says: "My clients are always consoled when they come to see me, for though they despair about their size they usually find that I am much bigger than they are, and they like it."

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The 'roo – a menace or just maligned?

• *Thirsty after a five-mile chase, this big red buck kangaroo smelt water and leisurely hopped 200 yards out of his way to drink for a while. The same 'roo appears in all the pictures in this series.*

• Graziers claim that kangaroos have caused £150 million damage to grasslands since the war. A suggestion that 'roos be controlled by a virus disease has been called "shocking." After weeks of controversy staff writer Ronald McKie talked to a scientist about the whole problem of kangaroos and made some curious discoveries.

• *In full flight again, the 'roo tried desperately to leap over this eight-foot-high fence.*

THE kangaroo is on Australia's coat-of-arms, it leaps off pennies and along the side of planes, it has an air route named after it, and it even appears on boomerangs made at La Perouse.

But the astonishing thing, after 171 years of close acquaintance, is that practically nothing is known about our best-known national character.

This curious fact has emerged from the recent controversy about the need to control 'roos because of the damage they do to grazing lands.

"Our total knowledge of the kangaroo is about one per cent., says Mr. Basil Marlow, Curator of Mammals at the Australian Museum, Sydney.

So that about 99 per cent. of all stories about the 'roo and his habits, good and bad, is myth, supposition, and old graziers' tales.

Men on the land may think they know lots about the 'roo, but scientists like Mr. Marlow admit, with more humility, that they could fill books with what they don't know.

The 'roo is one of the world's physically toughest animals. It has good hearing, sight, and smell, though how good is not known. It is one reasonably speedy, with a maximum of about 30 miles an hour for young animals and about 20 for older animals. It can leap 20 feet and clear a five-foot fence.

The 'roo is not very intelligent. Tests have shown that they will enter an opening in a specially made fence around water but can't get out.

Nobody knows how much a 'roo eats or how much it needs to stay alive or what herbage it prefers, though at a wild guess it may eat as much as a sheep when grass is plentiful.

A 'roo's digestive mechanism is believed to be similar to that of ruminants, like a cow. And although a 'roo does not chew the cud, it will disgorge food into its mouth and later swallow it.

Again, there is almost total ignorance about its drinking habits, though it's well known that 'roos lap like a dog and are slow drinkers, that they will dig for water, and, incidentally, that they don't sweat but cool themselves by licking their arms and chest.

Research on wallaroos (a type of kangaroo) in W.A. by Mr. E. H. M. Eale, of the C.S.I.R.O.'s Wild Life Section, showed that males drank once a fortnight or less

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• *Disturbed from a daylight nap, this small mob of kangaroos heads for the timber. This was the first picture taken in the series on two adjacent sheep properties 60 miles out of Bourke, north-western New South Wales.*

and large numbers could go without water for months.

Three survived for three months in a paddock which contained good food but no water. They spent much of their days in a cool cave.

Three others kept in captivity with food but no water or shade stopped feeding and lost a quarter of their weight in six days. When given water they resumed feeding and regained their normal weight in 24 hours.

A little more, but not much, is known about the 'roo's breeding cycle.

A doe has one baby a year and can have two. Twins are known. Gestation is 30 to 40 days, and baby at birth is about an inch long—like a hairless, pinkish embryo with well-developed head and arms, even to the claws, but little development below the "waist."

The baby, after normal birth, crawls up into the pouch and attaches himself to one of four teats. As he sucks, the teat swells and his lips become more or less permanently attached.

Grey 'roo babies take about 15 minutes to reach the pouch, but reds are a bit slow. They take half an hour.

Life in pouch

Baby grows in the pouch, developing fur, and, as a young joey, starts grass feeding. He leaves the pouch finally at about nine months, but isn't full-grown until three years.

In captivity his lifespan is from 12 to 15 years, but in the wild state, where food is often scarce and nobody gives him an aspirin if he gets sick, he probably dies before 12.

One curious breeding fact, true for Quokkas, the little ratlike 'roo of W.A., may also apply to 'roos, though this is not certain.

A 'roo doe, while feeding a joey, may carry the embryo of a second baby. This embryo may remain passive during the full period of lactation and then begin to grow. Or if the joey dies during lactation the embryo may suddenly develop.

A Quokka female can start producing another baby immediately one has been weaned, without any new fertilisation. This is known as "delayed implantation," and applies also to bears, seals, weasels, and other mammals.

'Roo ruler

Finally almost nothing is known about the social behaviour of 'roos, except that reds often move in big groups and that greys are less gregarious.

Bushmen say that an old man 'roo will rule a group as one buck rabbit will dominate his colony, that 'roos will fight to defend their own territory, that when groups move they send out young scouts in advance, that 'roos will migrate over great distances . . .

But there's no scientific proof of this, nor is there proof of other beliefs, including the popular one that 'roos foul the ground for stock.

"As we know almost nothing about the kangaroo," Basil Marlow says, "talk of controlling him is quite useless until we have filled in the great gaps in our knowledge.

"Study might show that overstocking, not the 'roo, was the real cause of pasture damage. We just don't know.

"It would take a scientific team perhaps five years to learn all there is to know about the animal.

"And only then, if that investigation showed that the 'roo is as serious a pest as graziers claim, could methods be studied which would reduce his numbers without exterminating him.

"It's imperative that any control should not jeopardise the safety of non-noxious species of marsupials, for, of the 52 species in N.S.W. alone, 42 per cent. are already extinct or so rare that they are not likely to survive."

• *Stopping to get his wind again, the 'roo settled comfortably in the grass. He didn't care about the camera — only four feet away.*

• *'Roos rarely take to water, but this fellow swam five minutes before coming out with a great leap to crash his way through a fence — and finally escape.*

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Criticism on Royal tour

Press "free to write what it likes", says the Queen

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff,
who is in Canada
for the Royal tour.

● The Royal tour of Canada got off to a splendid start. Subsequent Press criticism and incidents have reflected divisions in the Canadians' attitude to the monarchy. But wherever Elizabeth has been she has won over the majority to the pro-Queen faction.

ROYAL COUPLE on the Canadian tour. After "workmanlike" clothes for the early industry-visiting part of the tour, the Queen is wearing many coat-and-dress ensembles.

IT is obvious that on this tour Queen Elizabeth is being her own most severe critic.

One can see in many little gestures that she is anxious to make an effort in the direction of the people she is visiting, even though it adds to her programme.

She is spending more time talking to children, going out of the way to greet them, even though their hesitating answers are holding up reception lines.

Previously it was considered more important that the Queen speak to officials.

The tour started to an undercurrent of criticism.

Canadian journalist June Callwood, in an American magazine article which hit the streets the day the Queen stepped ashore in Quebec from the yacht Britannia, set out to explain why many Canadians resent the Queen, why so many people in Canada oppose the tour.

The Queen did not resent this and other statements in some quarters that Canadians were indifferent to the monarchy.

At a Press party aboard Britannia in Quebec — a party attended by June Callwood — Queen Elizabeth said with a smile that the Press was free to write what it likes.

The party was so memorable that the whole Press, even June Callwood, were miserable at the thought of what they had written.

Incidentally, the party followed the presentation of colors to a regiment — a perfect ceremony except for the regimental mascot, a goat, which had to be given tranquillisers.

The Queen's clothes — objects of careful scrutiny by the fashion-wise American and Canadian Press — were called dowdy at the beginning of the tour when she went on long flights to see Canada at work.

For practical reasons her hats — designed by Claude St. Cyr, of Paris — were pulled well down over her hair and her tweeds were heavy.

"Looks as though she has brought over all her old clothes," said a fashion writer sourly.

Yet later in Quebec and fashionable Montreal everyone expressed delight at her choice of colors.

Yellow is the tour color.

The Queen has worn many ensembles. They are mostly dresses and topcoats — the dresses in printed silk and the coats with linings matched to the dress.

She has worn yellow with yellow flowered silk, magenta over pink and white, white over turquoise.

"New deal"

In planning this tour speeches were to be limited to three minutes, handshakes and presentation lines cut down, and the Queen herself to decide whom she would talk to.

Her visits to factories weren't to be "clocked" to a tight time schedule; she and Prince Philip to stay as long as they liked.

It was to be a "New Deal for Royalty."

IT MIGHT LOOK EASY, BUT . . .

● In the happy informal atmosphere of the Press party at Quebec, Queen Elizabeth said it was too early yet to take Prince Charles and Princess Anne abroad.

"They couldn't stand up to it," she explained simply.

At the onset a little five-year-old girl helped the Queen set the informal pattern.

At St. John's, Newfoundland, where the Comet touched down, Gale Russell, presenting the first bouquet, forgot all about protocol and "you must not speak to royalty until they address you" rules.

She did her curtsy, she presented the bouquet of pink carnations, and then she just wouldn't back away.

The Queen said nothing for a moment, and Gale came out with: "And how is Princess Anne?"

There was a wide smile on every face in the line-up of officials on the tarmac.

But on the Queen's face was only the most earnest smile as she said, "Oh, very well indeed—and quite happy!"

Tension relaxed immediately; the tour got off to a splendid start.

Later, in Quebec, there was surprisingly little to remind anyone that the British and the French were once bitter enemies here and that the old sores still rankle.

The Queen made her first speech of the tour after the State dinner at Quebec. It was the eve of St. John the Baptist's Day, which is associated with the founding of French Canada.

Many people thought the tour should have included celebration ceremonies which are based on religion. Others thought that because of the Saint's Day the whole tour should have been cancelled.

ROYAL TOUR route. The Queen and Prince Philip will spend six weeks in Canada to August 1, with a short visit to Chicago.

Diehards, too

Despite opposition to the New Deal from the diehards—and opposition to the whole tour by some Canadians—mobs waiting to see the Queen are as big as ever.

Eskimos travelled from their frozen fastnesses into 81 degrees of heat to see "Mrs. Queen," and moccasined Indians arrived, some by primitive canoe, from their remote sub-Arctic homes.

An English nurse used a helicopter to fly in from a remote part of Newfoundland.

Her visit to Canada is partly aimed at stressing this country's vastly expanding industry, and the second day included a visit to Bowater's Paper Mill, on an arm of the Humber River, Newfoundland.

The Queen stayed 20 minutes longer than scheduled at Bowater's, watching logs rolling in from the river being crushed to paper pulp.

At the end of the visit the Queen was seen to ease her toes by standing on tiptoes out of her court shoes—a trick she is said to have learned from her Guardsmen.

At Bowater's the Queen saw paper pulped which will be used for daily newspapers in Australia. Escorted through the mill by Sir Eric Bowater, she met his assistant general manager, Tony Balloch, whose mother was Miss Kitty Mort, of Sydney.

Everywhere the Queen has made those she met feel at home.

Her gracious smile and words of thanks made the gigantic efforts of the Colonel's lady all worth while at Harman.

Colonel Finan and his lady had just moved into the house.

The lady's hair was done up in pins and her furniture piled around her when her husband said: "The Queen is coming in for morning tea."

Mrs. Finan ("I'm strictly a tea-bag girl") had to learn how to make a cup of tea.

She need not have worried, for the Queen accepted coffee.

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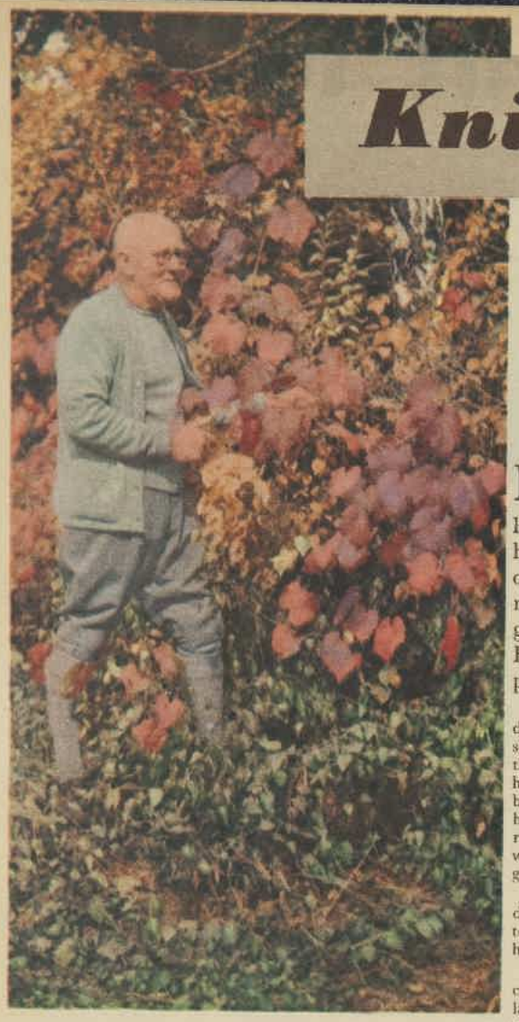
Knight of the gum trees

• Among those knighted by the Queen in her Birthday Honors List was Sir Hans Heysen, for more than 50 years a leading figure in the Australian art world.



AUSTRALIAN artist Sir Hans Heysen, wearing his "working" clothes, in the garden of his lovely home at Balhannah, high in the Adelaide Hills.

HIGH up in the picturesque Adelaide Hills that he has helped to make famous on canvas, and surrounded by the tall gum trees he loves, Sir Hans Heysen is still painting at 82.

For several hours a day, six days a week ("sometimes seven — Sundays, Mondays, they are all the same to me"), he works in the huge studio built on a gentle slope a few hundred yards from the rambling home where he lives with his wife, Sally, and grandchild Jill.

The Heysens had eight children, one of whom, a daughter, died some years ago. They have 20 grandchildren.

Sir Hans, a gentle, courteous man with the relaxed air of an English squire, will be 83 in October.

He could be taken for 60, even younger, if it weren't for the tell-tale mane of white hair now receding from a high forehead.

By NONI ROWLAND, staff reporter

His eyes are clear and alert behind glasses, his hearing excellent, and his back as straight as the young birch trees in his garden.

He still chops the firewood for the house and puts in hours in the garden — "We only grow what we can eat."

"I have never had time to reflect on death," he said, with a kindly smile. "I have a happy home, I am in constant touch with nature, and I am so busy that there is no time for reflection of this sort."

Sir Hans, a major figure in the Australian art world for more than half a century, has a phenomenal memory.

Memories

Without hesitation he can recall dates and places going back to his childhood.

"Yes, that picture was painted on the Narrabeen Lakes in Sydney in 1908; I first went to the Flinders Ranges in 1927; that drawing was done in 1918; I had my first exhibition in Adelaide in 1904, which produced the enormous sum of £29 — enough to get married on."

As with years and places over a span of more than 70 years and several continents, Sir Hans also has no difficulty in recalling names.

Pulling out an unframed picture of the Murray River that caught my eye, he pointed to a tiny figure in the right-hand foreground.

"I painted this in 1918," he said, "and that is old Zimmerman, one of the Murray River pioneers. He must have been over 70 at the time."

Specially built, Sir Hans' barn-like studio really fits the popular conception of an artist's workroom.

Southern light pours in from enormous windows under a red-pine ceiling, paintings and sketches spill over from the walls on to sturdy benches, and scores of brushes are stored in vases and pots round the room.

On an easel in one corner is Sir Hans' favorite picture—a painting of the Flinders Ranges he started 10 years ago and has never completed.

"I don't know why," he said, raising long, shaggy eyebrows. "I just began and left it, and have never been able to take it up since."

Stacked on the floor round the room are paintings dating back to 1908, which the artist is still working on, and others which he keeps for reference.

"I am always happy here," he said, as he bent to light a fire in a stove. "I can hear the birds twittering and the fowls clucking to say they have laid an egg. Not that they've done much clucking lately, unfortunately."

Nature and Sir Hans appear inseparable. He avoids social life — in fact, actively dislikes it — and his favorite clothes are knee breeches, long socks, high-necked jumper, and cardigan.

Gum trees are his great love, and when he talks of them his voice takes on added warmth.

"I really love the old gums, the river gums and the red gums," he said, as we walked through his garden, thick with falling autumn leaves. "I think they are one of the most attractive trees. Their beauty is in their structure; European trees depend on their decorative foliage."

Appropriately, the half mile of natural little roadway leading off the main road at Balhannah to the Heysen home, set in 150 acres, is lined with stately gums.

"Attempts have been made to cut them down, but I have managed to save them," said Mr. Heysen.

"The whole countryside has changed enormously since we first came to live here.

"In the old days we still had the big gums on the main road. They were cut down to make room for telephone and electricity wires.

"But I have sketched most of them and have records of the old gums that no one else has."

He's puzzled

Never tired of translating the beauty of the Australian countryside on to canvas, Sir Hans is puzzled by many of today's painters.

"They rely so much on their subconscious and take little interest in the realities of life around them," he said.

"They never see the blue sky. Their work has no feeling of sunlight, air, or movement that is the very essence of this country.

"Actually, no one today is painting what I call Australia, capturing the feeling and atmosphere of the country.

"This, of course," he went on, "is only a reflection of what is happening all over the world.

"In the old days you could distinguish between the different schools — Berlin, New York, Italy, Paris. Now all the paintings follow the same pattern. Even Japan is half and half."

Sir Hans' parents, with their five children—three boys and two girls—migrated to Australia from Hamburg in 1883, when young Hans was only six.

Neither of the Heysen parents (father was an accountant) discouraged the boy from studying art when he left school at 14 and was apprenticed to a local timber mill.

"Mother always supported me," he said, "though I don't know why. At that time there was certainly no inducement for young artists. No one wanted to buy an Australian painting."

First show

The young Hans Heysen studied under James Ashton at the Norwood Art School, Adelaide, one afternoon a week for two years while he worked at the mills.

In 1889 he went abroad to study in Paris and Italy, and returned three years later determined to live by his work.

He held his first exhibition in Adelaide in 1904, and on the proceeds married Sally, a daughter of Mr. A. H. F. Bartels, one time Lord Mayor of Adelaide. She was always referred to as "one of the beautiful Bartels sisters."

After four lean years of work as an art teacher, Hans Heysen held a successful one-man show in Melbourne.

"That produced sufficient for us to leave the city and rent a cottage for the princely sum of 5/- a week at Hahndorf," the painter said with a smile.

"From that time on I have lived by my work, painting the country I have loved since I was a boy."

Today the Heysens, with their children all grown up and married (only one of them, Nora, now Mrs. Robert Black, of Sydney, followed in father's tracks), live with a granddaughter in the big, old house they bought at Balhannah, not far from Hahndorf, 44 years ago.

It is a house that really feels like a home as soon as you enter it.

Indoor plants and the outdoor garden seem to merge through deep windows, polished floors are covered with rich, well-worn rugs, and lovely old furniture has taken on the color it gets only after years of care and polishing.

It is a home that has received and housed some famous visitors.

Dame Nellie Melba stayed there and played and sang "Home, Sweet Home" for the family on the grand piano. Pavlova came to tea, and so did Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier.

Olivier admired the hut

LADY HEYSEN pours morning tea for her husband in a room that seems to bring the outside indoors. These giant-size cups were coveted by Sir Laurence Olivier when he and Vivien Leigh visited the Heysen home.

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"RED GOLD," one of Sir Hans Heysen's best-known pictures, was painted in 1913, and presented by the Hon. Charles Booth to the National Art Gallery in Adelaide, where it now hangs. The landscape, which has appeared in several Australian art books, was painted in the picturesque Adelaide Hills.

teacups and tried, without success, to talk Lady Heysen into letting him have them.

Vivien Leigh loved the gum trees so much that Sir Hans painted a small picture, which he presented to her after one of her shows in Adelaide.

"We wanted very much to see the Olivers on stage," said Lady Heysen, who, at 80, still makes her own brown bread ("because Hans likes it so much"), "but we didn't like to ask them to help us get tickets, as we knew the bookings would be heavy."

Vivien's kiss

However, in the mail came tickets for an evening performance, and an invitation to go backstage for supper afterwards.

"We took our two big boys with us," said Lady Heysen. "Naturally, they both thought Vivien Leigh was wonderful.

"You should have seen the look of envy on their faces," she added, smiling, "when Vivien Leigh, after one look at the painting Hans gave her, put her arms around his neck, said 'Oh, Hans!' and kissed him on the cheek."

After Melba had visited them, Hans Heysen received an invitation to stay at her house, Coombe Cottage, Lilydale, while he was in Melbourne.

"I wasn't invited," said Lady Heysen.

"Melba really didn't have any time for women, but she was wonderful, all the same."

America's arresting blind personality Helen Keller was another famous guest.

"She is so alive and vital," they said.

"As soon as she walked in she said in that guttural voice of hers, 'This is a happy home. It has so much feeling'."

The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, was the most recent notable visitor.

He drove up to the Hills to buy one of Hans Heysen's pictures for the Commonwealth Government to give as a wedding gift to the Crown Prince of Japan.

Lady Heysen is as remarkably active as her husband.

As well as bread, she makes her own jam, and looks after the huge house with some help from a nearby village.

She is reluctant to be photographed, and hates to be labelled her "husband's inspiration."

"Lot of sentimental nonsense," she explains.

"An artist is easy to live with as long as you let him go his own way," Lady Heysen said quietly as we walked round one of the rooms looking at her husband's pictures.

"If Hans wants to get up in the middle of the night and paint moonlight, then he gets up and paints moonlight.

"If he doesn't come when I ring the gong for meals, then I know he is busy in the studio and I prepare a meal for him later when he is ready.

"He doesn't like to come into the house if I have someone in to help me, but if I have no one then he will stir the jam and dry the dishes.

"He is a proper husband," said the woman who has shared the famous artist's life for so many good, long years.

SIR HANS HEYSEN at work in his favorite studio corner. He has won the Wynne landscape prize nine times, and has been a member of the Board of Trustees of the National Art Gallery, Adelaide, since 1940.

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And it's G11 which washes away up to 95% of the germs which actually cause perspiration to decompose, become offensive.

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Tact soap keeps perspiration Odour-Free

When you wash beforehand with Tact, your complexion is protected underneath your make-up. For gentle Tact washes away up to 95% of the bacteria which ordinary soaps leave on your skin, free to cause trouble beneath your make-up. And Tact, with G11, stands guard against new germs, too! It's ideal for teen-age skin problems.

Buy Tact Deodorant Soap in the big bath size and save money.

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BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP NOW FROM CHEMISTS GROCERS AND STORES

E218A

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

FATHER

"John always takes a nap after eating."

MOTHER

"I've told you before . . . Yo can't wash your face properly wit your gloves on!"

It seems to me

By

A MOST distressing thing happened to Gary Cooper last week.

A film-gossip writer described him as "evergreen."

Any man or woman with imagination must sympathise with him.

The writer was probably young and believed that he was bestowing a compliment.

But once an actor or actress becomes "evergreen" the next step is "grand old."

Nobody ever feels "evergreen" or "grand old." These are descriptions which always apply to someone else ten years older.

Worse still, especially for women, is the description "well preserved."

It is often kindly meant, but it makes women feel like pickles.

★ ★ ★

THAT new American invention the Adjustabed looks like solving the problem of the late sleeper.

You set a control for the time you wish to get up. The bed then gently hoists the sleeper into a sitting position and the radio begins to play.

This is a step forward. Alarm clocks, though valuable, only wake you. They don't make you get up.

The Adjustabed should fix all but the most stubborn stay-in-beds, a class to which, unfortunately, I belong.

From this point the matter is one for psychologists working hand in hand with inventors.

In the early morning there is some failure to function in the part of my brain which faces facts. I get delusions of grandeur. "Why should I get up?" I think, and settle back to sleep.

Sometimes it is a full hour before the truth hits me—that there are sound economic reasons for getting up.

What the Adjustabed needs is a nagging record to recite in my ear. Or else to be adjusted so that it throws me out on the floor.

★ ★ ★

A LETTER writer in an overseas magazine harks back wistfully to some bygone social customs.

She paints a sentimental picture of the charms of an "at home" day (one specified afternoon per month), when callers were welcome for afternoon tea.

The telephone removed the real need for the method of entertaining, which was designed to overcome the problem of poppers-in.

Oldtime hostesses, by assuring their friends of a welcome on one particular day, implied that other days wouldn't be so convenient.

I suppose the system had some merits, though the notion of cutting sandwiches and making cakes for an unspecified number of callers strikes me as nerve-racking.

How frightful if nobody came.

DISCUSSING Bri resistance to mod design in houses, n architect Basil Spence that English people c to "the little front parl

"To the Englishman the lor is identified with M he said. "If it was enough for Mum, it's sa

Mr. Spence's scornful leaves me unmoved.

If I built a house I'd a parlor. Modern, of co with a monstera and an stract painting replacing aspidistra and the "Sta Bay."

But it would have the essential, tim feature of the little front parlor—a closed

It would be tidy. And it would stay

Then one could rumpus in the rumpus-r and gracious-live in the gracious-living These would be full of magazines and ashtrays and teacups and rumpled cushions grocery lists and kicked-off shoes.

Unexpected visitors would be ushered the front parlor and locked up there till rest of the house was made presentable.

Lovely.

★ ★ ★

TELEVISION throws such a m less light on mannerisms that it all kinds of side effects on viewers.

English writer Rebecca West figured re in the programme "Small World," a tr atlantic interview programme conducted Ed Murrow.

Miss West had plenty that was intellige say, as might be expected, but her voice pitched so high and was so relentless in that horrified female viewers dropped voices to croaks for days afterwards.

★ ★ ★

COMMENTING on a forecast by astrologer that she would m this year, Miss Linda Christian s "My children want me to find the new Daddy."

Hushaby, baby, and while you are s ing
Mummy will find you a Daddy t new.
She's sick of the old one. A lookout keeping —
Indeed, has a couple of prospects in t
Soon you'll be smart like your sister brothers,
Who find life amusing with suc Mamma.
And when they're at school they patr others
Who have to make do with the sam Papa.
Hushaby, baby, for Mum's in a h
She has to be quick with this lu song.
Suppose you dislike your new D don't worry.
Remember that Mummy won't keep for long.

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Bandit 'suits' world leaders

Story and pictures from
MAURICE WILMOTT, in Rome

• A Sicilian bandit has invaded the world of men's fashions, and there is alarm and consternation in London's Savile Row, mecca of the well-cut suit for more than a hundred years.

THE bandit is stocky, grinning 32-year-old Angelo Litrico, who, from his little shop off Rome's fashionable Via Veneto, is busy making startling suits for the great and famous and for anyone else who can afford it.

Litrico tailors for Egypt's President, Colonel Nasser, for Brazil's Premier, Kubtichek, and for Russian dictator Khrushchev. And all at their request.

He also tailors for Britain's Macmillan and President Eisenhower, whether they want him to or not.

For Litrico has brought high - pressure salesmanship and top-level public relations to a craft which has been as discreet as a wigmaker's.

The tailors of Savile Row rest content on names built over 100 years of personal recommendation. Litrico has made his name in three years.

Litrico, eldest of 24 Sicilian children, came to Rome in 1955.

He had worked in a tailor's shop since he was nine, but at 28 he was earning only 10/- a day, with little hope of more.

With the last of his savings he bought himself bench space in a tailor's shop.

With a length of borrowed material he made himself an eye-catching dinner jacket of midnight-blue silk shot with pale pink and lined with iridescent-brown.

Then he talked himself into a ticket for a charity film premiere. He stopped the traffic.

Next morning the orders poured in. Within six months Litrico had bought out the tailor from whom he hired bench space and was already a name in Italian fashion.

But in Savile Row they laughed.

In the bible of men's tailoring, "The Tailor and Cutter," the editorial said: "It is to be hoped that these Macaroni styles finish where they belong . . . in the soup."

Litrico waited. Then on a spring morning in 1957 a letter arrived at his shop from Leningrad.

The Russian Fashion Council asked him if he would care to submit a style for a fashion show the following month.

Litrico did better. He telephoned Tass and every international news agency to say that he had accepted and that he would make a suit in which "even Mr. Khrushchev would look handsome."

To everyone's surprise, even Litrico's, the Russian Attache in Rome called next morning.

Mr. Khrushchev, he said, would be happy to accept Mr. Litrico's offer. When would the suit be ready?

Litrico quickly recovered. He asked for the Russian Premier's measurements but ran into a security barrier.

"Comrade Khrushchev," said the Attache, "is medium. Not tall, not short, not fat, and not thin."

This would have stumped anyone but Litrico.

He borrowed all the photographs of Khrushchev he could find. He drew scale drawings. He estimated measurements.

Then finally he found a model who filled the bill—the local milkman!

The milkman had three fittings and Khrushchev's suit went by diplomatic courier to Moscow.

A letter in Russian, framed and hung in Litrico's office, testifies that the suit not only fitted but even Mrs. Khrushchev liked it.

There was no stopping Litrico then. He had hit the headlines. Two weeks later he was in London with a cherry-red waistcoat for Mr. Macmillan.

The Customs impounded it. When Litrico got it out, Mr. Macmillan's secretary refused to accept it. He spent a week trying to see the Prime Minister and failed.

But everyone in Britain by this time had heard of Litrico and the orders grew and grew.

SUMMIT CONFERENCE. Litrico with his tailor's dummies of world leaders.

THE LININGS of Litrico suits, in orange, crimson, and yellow silks, are his signature.

GRINNING Litrico pictured at his work table, which he designed himself, in the gay entrance to his workrooms.

Last year Litrico flew to Washington.

In his luggage was a vicuna golfing jacket for President Eisenhower. At this time the Eisenhower administration was under fire over a vicuna coat given as a present to one of Eisenhower's aides.

America roared with laughter at Litrico's faux pas. And the orders poured in.

When anyone asks Litrico about the unfortunate timing of his trips, his eyes grow wide with innocence.

"I'm a Sicilian," he says. "It's our custom to give gifts. If they're not accepted, it's not my fault."

This is typical of Litrico's business acumen. Behind the ballyhoo is a sharp mind.

He knows his suits must live up to their reputation, so he uses only first-grade British cloth. He employs only top tailors. And he inspects every delicate, hand-sewn stitch.

He knows exactly how far he can go with his love for color and still not offend man's sense of the conservative. He keeps his outlandish styles purely for his paid models.

And this is what worries Savile Row.

Litrico is good, and he knows how to sell himself — a combination that promises to be unbeatable in the world of men's fashion.

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'TWO-PURPOSE' PROTECTIVE CREAM

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Remember . . .
the curry you make
is only as good as
the curry you use!

Keep up-to-date
read . . .
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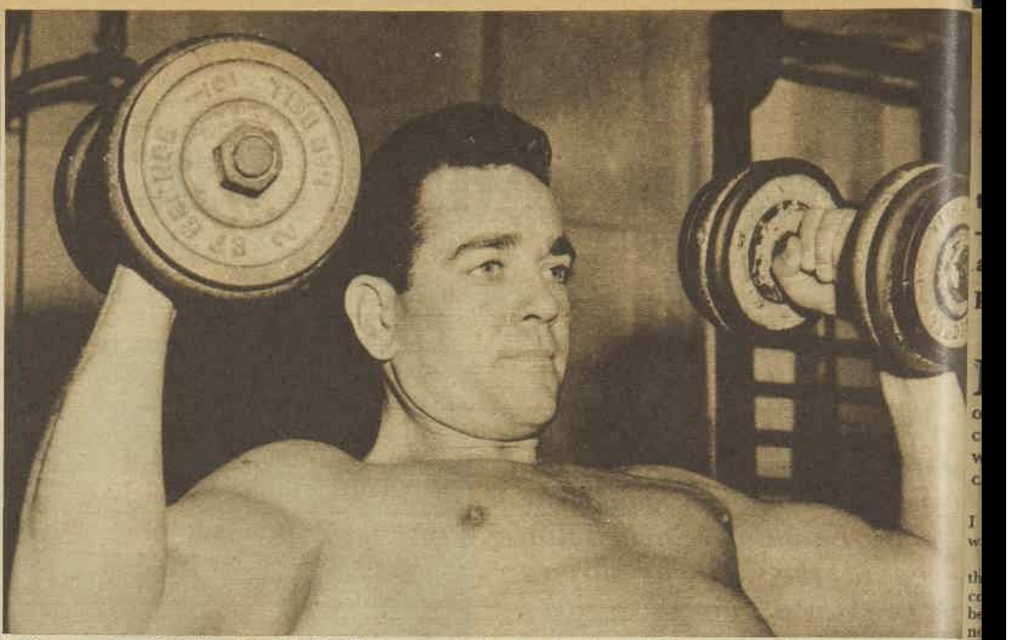
Motor
every month
2/6
from your
newsagent

Improve
Your Beauty

Take a look at yourself in the mirror — and think of a few ways in which you can make yourself extra beautiful. If your figure is at all at fault, diet and exercise it back into shapeliness. Dry skin can be taken care of with oil of ulan, which will soon give you a really youthful bloom. Skin flaws, such as freckles, can be hidden beneath a smoothing of tinted foundation, while dull hair can be brushed back into shimmering life with a sprinkling of lemon deiph.
. . . *Margaret Merril.*



• *Keeping fit with 60lb. dumb-bells, Waverney Ford exercises in a Sydney gymnasium. A State finali in 'national vocal competitions, Waverney Ford is also a successful TV-commercial actor.*

Wrestling baritone wants to be a star

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

• Throwing his weight into singing, 27-year-old Waverney Ford, former "Mr. Fremantle" and Western Australian amateur champion wrestler, is training to become an opera star.

AT the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, he is working to telescope into three years a seven-year Diploma of Singing course.

"It's a pretty ambitious plan," he told me with an optimistic grin, "but catching up with 500 years of music in my first six months at the Con. makes me hope it can be done."

Since settling in Sydney, Waverney has become a successful actor in commercials and has done film work.

In September he will sing Mephistopheles in the Conservatorium's "Faust."

Besides his baritone voice, his equipment for operatic success includes lusty lungs, near-perfect physique, and good looks heightened by blue eyes and wavy hair.

48in. chest

At the top of his form, Waverney runs out the tape measure with a 48in. chest.

Other statistics: 31in. waist, 41in. hips, height 6ft., weight 13½ stone.

Perfect health, sight, hearing, teeth, feet — not even a corn — were all taken into consideration by the panel of judges in giving him the "Mr. Fremantle" title five years ago.

Waverney attributes his fitness and form measurements to sports which attracted him from boyhood.

As a high-school lad in Perth he won the mile-and-a-half amateur cycling title one year.

And from childhood at Bunbury, and later at Mt. Magnet, Waverney and his younger brother Julian, now one of Western Australia's leading ornithologists, were mad about bird-watching.

As a teenager Waverney often cycled 40 miles into the bush from Perth at weekends, walked ten miles bird-watching, then rode 40 miles back home again.

• *Waverney Ford likes to spend his weekends watching and photographing birds and native fauna. He is an enthusiastic member of the Royal Australasian Ornithologists' Union.*

"That sort of exercise, combined with shinning up 150ft. trees to look at nests and take pictures, made me very fit," he said.

"After a while ordinary sports such as swimming and tennis seemed too soft. So I turned to wrestling and weight-lifting.

"This added eight inches to my chest.

"Soon my job as a salesman seemed too soft, too, and I became a truck driver.

"I love being in the open air."

At about this period Waverney Ford first became aware of classical music on the radio. He was particularly attracted by opera.

"Although I had never even sung in the bath, I got so keen on opera I began to wonder whether I had a voice myself," he said.

"When I tried it out on friends, some said I sounded like John Charles Thomas. Others roared with laughter and told me I couldn't sing for peanuts."

His mother, an accomplished pianist who used to beat Eileen Joyce in local eisteddfods when they were children in Western Australia, suggested he should get advice from Dr. Rudolf Werther, of Perth.

Mrs. Ford reasoned that Waverney could have music in him. His father, water-supply engineer Mr. I. C. Ford, had a good baritone voice, and his maternal great-grandfather, the late Andrew von Mainburg, was a leading tenor in t Cologne Cathedral choir.

Dr. Werther, mildly prised by Waverney's voice, cepted him as a pupil.

Later that year Waver was the only male State fina in the 1955 A.B.C. Conc and Vocal Competitions.

The following year he again in the finals. He won the baritone champ ship, duet, and aria gra championship at the Perth Eisteddfod.

£50 cheque

Well-known visiting si Miklos Gafni, who was in West at the time, was pressed by the young si and urged the formation committee to help him st overseas.

Gafni headed the subs tions with a cheque for

The fund was formed, as yet it has not been tap

Waverney, who keeps a head on his broad shoul felt success was coming fast.

"I felt I should have experience at home be launching myself abroad," told me.

He joined the Elizabe Theatre Opera Compan the Mozart season and studied John Shaw in Beggar's Opera."

"At the end of the I realised just how mu didn't know about vocal he said.

Last year he got a sch ship at the Sydney Con torium, where he is stu dramatic art and stagecra well as music.

Recent encouragement selection as finalist in the South Wales section of year's A.B.C. Concerto Vocal Competitions.

He is also doing very in TV commercials.

Producers found hi "natural" in the role man - sized average recommending products

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SO YOU WANT TO SEW?

By famous U.S. dressmaker LUCILLE RIVERS

● Anyone can learn to sew if she wants to. You don't have to have a special talent — nor do you have to be extremely artistic. A sincere desire to sew is important, and, after that, one of the greatest assets is common sense.

"I love listening to records and collecting them," says Lucille Rivers. The shelving unit, designed by Miss Rivers, contains TV, hi-fi, and radio. It is colored in gold, white, and tangerine.

My first experience with sewing is proof of this and should encourage any teenager who wants to make her own clothes.

I was twelve years old when made my first dress, and it was pretty dreadful.

My chief delight until then had been athletics—I was considered by my family to be a "tomboy," and had shown no interest in the domestic arts.

Then one day I informed my mother that I was going to make a dress. I guess I was lucky that there were seven children in our family, and my mother had no time to act like a "mother hen" over one individual. She gave me a piece of fabric and her blessing, and I started work.

This dress was cut without a pattern. When I tried it on it looked peculiar.

It didn't fit properly over the chest—for the simple reason that I hadn't allowed any shaping there.

I decided that I must have put on backwards — so I tried it the other way round. Of course, it still didn't fit—so I gave it up as a bad job and started again.

Eventually I figured out what I was doing, and wound up with a dress that pleased me, and actually looked rather cute.

The important thing about this rather harrowing first experience was that my mother didn't discourage me, nor did she disparage my efforts, or say "I told you so!" when I messed it up.

I learned a lot from that first dress. Thereafter, I bought a pattern to work from —and I made all my own clothes from that day on.

You can see from this that there is little point in getting discouraged if you spoil one or two things.

If I had let my first dress convince me that I would never learn to sew, I would have missed a career I enjoy —doing the work I love better than anything else.

The attitude to begin with is: Learn by your mistakes; there is no better teacher than experience. And, as you make dress after dress, you will become expert at analysing what you are doing wrong.

Basic rules

Of course there are some basic rules that will help make the going smoother:

● You can sew by hand, but it is pretty slow work. Learn to sew by machine. Draw lines on tissue paper and, without threading the machine, sew along these lines until you learn speed and accuracy.

After you have this assurance you can forget all about the action of the machine, and you won't have the feeling that it is running away with you.

● Pick something you would really like to make — and to wear once it is finished. Blouses and skirts are very easy to make and require very little fitting. Also, they are smart and can be interchanged to give you a bigger wardrobe.

When you have a pattern and fabric you really like you will find sewing seems easier—and there is more incentive to do a good job.

If a style has some detail you are afraid to tackle, such as buttonholes or set-in sleeves, you can by-pass it at first, but don't avoid it indefinitely.

The only way to become a good dressmaker is to learn new things all the time.

For example, the girls who work for me used to hate making buttonholes. I showed them an easy way and insisted that they practise. Eventually they made buttonholes without even thinking about them.

● Pick fabrics firm in texture. They can be cotton, wool, silk, or synthetics, depending on how much confidence you have.

Cottons are less expensive, but it is discouraging to have to keep unpicking tiny errors. With woollens, a mistake can often be concealed by pressing.

Don't think I'm encouraging poor work! Actually, I'm a fiend for neatness. But no one would expect a beginner to do work comparable to an expert.

● Pick patterns according to your size. In a blouse it would be by bust measurement. In a skirt, by waistline measurement.

● Read the pattern carefully before you do anything. Find out everything that the pattern can do to make sewing easier.

● Develop neat sewing habits. Pattern pieces should be put back in the envelope when you are not using them. Keep all your sewing equipment where you can find it.

● Always press seams, darts, etc. as you sew. Your work will be neater and will look nicer. And it will be so much easier for you.

● When you finish a sewing session, carefully fold (or hang) the garment. When you begin again it will be crisp and unwrinkled—and inviting to work on.

There are many advantages in making your own clothes apart from the fun of doing something creative. First of all, of course, you can have so many more clothes—and at so much less expense.

More importantly, you can have clothes that are completely individual. You never have the embarrassment of seeing someone else in a dress the same as your own.

Learn to use imagination in dressing. You will become more conscious of style, trimming, and design, etc. Watch fashion windows in stores, magazines, movies for ideas.

The more you use your imagination the more it responds. Who knows—some of you may become designers or dressmakers. It can be a very exciting career.

Little did I dream at the age of twelve that my first dress would lead to my exciting career. Lecturing all over the U.S., doing a big television show, and now coming to lecture in Australia and then go on round the world. Who knows what could happen to you?

WHERE TO SEE LUCILLE RIVERS

SYDNEY:

David Jones', August 3-8.

● 2.30 p.m. on the Fifth Floor, Market Street store. Tickets are 2/6 each, available in the fabric department, first floor, Elizabeth Street store, from July 20.

Miss Rivers will answer sewing queries in the fabric department at 10 a.m. each day, including Saturday.

She will give additional dressmaking advice on TCN. Channel 9, daily between 12.30 and 1.30 p.m.

MELBOURNE:

Myer Emporium, August 10-15.

● 10 a.m. in the fabric department, first floor, P.O. Place store. Tickets are 5/- each, available from July 6 at the inquiry desk, ground floor, Bourke St. store.

Miss Rivers will answer dressmaking queries in the fabric department at 3 p.m. daily and at 9.15 a.m. on Saturday, August 15.

Operations while you wait

By RONALD McKIE, staff reporter

● The small, well-equipped, "same-day service" medical clinic is fairly common in the United States.

At these places you can have minor surgery and medical treatment—almost anything from an ingrowing toenail pulled to a sinus washed out.

Until recently, when The Centre Clinic opened in Sydney, Australia lacked the one-day clinic where small operations, tests, and treatment could be performed in comfort.

The Centre Clinic, first major one of its kind in the Commonwealth, is in the new £281,000 North Shore Medical Centre at St. Leonards.

Here about 60 physicians, surgeons, radiologists, pathologists, dentists, and other practitioners have their rooms, and there is a chemist, optometrist, a restaurant, and even a hairdresser.

The idea for the Clinic was brought back from the United States by a Sydney woman doctor who specialises in anaesthesia.

A company — Centre Clinic Pty. Ltd. — was formed in Sydney with the woman doctor as a director, and the clinic was designed and equipped down to its last forceps.

The Clinic, air-conditioned and decorated in soft pastel shades, consists of consulting, reception, changing, examination, and recovery rooms, a large fully equipped operating theatre, and a general purpose, sterilising, and work room.

It is run by Sisters Dorothy Burton and Hilary Stewart, under the overall direction of the woman doctor.

Although the Clinic has room for eight patients, it is not a hospital, nor a place where you can stay overnight.

It is designed for the no-waiting, one-day job.

You have a cyst that must come out. Your doctor makes an appointment for 10.30 a.m.

You are admitted to the Clinic without having to worry about "hospital" clothes, which are provided, and your doctor performs the operation. You lie down for a couple of hours, have a cup of tea, telephone your husband to pick you up. You leave.

You have a test to be made which will take, as some of them do, three or four hours. You go to the clinic, relax for an hour or two afterwards, then catch a taxi back to your office.

You have an impacted wisdom tooth which must come out under general anaesthetic. Your dentist makes the appointment and does the job. You recover, under the watch of a nursing sister.

A Macquarie Street specialist shown over The Centre Clinic discovered a stainless-steel ironing board which folds into a wall of the work room.

"This place has everything," he said. "You can even have your pants pressed."

SISTER DOROTHY BURTON at the steriliser in the Clinic's workroom.

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From Paris for you . . .

Gemey brings three incomparable essentials to

breath-taking loveliness...

Frenchmen will tell you that, as a woman, your most precious possession is mystique . . . the bewitching combination of flawless *chic* and heavenly fragrance! That's the reason beautiful French women, from Paris to the Riviera, use enchanting, exquisitely perfumed Gemey toiletries — exactly the same as those now here in Australia for you. Gemey brings wondrous, fresh loveliness and a gentle sophistication that is delightfully irresistible.

Do this! . . . start with Gemey talcum, perfume and skin perfume *today* for a more entrancing, lovelier *you!*

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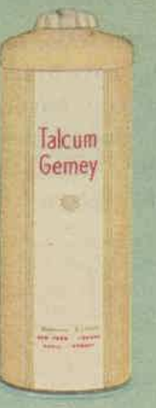

Lighter, lovelier, cleverly deodorant and adorably perfumed. Keeps you fresh and comfortable right through to bed-time. Attractive twist-top container. 6/-.

Tantalising . . . lingering . . . unforgettable!

Gemey PERFUME

Created in the traditional French manner . . . a sophisticated, romantic fragrance. In elegant "diamond-cut" design bottles. Handbag size, 6/- Dressing table size, 16/6

For all-over loveliness—

Gemey SKIN PERFUME

You'll adore the cool fragrance that's skilfully blended into Gemey Skin Perfume . . . it's so refreshing, so stimulating. In "diamond-cut" style bottles, 16/6. Medium size, 10/6.

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SCOTS CHAPEL WEDDING for Elizabeth Holdsworth and Peter Lawson. Elizabeth is the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard Holdsworth, of Vaucluse, and Peter is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Lawson, of Mittagong. The young couple will live at Bowral until their home at Mittagong is complete.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

A SHORT but impressive flag-raising ceremony at the American Society's Fourth of July Ball this year—to be held at the Empress Ballroom on July 3 — will celebrate the rise to statehood of Alaska and Hawaii and the 183rd anniversary of Independence Day.

The ball will get off to a gay start at "Craigend," home of the U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Frank Waring, and Mrs. Waring, who will entertain the official party with a dinner beforehand.

Guests will include American Society president, Mr. Paul Nelson, and Mrs. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Joyce, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Campfield, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Faulkner, Mr. and Mrs. James Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Comber, Colonel Robert C. Mansfield, and Mrs. Mansfield, who is president of the American Women's Club.

It's a big week for Mrs. Mansfield, who will preside over the club's monthly luncheon and meeting on July 1 and introduce guest speaker Mrs. Charles Walton, better known as aviatrix Nancy Bird.

• • •

LONDON wedding last week for Andrew Macfarlan, who married Judy Cohen, of Capetown, South Africa. Andrew's mother, Mrs. J. K. G. Macfarlan, of Point Piper, went over via the United States.

GOULBURN friends will be interested to hear of the recent wedding of Alison Hunter and Arthur Youell, at St. Mark's Church, Ermington. Alison is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hunter, of Gladstone, Queensland, and Arthur is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Youell, of Ermington.

• • •

ONE of the prettiest of the crop of girls flashing new engagement rings is little Rosemary Gwyther, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Gwyther, of Beverley Hills. Her fiance is John Ryan, younger son of Mr. Frank Ryan, of Haberfield, and the late Mrs. Ryan.

• • •

HONEYMOONING at Kosciusko are Mr. and Mrs. Gabby Klajman. Mrs. Klajman was formerly Barbara Fidlon, the only daughter of Mrs. P. Fidlon, of Clovelly, and the late Mr. Frank Fidlon. For her wedding at the Great Synagogue she wore a lovely gown made by her g r andmother, Mrs. Helen Pura.

Anne

GUARD OF HONOR was formed by members of the 30th Battalion Scottish Regiment when Lieutenant Peter Cameron married Margaret Spain at St. Stephen's. The bride is the only daughter of Mrs. N. J. Spain, of Wollstonecraft, and the bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cameron, of Killara.

SURFERS' PARADISE honeymoon for Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Heagney, pictured after their wedding at Our Lady of Perpetual Succour Church, Wingham. The bride was formerly Jill Fitzpatrick, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Fitzpatrick, of Wingham. The young couple will live in a new home on the bridegroom's property, "Tarana," Uralla, after their honeymoon.

IN THE FOYER at the Prince Edward Theatre before the gala charity premiere of Danny Kaye's latest film, "Five Pennies," are Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Minell, of Wahroonga. The premiere performance was attended by the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward.

RIGHT: U.S. Consul-General Mr. Frank Waring and Mrs. Waring arrive at the Prince Edward for the opening night of "Five Pennies." Danny Kaye, star of the film, appeared on the stage afterwards and thanked the audience for attending. Proceeds benefited the Royal Blind Society and the Poliomyelitis and Physically Handicapped Society.

DISCUSSING PLANS for a combined wine-tasting and parade of furs and jewellery on July 10 at the Royal Commonwealth Society rooms are, from left, Robin Larnach, Rodney Marsh, and Margaret Hughes. The evening is being organised by the Eastern Suburbs group of the Far West Children's Homes to raise funds.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4941367

HAPPY PICTURE of Australia's two famous sets of quads on holiday at Hayman Island, Barrier Reef. From left: Kevin Lucke, Phillip Sara, Veronica Lucke, Mark Sara, Jennifer Lucke, Judith Sara, Eric Lucke, and Alison Sara.

Eight quads on holiday

● The Sara quads, of N.S.W., and the Lucke quads, of Queensland, met for the first time when they all had a holiday on lovely Hayman Island.

By MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

PEOPLE often ask, "What are Australia's quads really like?" My answer is that they're the nicest group of children you could find.

They're unspoiled, intelligent, and affectionate.

For their week on Hayman Island in the Barrier Reef the four Saras, from Punchbowl, in Sydney, and the four Luckes, from Bundaberg, were accompanied by their parents and the Saras' big brother Geoffrey, who is 12.

The eight quads played about together on the beach, swam in the ocean, and explored the coral reefs.

At meal times the two families shared a long table in the Royal Hayman Hotel, and the Big Quads helped the Little Quads to cut up their food.

Firm friends

Firm friendships were formed between these two famous families, and the parents got along together just as well as the children did.

Betty and Percy Sara and Agnes and Arthur Lucke often had their heads literally together as they discussed the unique subject of how to bring up quads.

Evidence of their successful methods was given by the excellent company manners of the children themselves—Alison, Judith, Mark, and Phillip Sara (aged nearly nine), and Jennifer, Veronica, Eric, and Kevin Lucke (nearly four).

They enjoyed themselves thoroughly without once causing concern to the 200 guests in the hotel.

Always on hand to help them was Geoffrey Sara, the perfect big brother.

The two families met for the first time on the tarmac at Brisbane airport, as the Saras flew in from Sydney and the Luckes flew in from Bundaberg. Together they boarded an Ansett-ANA Convair and flew on to Proserpine, north of Mackay.

Jennifer only was air-sick. She recovered on the bus drive to Cannon Vale, but a choppy sea upset her again as we crossed to Hayman Island.

"Jennifer sick," said the little blonde plaintively. "Tummy hurts."

Soon Eric succumbed to seasickness, too, and then little Veronica curled up and looked sorry for herself. Kevin decided to join her.

Great concern

The older quads, unaffected by the choppy sea, showed great concern for the little ones and murmured comforting words to them, although they'd only known one another a few hours.

Seasickness vanished as the launch arrived at the jetty, and the island holiday began.

The sea lured the Sara children immediately, for they swim well. When the tide went out, they made for the swimming-pool. As long as they had water to jump in, they were happy.

Water-skis

While they swam in the sea, their father, Percy Sara, flashed past on water-skis behind a speedboat. Mrs. Sara swam with the children and later did handstands and cartwheels to amuse the quads.

Being younger than the Sara quads, the Lucke quads preferred to build sand castles.

They tried the sea at first, but were too tiny. We had a wonderful game, covering Veronica with sand until only her smiling face showed. Then Aunty Betty left *her* children to Uncle Percy, and came running up the sand to turn cartwheels for *us*.

One day all the quads went out together in a glass-bottomed boat and explored the coral reefs. Jennifer and Veronica wanted to catch in their hands the little bright blue fish which darted under the glass in and out of the coral.

Comparing notes on how to bring up quads, Agnes and Betty found their problems had been exactly the same. The biggest was how to keep the children natural, unspoiled by public attention.

It's an interesting point that their mothers and fathers are very much the same age, and that there are two boys and two girls in each set of quads.

Each child has a quite individual personality. I jotted down the following pen-pictures:

Alison Sara: Shy and retiring, anxious to have a special friend of her very own.

Judith: More gregarious than Alison, finding it easy to cope with a lot of friends.

Phillip: Very affectionate, with Alison's trait of wanting a friend who is exclusively his.

Mark: Couldn't care less whether he's liked or overlooked; a little "wilder" than Phillip but affectionate.

Jennifer Lucke: A very feminine little clinging vine who shyly takes one's hand.

Veronica: Tiny and daintily patient and affectionate, but happiest when with mother.

Eric: Everybody's friend, hail-fellow-well-met, a real man's man.

Kevin: Shy, takes a long time to sum people up, but ready to be friends.

JOY-RIDING in an outrigger canoe are the Sara quads. All these color pictures were taken by Lionel Keene.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4941368

A BOTTLE of orange pop under a tropical palm is shared by the four girls. From left, Jennifer Lucke, Judith Sara, Alison Sara, and Veronica Lucke. The girls quickly became firm friends.

HAPPY LANDING at Proserpine airport. The eight quads are with Captain Billy Hill (top left), first-officer Chris Harris, hostesses Jill Jones (left) and Robin Rose, all crew members.

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Rub-a-dub-dub twins in a tub!

Paul and Bruce, 4-year-old twin boys of Mrs. Birchnoff, are full of life and always on the go. Mrs. Birchnoff says:— "At the end of the day they're worn out—and I am, too! I pour a little Dettol into their bath water and mine. It is most refreshing". You, too, will find a Dettol bath is a real reviver.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals and is the chosen antiseptic of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.

Dettol is the safe, **effective** yet gentle antiseptic—a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

'DETTOL'

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC

Vitapointe
OF PARIS

"LA CHATTE" by Valentin

THE drying, bleaching and dulling effects of sun, wind and salt water, not to mention unskilled perming, can create special hair problems for you.

Vitapointe replaces the precious natural oil of the scalp. Vitapointe conditions while it grooms, restoring lustre and natural softness to dull, dry, brittle and damaged hair. Perms and tints take better, fine hair acquires more body, and curls and waves are firmer and springier.

Brush your hair to glowing, sparkling beauty with Vitapointe today. A 7/6d. tube lasts two months.

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The Perfect
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONING CREAM

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Life begins in the forties

THE moanings of women about approaching middle age surprise me. Now nearing my middle forties I have never enjoyed life so much before. Earlier I had to struggle to bring up six children on the small salary, at that time, of a bank officer. We have just given one of our daughters a very nice wedding. We have a very nice son-in-law. I am spoilt by other daughters and my husband. I just LOVE middle age.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Effie Newton, North Ryde, N.S.W.

Gorilla villa

A NEWSPAPER picture showing the pathetic expression on the face of a gorilla being sent to Taronga Park Zoo is enough to make any animal-lover weep. And in my opinion it is also disgraceful to spend £4000 to provide accommodation for an animal, with so many people needing homes.

£1/1/- to Margaret Handels, Temora, N.S.W.

Dummy or thummy?

WAS the old-fashioned "filthy dummy" such a menace? It could be discarded in about nine months after a short battle. The present dummyless race fly to fingers and thumb for comfort at a very early age, and it takes a great deal of tact and patience to break the habit.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Evans, Rye, Vic.

Canoodling not new

IF "Disgusted" (10/6/59) and his wife paid more attention to the film, canoodling would not interfere with the programme. I would say he was a shy lad or his courting days would have left sweeter memories. I'm in my mid-thirties, and my recollections of courting days at the pictures are hundreds of khaki-clad lads with sweethearts and wives, all canoodling.

£1/1/- to "Brazen" (name supplied), Gympie, Qld.

Window worries

WHY do builders of trams, buses, and trains delight in designing windows so hard to open and close? Passengers often have to give up in despair after struggling with them. Side-opening windows result in blasts of air giving someone a stiff neck or disarranging a new hairdo. If windows could be simply pushed down from the top, air would circulate without inconveniencing passengers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. W. Robinson, Brayville, S.A.

Hello-girls help

APPRECIATING the dilemma of "High Temperature" (10/6/59), I would suggest anyone needing a doctor in a strange town—as she did—should enlist the help of telephone-exchange girls.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Thorpe, Ararat, Vic.

Spring to it

HOME efficiency experts say that the housewife should, by everyday routine and order, obviate the need for a periodical "spring cleaning." But doesn't the mental lift a woman gets from a thorough cleaning of the house offset any physical tiredness or strain? One is tired certainly, but there is great satisfaction in knowing that all the corners and crannies are as clean as possible. And no matter how neat and tidy we are, there is always an accumulation of bits and pieces that only a thorough "spring cleaning" will bring to light.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Arden, Moonee Ponds, Vic.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Beating the record

MY six-year-old used to spend over an hour in the bathroom preparing for bed, until I set a musical limit with a portable radiogram. When the first side of the long-playing record is finished she has to be bathed and showered. At the end of the second side she is dried and in her pyjamas with teeth brushed and the bathroom tidied. When she can beat the "record," "Wind in the Willows" is read to her.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Evans, Rye, Vic.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Joy Saxby, Manus Island, New Guinea.

Annual outfits

UNABLE to cope with constant demands from my grandchildren to make dolls' clothes, I said they would have to set a definite birthday for each doll. I noted the dates supplied and now make an outfit for each doll on its birthday. My labor-saving idea has blossomed into a lovely family custom. The children seem to enjoy celebrating the birthdays of their dolls even more than their own.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Fleming, Greenslopes, Brisbane.

Cliches counted

MISS KIRMSSE (10/6/59) only complained of the general line of conversation. I took a week's census of many irritating cliches used by my customers, and leaving out the most boring of all—my health and the weather—this is what I had to put up with in reply to my attempts to make intelligent conversation with them:

"You're telling me!" 56 times
"Haven't a clue" 48 times
"Thanks a lot" 36 times
"See you some more" 61 times
"I couldn't care less" 35 times

£1/1/- to "Sympathiser" (name supplied), Nunawading, Vic.

Cuddles cure baby blues

IF your toddler is fretful these winter mornings, instead of scolding him stop everything for five minutes. Sit down, cuddle him, and sing a few songs together. It won't be a waste of time. Soon he will be ready to play his own little games again in a happy state of mind. A happy baby is a joy to all in the family.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Halgood, Montville, Qld.

Food for thought

HAVING suffered my husband's culinary efforts when I was in bed with flu, I wonder why mothers and schools don't teach boys elementary cooking. After a diet of tinned soup and boiled eggs I would like to see an article on simple cookery for men. I'm sure many wives would agree.

£1/1/- to Barbara Williams, Box Hill South, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

SUNDAY SUPERVISOR

THIS is a great period of home-building.

There is also a boom in the weekend pastime of stickybeaking around partly built houses.

Some of the visitors just stare vaguely while their children throw the sand about and get cement on their boots.

Others are more well informed, like Mrs. Peeking.

I met her on a job last Sunday. The walls were only a foot high, but she took it all in quickly.

"Nice little set-up here," she said. "13½ squares, sunroom, 3bed., kit. with dinette, carport. I wonder if they'll get the roof on."

"Why shouldn't they get the roof on?" I asked.

"Finance," she said ominously. "I believe they've only got enough for the walls. No good without a roof."

I agreed.

"Let's see. The hot-water storage tank will be above here, between kit. and bathrm.," she said. "I hope they don't make the same mistake as the Dottles."

"What was their mistake?" I asked.

"Their tank's too small. Herb Dottle has a 20-minute shower in the morning, and by evening poor Mona's run out of hot water."

I asked Mrs. Peeking if builders or home-owners ever objected to her inspection tours.

"No," she said. "It's all a matter of doing it the right way."

She gave me a few hints for successful exploration of building jobs.

"One thing is I never pinch anything," she said. "Now see **him**,"

she added, lowering her voice. She nodded towards a man who was gazing thoughtfully at a pile of bricks. "That's Ted Filcher. He's building a barbecue. I bet you he's back with a wheelbarrow tonight.

"I keep out of the sand, too. Not that I want to play with it at my age," she said.

"Another thing: I don't criticise a house when the owner is about.

"Olive Natterly got into bother that way.

"She was looking over a place and she said, 'Rather poky little rumpus-room,' when suddenly a man called out, 'It's the TV lounge, madam.' He nearly bit her head off."

Mrs. Peeking warned me of the dangers of skylarking in partly built houses.

"Last week one of the Rompworth girls locked herself in a built-in cupboard," she said. "She'd have been there all night only her boy-friend noticed she was missing.

"You want to be careful when you're walking through a new place. WeeeeeeeOW!"

Mrs. Peeking gave a shriek as she fell between two floor joists.

She had trodden on the end of a loose plank.

I helped her up again. She was shaken, but had lost none of her keenness for her hobby.

She deserves to be made President of the S.P.R.U.H. (Society for Prowling Round Unfinished Houses) if such a body is formed. I think it should be.

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AUSTRALIA
FROM THE AIR

● Only a few intrepid bushwalkers and, more recently, aerial sightseers have viewed these mountain reflections at two of Tasmania's outstanding beauty spots, Bathurst Harbor (above) and Lake Pedder (below). Protected by mountains on three sides, Bathurst Harbor is the innermost part of Port Davey, on the lonely far-southwest coast. Twenty-four miles north, Lake Pedder lies at the foot of the Frankland Range. Both pictures by Lloyd Jones, of Hobart.

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Look! the PERFECT home perm

for MY type of hair!

If your hair is COLOUR TREATED or HAS A SLIGHT NATURAL CURL then this is for you!

Toni

gentle

HOME PERM

There's nothing so natural-looking as the lovely lasting wave you get with your own special Toni! Nothing so soft and silky, and so easily coaxed into flattering, face-framing curls. If Nature forgot to give you a wave, try easy-to-use, oh-so-flattering Toni! And wash straight after waving, if you wish.

THERE ARE TWO OTHER TYPES OF TONI

Super for teenage hair, first perms or hair that resists ordinary perms.

Regular for no-problem hair that takes a wave easily

Toni GENTLE
for colour-treated hair or with a slight natural curl

WHOLE HEAD KIT, 13/- (with applicator 16/6) TIP TONI, 9/-

N083

The BOSS

"She's an angel, but..." says the boss

● Here are the prizewinning letters in our Secretary Contest. Bosses and secretaries were invited to write on the subject: "Who wears the halo? The boss? Or the secretary?" First prizes of £20 each go to "BOSS-IN-ECLIPSE," Victoria, for the best letter from a boss (below), and to "AMI," Queensland (opposite page), for the best letter from a secretary.

MY secretary is too efficient. She runs me, my business, and the gauntlet of my male pride.

Yet something keeps me in subjection.

I've grown accustomed to her face with its unreadable grey eyes. When she's not pleased with me she just looks at me until I feel like crawling back under some friendly stone.

A gentle soul, but if she doesn't approve of an idea she lets me know with the subtlety of a bulldozer.

I say: "I think we'll convert our files to the horizontal type." She'll reply: "You do, do you?"

Or I'll say: "We must approach Jones about another contract." She'll say: "Oh, we must, must we?"

Then I know I haven't a hope of getting what I want.

She runs the office so smoothly that I often feel as though I am at the bottom of a well. Sometimes I wait all day in an atmosphere of anaesthetic calm while she answers the phone, refuses interviews, discourages visitors, and deals with mail.

I respect her judgment, but I would just like to know what goes on. Finally I beseech her not to shut me out of her life entirely. Then her chin quivers and she whispers:

"But I thought that's what secretaries were for!"

"BOSS-IN-ECLIPSE," Vic.

Awards of £2/2/- each will be paid for the following:

My Miss J.

WHAT irks me most about my Miss J. is the fact that she insists on querying my decisions.

The part I really resent is that, although I ignore her suggestions on principle, she is usually right.

She also insists on typing my letters so that they read much better than originally dictated. This gives me an inferiority complex.

Another thing which does my ego no good is her habit of unwinding paper clips while waiting for me to dictate. On days when inspiration is slow it is unnerving to watch the little pile of tortured paper clips grow.

She has one or two other faults, such as wearing a disapproving expression if I mention that I am going to try to squeeze in a midweek game of golf. This expression is also apparent if I happen to return from lunch an hour or so late, feeling rather "merry." It has a singularly sobering effect.

Ah well, she's very nearly the perfect secretary.

V.E.L., S.A.

Imagination

SOME six months ago I acquired a new secretary.

At the end of the first week she asked if she could change the filing system to "something more imaginative." I agreed and soon found that "imaginative filing" meant putting doctors' bills under "C" for claims against the Medical Benefits Fund, whereas dentists' bills went under "T" for tax return.

All went well, however, until one day when the secretary had gone to lunch I decided to clean up a few outstanding matters. I needed a file and went hunting for it.

Under "S" I discovered a folder marked "See Yourself As Others See You." To my horror it contained a document headed "Reasons for Resignation — Home Truths About Him."

When my secretary returned I nonchalantly handed her the folder and with an icicle hanging from every syllable said:

"Anyone with a flair for imaginative filing would obviously have put that one under 'F' — for 'Faults and Failings.'"

"ENLIGHTENED," N.S.W.

That spelling!

MY secretary is an ornament to the office—good to look at, always well groomed.

Her efficiency? Well, she can type, but she is nearly as bad a speller as I am, and I hate checking her letters with a dictionary.

I feel like yelling every Wednesday when the Head rings for the week's returns due on Tuesday morning.

"Oh, dear, I'm sorry," she says, "but Margaret rang and we had to pick the softball team and talk over Saturday's footy. I'll hop into them right away."

Her persistent lateness and her regular applications for leave to attend to private business almost get me down.

No, I cannot say she is particularly competent. But though I could scream listening to her constant chatter on the phone, we understand each other so well that there is never a cross word between us and there always seems to be an air of harmony in the office.

Yes, she'll

"DO ME," Canberra, A.C.T.

Plain Gladys

GLADYS came to me together with the manager's job and an office of outmoded furniture.

I quickly disposed of the latter, and I would have liked to do the same with Gladys only I did not dare. She is as firmly cemented to the company as the bricks in the building. Prise her out and the lot would collapse. In Gladys is worth her weight in thousands to the firm.

But her school-marmish appearance subjects me to great temptation. I find my fingers itching to pull the pins from her tightly screwed bun. And why must she always wear rubber-soled shoes?

Still, I know I will have to put up with her for many years. My wife is very fond of Gladys.

"RICHARD," Vic.

Earbasher

IF there are any haloes going I'm your man!

I try to be the PERFECT boss—tidy, considerate, understanding. But my secretary—

She types my correspondence perfectly—showing great curiosity in my private correspondence.

She dresses quietly—but when she met my wife why did she wear a hectic purple splashed job with PLUNGING NECKLINE?

When I'm particularly busy she thumps my ear about her many romances.

She's forever trying out new hair-rinses—though why a young woman wants to splash her hair with GREY I'll never know.

My floor is ruined with her stiletto heels.

When her natter-natter gets on my nerves and I burst her off, she retaliates by bringing in half-cold tea or—heaven forbid—NO TEA AT ALL.

Am I really

"THE BOSS," Vic.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4941372

v. the SECRETARY

"He's a devil, but..." says the secretary

MY boss dresses well, but his hats are terrible.

He forgets to tell me his appointments. When reminded of others, he blusters. Almost invariably he alters plane reservations.

He has little difficulty in dictating concise, well-ordered letters, but likes them typed and re-typed while he fiddles around with them.

He detests answering his phone, even to take a call he has asked for.

He thinks nothing of barging into somebody's conversation, but woe betide anyone who tries to attract his attention while he is seemingly busy.

His attitude to the staff's private lives is feudal. He doesn't mind working half-way through the evening—why should they? Do they really need to shop and eat during lunch-hours?

He pounds tables, raises his voice, and uses strong language to hammer home a point. It is possible to argue with him—if you are in good voice and have stamina.

He can be capricious and unreasonable. He spends pounds on one item, quibbles about shillings for another.

He has charm and can be generous; is intelligent, with a forceful, able personality.

He has his finger on the pulse of the business world, even though his own temperature and blood pressure react violently.

"AMI," Qld.

Awards of £2/2/- each will be paid for the following:

9-to-5 wife

A SECRETARY'S job can be interesting, rewarding, and frustrating. But the boss probably never realises the agonies of mind to which he subjects his "nine-to-five wife."

Compensating features must exist for any self-respecting secretary who loves her job . . .

BUT I WISH HE WOULDN'T:

- After half an hour of anecdotes and reminiscences of boyhood, ask for "that letter I dictated half an hour ago."
- Praise his former secretary's shorthand or placid good-humor after I have spent hours of ungrudging, unpaid overtime.
- After a month's research, a week's cogitation, and a day's drafting, expect that report to be typed in ten minutes.
- Suddenly overwhelm me with work after granting, most willingly, my request for an hour for private business.
- Tell me the important letter is not now needed after I've cancelled my date.
- Expect me to be psychic about appointments HE has made.

AND IF ONLY HE DIDN'T:

- Tell me how much work he got through when I had flu.
- Remark on my new hairdo or dress in public, but never in private.
- Expect me to make complimentary noises when told how like his wife I am.

Life might be quite perfect,
But oh, how dull!

H., Western Australia.

Irritating man

MY boss would be the most irritating man-child ever developed from a pale blue cradle.

He is a solicitor, so we work with briefs. I spend hours putting them in meticulous order, but in five minutes that man can rip out documents till the brief looks like something no self-respecting cat would ever drag in.

His dictation is soothing. He gallops round the office like an overworked Tulloch, and invariably dictates out the window to the passing birds, while I sustain a crick in the neck trying to lip-read and listen.

When he finishes dictating he hurls the brief over my head to the floor. After all, anybody can lay a brief on a table.

He can't add for nuts, either. I'm always right, but, of course, his inability to add two and two could be legal strategy.

Eventually I will become a screaming refugee from a padded cell, but, with all his faults, darn him, he's still a doll.

His never-failing kindness and his memory for the little things that count more than atone.

I still love my job and my boss very dearly, even though he is my father.

"KER-AZY," N.S.W.

Love him

IT would be hard to find a more wonderful boss than mine.

He is co-operative and helpful. When important letters are to be sent out he will write them first, give them to me to read over, and say, "If you would like to alter anything, do so."

When I caught the flu I lay helpless in bed. My husband had to go to work, as he had already lost time with the flu.

My boss came every day with hot soup, jellies, etc. One day he arrived with a steamed chicken, parsley sauce, and trimmings, even artichokes, which I am fond of.

Would I change him? No! I love him with a platonic indulgence.

What are we? Why, president and secretary of an Elderly Citizens' Club.

"SIXTY - AND - OVER," Vic.

He's helpless

MY boss is a wonderful but rather impossible MALE!

He requires of me, as his secretary, the added traits of:

- A mother's patience and understanding.
- A brain like Einstein's.
- Houdini's ability to get him out of awkward situations.
- Nursing experience for upset stomachs, hangovers, cut fingers, and (very important) . . .
- Being able to make a decent cup of tea.

He is helplessness personified!

Even on those rare days when I'm away ill, I have to stagger out of bed to answer his frantic telephone plea of: "Where did you file that maintenance report I gave you last month?" or suchlike. I dare not tell him exactly where I spend my holidays.

Who else would clutter up my office with old hats, half-empty bottles of medicine, and numerous objects of unknown origin, while his own office maintains that "perfect executive" appearance?

Who else would want me to work back on the night of that extra-special date (secret motive to discourage matrimony)?

But would I leave him to get married? You're darn-tooting right I would. After all, when love walks in, reason walks out.

"GLORIFIED OFFICE GIRL" (complete with halo), Vic.

A gentleman

MY boss' main shortcoming is that, if he thinks black is white, then black is white, and we must think likewise.

It's no use arguing with him. The other day I had to type his handwritten letter and came to a word which, to my eyes, was incorrectly spelt. Knowing the boss is always right, I copied his spelling and was later corrected by him. He told me he thought I would have spelt it correctly if he had been wrong.

My boss' best quality is that he is always the perfect gentleman. He never raises his voice—just goes red in the face.

Another of his shortcomings is that if he doesn't wish to hear when asked an awkward question, then he doesn't hear.

I am often asked to find this or that. After searching fruitlessly for half an hour I am told, "It doesn't matter now, Mrs. X."

What I am not told is that said article has been on said boss' desk for that half hour and then some.

With all his shortcomings, I would not change my boss (willingly), as he is a Perfect Gentleman, even though if he knew I had typed this in his time he would GO RED IN THE FACE.

"RAP," Vic.

Contest winners

He whistles

CERTAIN irksome points about the Maestro of the Office, the Boss, would drive me up the wall if I let them.

Why does he have to whistle, sing, or make funny remarks when I am up to my ears in special work?

Why can't he describe a letter or file accurately instead of saying, "Where's the thingo letter?" or "Where did I put that Whatsi file?"

Why do I have to get his lottery tickets, for which he always pays in pennies and halfpennies?

Why does he wait until 10 minutes to five to give me a circular which MUST go out that night?

Why does he have to matchmake?

Why does he have to call his wife "Fatty" and his dog "Fatso"? The names are too much alike.

Once both spouse and dog were due at the office and my boss said to me as I was engrossed in a report, "Where's Fatso?" Without thinking, I replied, "She's parking the car." Imagine how I felt when I realised he meant the dog!

Of course I could leave my job, you say? Not for quite a while yet. I like it too much.

"CHRIS," N.S.W.

Nasty, nice

THE boss — that almost legendary character — combination of the fierceness of the Red Queen, the courtesy of the White Knight, and the appalling vagueness of Father William.

He forgets to put the date on a file he wants re-submitted to him in the near or far future, and then, on the — to him—appointed date, screams, "I'll kill you if you forget the re-submits."

He works you overtime till you're a walking zombie, then he takes you and your equally long-suffering "offsider" for a drink on the way home.

He hands you a frightening list of file numbers to "look up for me some time when you've got a spare minute" (the understatement of the year).

When you do you find that at least half of them are already in his office.

Confronted with this, he looks hurt and murmurs incredulously, "I have them?"

Our nastiest moment was when I tidied that monstrous mass of junk he grandiloquently refers to as "My desk"—and he couldn't find a thing for days.

Our nicest — when fate and circumstances caused me, reluctantly, to resign. He said, "I'll say 'Au revoir,' not 'Goodbye' — one doesn't say 'Goodbye' to friends."

"TOP END," Northern Territory.

He swears

I AM a secretary-receptionist to a doctor—a genuine, likeable ex-serviceman who thinks nothing of getting out of bed at 2 a.m. to give a needle to relieve pain.

But I'm afraid he will never be wealthy, as he cannot tolerate shams. The dressing-down he gave one matron who called for his services because she wanted to sell him a book of art-union tickets is still the talk of the town.

The trouble is he WILL swear! Often a gust of laughter and language will drift through the surgery door and startle the waiting patients as he jokes with one of his ex-service pals.

He always promises to be good when I mention the matter, but he has such a natural sense of fun it is hard for him to control it.

Many of these ex-servicemen, who are really sad cases, consider their visits as good as a tonic. They always look brighter after seeing "The Doc." Anyway, they all think he is tops.

I can't expect him to be perfect in every way, but he really is a wonderful boss.

"DENISE," Qld.

These girls wear the haloes

● We asked bosses to write critically of their secretaries' shortcomings. But some of them had nothing but praise. Here is a selection of these letters. They did not conform to the rules, so we will pay for them at our usual letter rate of £1/1/-.

MY secretary is irreplaceable.

I say that, knowing that when she leaves me to get married, as they all do, I will again have to start the unenviable task of finding a secretary who is irreplaceable.

She is efficient, modest, and has a good memory, three of the most important qualities in a secretary.

More than that, I feel she has an interest in me personally. I'm not just an afterthought she crowds in between her gossipings with the outer office and her preoccupation with boy-friends.

She isn't good-looking, but she isn't plain. Just about average, I'd say, but she seems to become nicer-looking the more you get to know her.

I don't know her opinion of me as a boss, but I know the office without her can be a pretty awful mess.

"GARDEN - VARIETY BOSS," N.S.W.

Our Miss Gibbs

WHO wears the office halo? No trouble to answer that — it's a lady I will call "Our Miss Gibbs."

Coming for her first interview (just out of business college) I detected part of her school uniform in the "ensemble." No dressing-up for the occasion. Little make-up and no perfume. No beauty, according to Tivoli standards, but typing and shorthand tests showed that she was expert.

Very soon it was evident that I had "picked one out of the box." Now and again you get them like that. No silly business about flowers, date of my wife's birthday, and that sort of nonsense. The job is the thing.

Punctual, utterly dependable, she has office routine at her fingertips.

If anyone is absent Miss Gibbs fills the breach. There seems no job she could not handle — even mine.

This reads like a good reference. It is, and I hope she recognises herself.

Thank you, Miss Gibbs.

"CARBON COPY," Vic.

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WORTH REPORTING

WE'VE just had a letter from Mrs. Nita Myers, of Melbourne, telling us about her childhood on the Royal Family's estate at Balmoral.

"I went to live at Balmoral when I was three," Mrs. Myers wrote, "and there spent some very happy years enlivened by the yearly visits of the 'Royals.'

"They added glamor and excitement to our everyday lives.

"I remember one afternoon my sister and I came face to face with King George V. He stopped to talk to us and tried to assume a bit of a Scots accent for our amusement.

"And when the Royal cars and carriages passed by we were supposed to curtsy. I remember hiding in a hedge to avoid this exercise.

"While Queen Mary was at Balmoral Castle she would visit each house on the estate.

"We had no idea when she would call, so every afternoon we had to be prepared.

"When the day arrived a footman would come to the

MRS. NITA MYERS . . . she has kept this picture of herself taken at Balmoral Castle in 1931.

front door and tell us Her Majesty was without.

"Then she would come in, attended by her ladies.

"Queen Mary had a wonderful memory. Once when we had moved a picture of the then Prince of Wales from one room to another she immediately noticed the change.

"I remember, too, when Mrs. Knight was nurse to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret.

"My mother, my sister, and I were invited by Mrs. Knight to go down to the Castle one evening to see the Princesses.

"They had just had their baths and were prepared for bed.

"I think Princess Elizabeth would have been about three years old; she was wearing a dressing-gown and a pair of little rabbit slippers that she told us her Uncle David had given her.

"And Princess Margaret was just a baby, but I remember we curtsied to her."

* * *

FROM an English newspaper this conversation piece:

Passenger (on a London-bound train): How late will we be?

Conductor: Difficult to say until we start moving.

MRS. B. HACOHEN . . . she says the Old Testament teachings make a desert bloom.

And now the desert blooms

THE Old Testament is proving valuable to Jewish irrigation authorities in their search for water, we learned from Zionist patriot and woman writer Mrs. Bracha Hacohen, who recently visited Australia.

"From Scriptural descriptions they are finding old wells where our forefathers camped thousands of years ago," she said.

"And the sites are being excavated with great success."

Mrs. Hacohen said modern Israelites were proud of the new cities built up since her country was granted independence as a Jewish State 10 years ago.

But it is the model agricultural settlements and new rural villages which they really delight in showing off to visitors.

"We feel our great achievement is in making the desert bloom," she said.

Mrs. Hacohen added that because Jewish women had worked with their men in handling guns and ploughs to help to build Israel into a nation, they enjoyed complete equality of status.

Two of Israel's 11 women members in the 120-strong Parliament hold high posts. Mrs. Golda Meir is Foreign Minister and Mrs. Beba Idelsohn is the Deputy Speaker.

Mrs. Hacohen's husband, who was Israel's first Ambassador to Burma, is a member of the Israeli Parliament.

Anything for a laugh!

THE Comedy Workshop in New York is an evening school for would-be comics.

An American columnist recently reported that when he looked in on the school he saw a cab-driver trying out his act.

But he got no laughs. Not even a giggle.

Suddenly he threw himself on the floor.

"I thought he'd cracked his skull," said the columnist. "But he bounced up with a huge grin.

"The comedy teacher asked, 'Doesn't it hurt when you do that?'

"'No,' said the cab-driver, 'only when I don't get the laughs.'"

A MIDDLE-AGED Adelaide housewife was horrified the other day when the butcher told her the price of the leg of lamb she'd selected.

"That's sheer robbery," she yelped. "I can remember buying lamb for half the price."

"No, no, madam. Impossible," said the butcher, a chivalrous fellow. "You couldn't be as old as that."

Sir Edmund was naive

SOME of the words used to describe Sir Edmund Hillary in his few days' visit to Adelaide recently were: rangy, shaggy, craggy, rugged, witty, simple, modest, unassuming, courageous, inspiring etcetera, etcetera.

And his height on three successive days was quoted as 6ft. 2in., 6ft. 3in., and 6ft. 4in.

We concede all the adjectives. And the height is probably correct — depending on whether his shaggy, craggy mass of hair lies down on his forehead, stands half way up, or is brushed right up.

However, we could suggest yet another adjective—naive.

We add this after hearing him tell an amusing story against himself at a civic reception in his honor at the Adelaide Town Hall.

It concerned his "first experience of Australian life in 1950," when he was on his way home to N.Z. from his first trip to Europe.

"There were a great number of ships at the wharves and as I got out of the taxi no doubt looked a bit bewildered," he said.

"A 6ft. 5in. man came up and asked if he could help.

"I thanked him, filled in a form, as he advised, and followed him to the Customs.

"Then he helped me with the bags, and as I said goodbye I thanked him again sincerely.

"Then he said, 'What about paying the porter?'

"'The porter?' I asked. 'Where's he?'

"Then the man thumped his broad chest vigorously and shouted, 'I'm the porter.'

"I'd had experience of porters in Europe," Sir Edmund added, "but it was certainly refreshing to meet an Australian one."

Sir Edmund was in Adelaide to receive the John Lewis Gold Medal awarded by the Royal Geographical Society of Australia for his part in the conquest of Everest.

SIR EDMUND HILLARY . . . in Adelaide, a gold medal for his conquest of Everest.

Something to dance about

"AND it was only sixpence a yard," said Meredith Kinmont.

Meredith was talking about the colorful hessian carpet binding from which her swirling calypso skirt was made.

The skirt took 13yds. of 3in. carpet binding, plus 2½yds. of 36in. tangerine linen.

Meredith cut the linen into strips and ruched them to alternate with the hessian. And she sewed the whole skirt by hand.

The skirt will be included in her luggage when she leaves Sydney to fly to London in August.

Meredith was recently awarded the Joan Halliday Overseas Scholarship, and she will study at the Royal School of Ballet.

MEREDITH KINMONT . . . she made a calypso skirt, and it cost just sixpence a yard.

Dispensing with the men

WE went along to the 22nd conference of the Pharmaceutical Association of Australia in Adelaide recently — and were pleasantly surprised to discover how many women pharmacists there are in Australia.

It isn't, let us hasten to add, that we don't like MEN pharmacists.

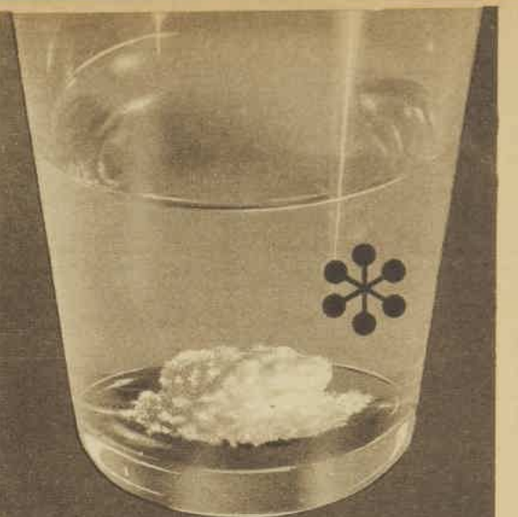
About 2000 women pharmacists are employed in hospitals, laboratories, industry, and so on, and many of them own their own pharmacies.

The Adelaide conference was an important milestone for the Australian Federation of Women Pharmaceutical Chemists.

At one session their organisation—founded in 1953—was affiliated with the Pharmaceutical Association of Australia. For the first time they were allowed to vote at conference.

Beginning this year, women pharmacists plan to have a dinner in each Australian capital city every August to mark the foundation of their organisation.

At the dinner a special prize will be awarded to the top woman pharmaceutical student at each State university.



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Goodbye, Sweet William

Beginning our new serial . . . a sophisticated murder mystery

By PAT FLOWER

and illustrated by CEDRIC FLOWER

WILLIAM drained his glass. He waved a small piece of paper. "You might all be interested to know," he announced comically, "that someone's plotting to kill me."

He didn't get much of a reaction. Smiles and shrugs and boredom. They were civilised people, trained to react conventionally, and words like "kill" — violent words — had meaning only when they read them in the Press. Besides, they'd had a long, tiring day of rest and relaxation.

"It's true," William protested. "Doesn't anyone care?" He waved the piece of paper again.

"Yes, yes, yes, darling," Cynthia said soothingly. "When?"

"What d'you mean — when? You don't care a scrap! You, Cynthia! I must say I'm a little piqued."

"Don't be silly, darling." Cynthia was bored. The evening was going on a little too long, she felt. Having William all to herself was totally different from sharing him with these others.

The others seemed at odds with the evening, too. William's eyes flickered round among them. Give them leisure and luxury and what did they do with it — didn't know how to use it. AS he did. Stephen French, Cynthia's husband, owner of this mansion of a home, good-looking in that ingrown kind of way, wealthy and aimless. Des and Joanna Treloar, interior decorating partnership, maybe a shade too wholesome for this gang. Jack Simmonds, long-drawn-out, despairing echo of a man, a publisher with the instinct for backing losers; his wife, Betty, dowdy, no help at all. Bill Baynes, the poet — William's eyes shied away from Baynes. And Pamela — Pamela Atkinson, actressy Pamela . . . well, tonight at least he'd make her happy, promise her the world into the bargain.

And it was such a nice evening, too; all those dear little cicadas screeching from the garden across the back and front terraces, in through the long windows open at each end of the living-room. A humid, languorous night, too warm for April; a wonderful house, this of Steve's and Cynthia's, reeking with tradition and craftsmanship and solidity and money; a wonderful thing to be invited here for a bright weekend house party.

"What is that precious piece of paper?" Cynthia asked.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," William sighed, "seeing no one cares. Nice of you to take a little interest. It's true, you know, here in black and white. Penalty of success, I suppose."

"Well, what does it say?"

"It's a list. Listen. Just see how cunning it is. It says:

'see about tickets
laundry—complain
get rid of William
lunch Thursday
golf club'."

He looked round triumphantly. "You see? Someone wants to get rid of me!"

"It's terribly funny, darling." Cynthia laughed without a trace of humor. "Let me see it." She came and sat on the arm of his chair, reading the list for herself. "It can't be you, silly! Why should it be? Whose list is it, anyway?"

"That's just the point. Anyone ready to own up?" William asked, facetiously adopting the manner of a grim-faced detective. "No? I must say," he added, looking at the list again, "it's not very flattering being wedged between laundries and lunches."

Cynthia giggled. "Good enough!" she said.

"Where'd you find it?" Des asked. Joanna looked at him, at the blond hair that bristled so aggressively, at the handsome, truculent jaw. She loved her husband dearly, but now she willed him to keep quiet.

"In this chair. It was here, just here. Who was in it — before me, I mean?" William looked round at them accusingly.

"You, Joanna, wasn't it?" Cynthia said. "I'm sure it was you; I remember those long, slim legs right there." She pointed.

Des looked quickly at Joanna, but she was returning Cynthia's look blankly.

"Yes, I was, but so what? I know nothing about it."

"Oh, well, never mind," William said. "Let's forget it."

"Anyway, it's not a subject to joke about." Joanna shivered.

"Why ever not, darling?" Pamela said voluptuously. "The whole idea's so remote. Whoever in the world would want to kill William!" She was curled up on the cushions like a kitten. "I think it's absolutely sweet. Besides, it may not be our William at all."

"Might be me," Bill Baynes said. "I'm William, too." His big, kind, gentle hands were reassuring, one cupped round the bowl of his pipe, the other complacent on the chair-arm.

Stephen looked on and grinned rather stupidly.

"It's too nice a night," he protested.

"What for, old man? D'you mean too nice for killing me?" William asked with mock anxiety.

"Exactly!" Steve said. "Requires howling wind, creaking shutters, flapping shapes, and so on."

"Winter's coming on," Bill Baynes said encouragingly. "The right night might turn up."

Steve got up and walked about restlessly, hands in pockets.

"Who's for a last drink?" he said. "Betty?"

Betty Simmonds glanced at her husband. Jack scarcely drank at all, and Betty often wished he would. She liked to be in with people, and matching drink for drink, she believed, made an effective entree. Leaning now against the great marble mantelpiece, he didn't respond; he wore his customary melancholy as though it were some new tragedy. Betty shook her head.

Des went over to help Stephen.

"What's all this about killing?" he asked amiably as he went. "It doesn't say 'kill William.' 'Get rid of' might mean something like 'excommunicate' or 'ostracise'."

"I think it's me," Bill boasted. "Cynthia loathes me for filling her beautiful house with the fumes of this nasty old pipe."

"I love it," Cynthia said.

"You know, Bill, it could be you," William said thoughtfully. "Maybe it's more subtle than we thought. After all, you're rich; someone might stand to gain, some relative or some beneficiary we don't know about. I'd say it's much more likely. No one benefits when I die — all I've got is talents and debts, and my poor, unfortunate sister will only get the debts."

Stephen laughed. Drink in hand, he sat down to join in.

"Nice plot there, William," he said. "Couldn't you work it into one of your adventure yarns?" He said "yarns" deliberately.

"Could be," William smiled. "Better watch out, Bill."

"I'm tired of this game" — Cynthia yawned exaggeratedly — "Whose silly old list is it, anyway? Whose writing is it?"

The list was passed round among them to an accompaniment of disclaimers.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," William said. "I guess I'll survive. I'm tired of the game now, too." He lit a cigarette.

"Just the same, I'm afraid it's you, William, my boy," Steve said with decision. "You're the only William. You'd better take care. This is obviously a devilish ruse designed to play on your nerves, get you worried, wear you down till you're crackers." He gripped William's shoulder. "William, old fellow, you're doomed."

"Break it down, Steve." William shrugged the hand off. Of a sudden he was bored and disgruntled; the savor had gone from the room and from them — his friends. From the high-ceilinged, spacious room, from all its colonial elegance so carefully preserved. From these people. Well, he had a card up his sleeve — a trump they weren't expecting. He'd save it till tomorrow; he'd be refreshed,

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CEDRIC FLOWER

CEDRIC FLOWER, one of Australia's leading artists, has illustrated our new serial written by his wife, Pat. This duo appearance is a first for both. It is Pat's first serialisation ("Goodbye, Sweet William" is her second published novel) and Cedric's first illustrations for a serial. Next week there will be a second color drawing by the artist and then two sepia tone drawings for the two concluding instalments.

PAT FLOWER

The house, Thornton, had dignity, charm, gentleness, all the qualities its owners would never possess.

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Outcleans all other household cleansers and washing powders but won't scratch, dull or wear

Stop wearing out your kitchen, bathroom and the rest of your home! Start using Handy Andy, the modern American liquid cleanser for all your household cleaning!

Harsh, scouring powders *wear out* your sink and refrigerator. Washing powders can cause streaking on walls and woodwork. But now a great advance from the U.S.A.—Handy Andy—America's popular liquid cleanser! Handy Andy gets your home *really* clean—and *won't* scratch, dull or wear. Won't streak or stain. And it's so kind to your hands, you need no rubber gloves.

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In solution . . . or straight from the bottle

HANDY ANDY CLEANS JUST ABOUT ANYTHING!

Ceramic tiles	Sinks
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CLEANS CARS, CAR MATS AND TYRES—like new! Prepares perfectly for car polishing: **no streaking!**

DOGS! Handy Andy washes puppies **clean.** Absolutely safe. No disinfectant odour.

MIRRORS AND WINDOWPANES come **brilliantly** clean when you clean them with Handy Andy. So easy, too!

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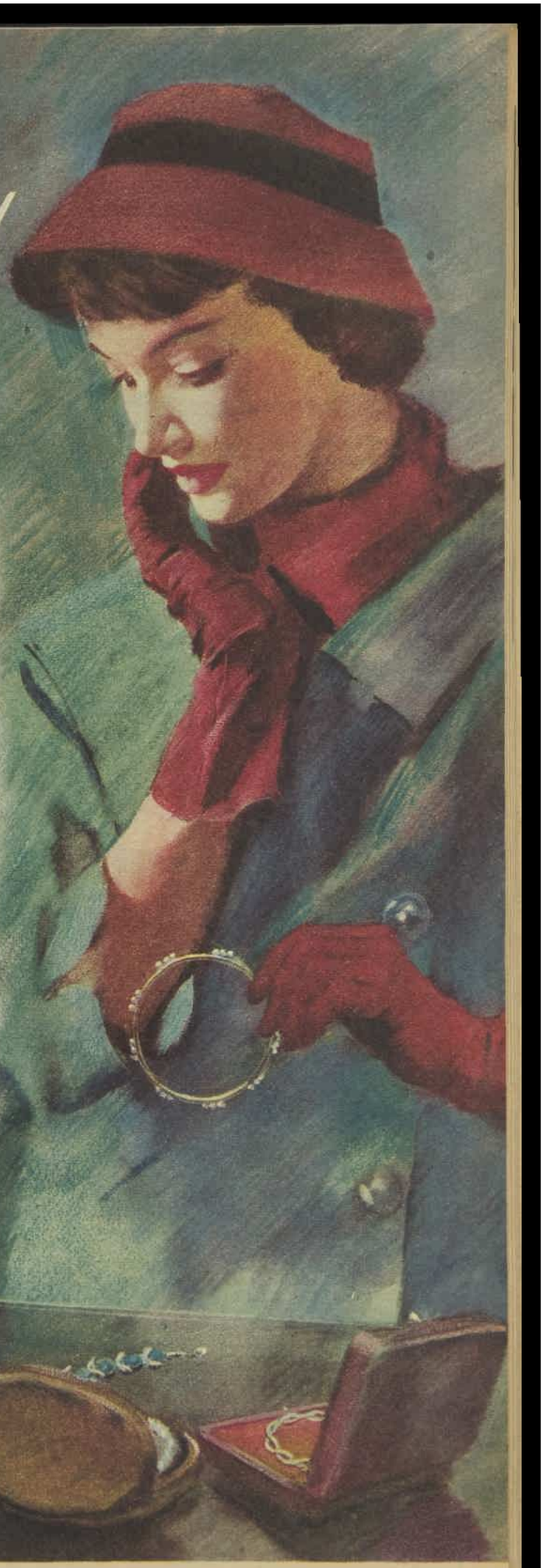
How much would a man like the arrogant Jason Pomeroy, who cared so little for his wife, want to spend on a gift for her?

A bauble for a lady

By PAZ VAN MATRE



AFTER Miss Dulcet had been working for Jason Pomeroy a week she understood why the agency had warned her, very discreetly, that he was "difficult." As far as Miss Dulcet was concerned, he was impossible.

Everybody in the office hated him, from the president of the company down to the charwoman who came in at night. But no one could deny he was brilliant. He was handsome, too, thought Miss Dulcet, remembering the first morning she had come to work.

He had not looked up from his desk at first, but she noticed the hard, clean angle of his face, the black hair that darted back from a widow's peak in the middle of his forehead, and his strong, brown hands striped round the wrists with the white of his cuffs and the dark blue of his sleeves. Miss Dulcet was glad she had worn her best grey suit and that her hair was gleaming from its shampoo the afternoon before.

He had explained her duties as his secretary and when he finished he looked up and smiled. Miss Dulcet thought his smile was really just the shape of a smile. It was quick, clean, and hard, and it went on and off like an electric light. She noticed, too, that his eyes were very pale, like blue glass.

"That's all," he said. "Except that in the future you will be kind enough to omit perfume in the office."

The smile went off and on again. The pale eyes merely blinked.

There were other things she discovered about him as the week went by. He fired people with the quick, metallic click of a receiver banged in the ear. No ifs, ands, or buts. Mistakes were not tolerated. "Sorry, Bradshaw, you're out . . . Miss Williams, you're through." Or sometimes, with that terrible smile that was really no smile at all, but a sign of disapproval: "Johnson, you've been here thirty years. We need younger men on our team. Speak to Magill about your pay and don't come in on Monday."

If his decisions were questioned he flew into a rage. Standing up and leaning his fists on the desk for support, he would thunder: "Don't you understand the English language? You're finished! Get out!"

Miss Dulcet hated him. And she hated him for his personal deceptions as much as for his relentless cruelty. He had a wife and also a girl named Miss Fielding, with whom he often made luncheon or dinner engagements.

Whenever he talked to his wife on the phone his words were sharp, decisive, and without emotion. When he talked to Miss Fielding he was a different man. He leaned back in his chair, cradled the mouthpiece with his hand, and half-laughed, half-murmured his words.

And there was another thing Miss Dulcet didn't like about him. She didn't like the fact that he was hounded by creditors. She had been brought up to condone neither immorality nor unpaid debts, and she considered Mr. Pomeroy a fraud, a faker, and a cheat, for he obviously lived beyond his right both morally and financially.

To herself she called him, "Mr. Ferris—the Big Wheel," and hoped she could find another job soon.

On this particular Monday morning she came into the office feeling none too happy. The very sight of Mr. Pomeroy filled her with nervous apprehension. What if she should make a mistake? What if that terrible wrath were turned on her? So far he seemed satisfied with her work, but what if, some awful morning, she should forget to remind him of an appointment or type out a wrong price quotation? She checked her calendar carefully, then answered his buzz.

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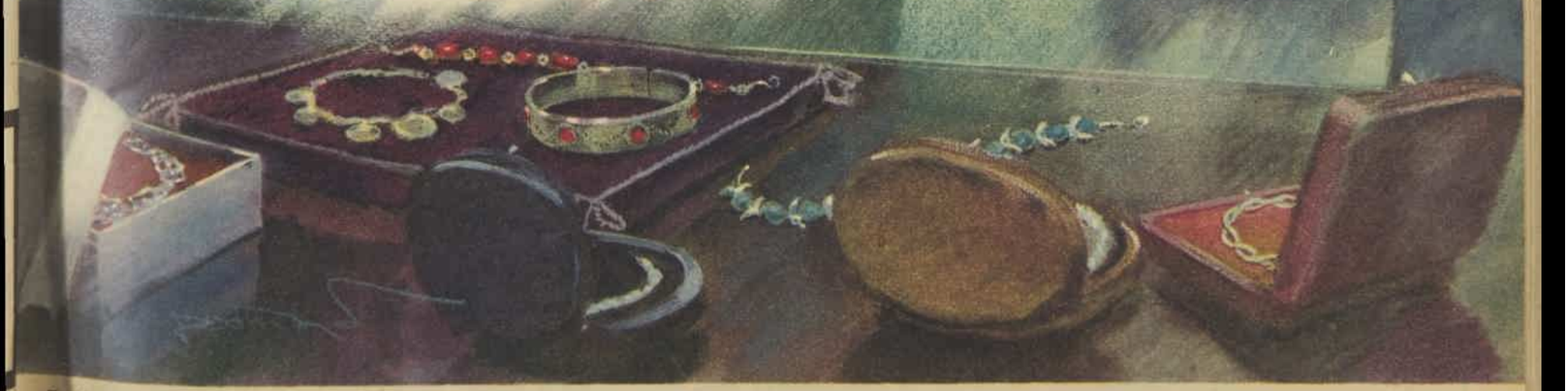
Miss Dulcet selected a simple gold circlet mounted with pearls and wondered if that was what she should choose.



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LOVE TOKENS

CHRISTINE MANNING watched with a sigh of relief as the last of the patients disappeared from the waiting-room into the surgery. She had promised old Mrs. Rush, who was looking after Rodney, that she would not be away more than an hour and a half.

But the walk into Redgrave, through the foggy November evening, had taken her all of thirty-five minutes, and, being the last arrival at the doctor's, she then had to wait her turn for another half-hour.

Christine was still silently debating whether or not the whole thing was a waste of time. But something had to be done about Rodney — and soon. Having failed to put the thing right herself, she just couldn't stand by helplessly and watch it grow worse.

Bob would have known what to do, she thought bitterly. But Bob had been dead five years, and since then the responsibility of looking after Rodney and for keeping the home going had been entirely hers.

Oddly enough, the strain didn't appear to show very much. Though Christine was nearing thirty, she looked in fact much younger — and certainly not old enough to be the mother of a boy of nine!

It was so long since Christine had last seen Dr. Allen that she did not know until she glanced at the waiting-room notice-board that he now had an assistant —a Dr. Lambert — who was scheduled to take evening surgery on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

It was now Friday evening, and Christine was beginning to wish she hadn't come — or that she had found out about the assistant first. She began to anticipate a certain amount of difficulty in telling this Dr. Lambert about Rodney. She was almost certain it was not the kind of thing a doctor could cope with, anyway. And the most she could hope for was advice.

"Next, please."

The face that appeared round the surgery door belonged to a man in his early thirties. It was not a particularly elegant face, though certainly an interesting one — the kind that made you look at its owner twice and wonder what kind of a person he was.

". . . Will you come this way, Miss ——?"

"Mrs. Manning," said Christine. "I really wanted to see Dr. Allen, but——"

"Everyone does," he said, with an amused look in his eyes. "If I weren't such an infernal optimist, I'd have an inferiority complex." He offered her a comfortable chair, then sat down himself behind the large knee-hole desk. "And what can I do for you?"

Christine took a deep breath. "It's about my son, Rodney . . . That's why I wanted Dr. Allen."

"Have you brought Rodney with you?"

"No, I haven't."

Dr. Lambert raised his eyebrows. "It's a little difficult to make a diagnosis or attempt to give treatment in the absence of the victim," he said gently.

"There's nothing wrong with him," explained Christine. "Nothing physical, that is."

"I see . . . Perhaps you had better tell me what it's all about, then."

Somehow Christine already knew that this was going to be less of an ordeal than she had imagined. Not that there was anything openly reassuring about Dr. Lambert, but she realised instinctively that he would not dismiss Rodney's predicament with a polite shrug.

"Rodney is nine years old," she began. "Although his father died when he was four, he got over it pretty well; and I think he's a reasonably happy child.

"The trouble started about eighteen months ago," continued Christine. "Roddy began to take things—things that weren't his."

"What kind of things does Rodney take, and what does he do with them?"

"That's the most baffling part," she confessed. "They aren't the sort of things you would expect a small boy to be interested in at all.

"The first was a silver-knobbed walking stick that belonged to Mr. Murray, a nearby farmer who used to let Roddy have rides on a tractor and watch the cows being milked. It was one of Mr. Murray's most prized possessions . . . Roddy just brought the stick home and put it in the hall. He didn't say a thing. Mr. Murray was furious when he found out."

"That certainly is an odd thing for him to take," commented Dr. Lambert thoughtfully. His brow wrinkled and he gazed intently at the ceiling. The expression of concentration on his somewhat youthful face seemed vaguely incongruous. "What other things has Roddy —acquired?"

"Another friend of ours is a racing-car enthusiast. Roddy took his ignition keys the day before a track event . . . I'm afraid that pretty well ruined relations for a while. Then, a few months later, we went to visit an old school friend of mine who married an artist. And Roddy ——"

"Let me guess," interrupted Dr. Lambert suddenly. "He cornered the market in oil paints?"

"No," said Christine with a smile. "It was Jim's favorite brushes. Fortunately, it was treated as a joke . . . But I'm afraid Roddy's weakness can't be treated as a joke any more.

"A few days ago I took the opportunity to look up a cousin of Bob's who has an antique shop. While we were there he showed me an eighteenth-century jewelled snuff-box of which he was very proud. It was a lovely thing—worth more than a hundred pounds."

"And Roddy took it?"

Christine nodded. "The loss wasn't discovered until some time after we had left. No suspicion fell on Roddy, of course, and the police were called in."

"What did you do?"

"What could I do?" she asked helplessly. "I discovered the wretched thing in Roddy's room the day after. I sent it back by post, without any explanation . . . I'm afraid I lost my head."

"Yes," said Dr. Lambert. "I can see it's beginning to be a trifle upsetting . . . I presume you've talked to Roddy about his little tricks. What did you say?"

"I've told him that people just can't take things without asking, or saying anything. I've pointed out that he's made several people very unhappy by what he's done." Her voice faltered. "I've tried punishments, but——"

"But what?"

"The trouble is, he's always terribly sorry. He knows he is doing wrong, and he accepts the punishment — but it doesn't stop him."

Dr. Lambert was silent for a moment, then he said, "This can hardly be described as a case for the doctor."

"I know that," said Christine nervously. "I was hoping to get some advice. I'm at my wits' end."

He smiled. "Well, the first thing I ought to do is see Roddy—in his natural habitat, I think . . . Tomorrow is Saturday, isn't it? Perhaps I could drop in some time during the afternoon . . . Would that be convenient?"

"It's very kind of you . . . You must think me a little crazy for coming along with this kind of problem."

"Not at all. It's the unusual that makes life interesting . . . One other thing, Mrs. Manning: I don't think Roddy should have any suspicion that I'm coming to see him. Perhaps we should pretend that we are old friends. Or that I was a friend of Roddy's father."

Christine stood up. "That would be a very good idea, I think."

As Dr. Lambert showed her to the door, he said with a grin, "We'll have to get used to being on informal terms then. My name is David, by the way."

She laughed. "I feel as if we are cheating horribly. My name is Christine." She buttoned up her coat and hurried out into the darkness.

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As David played trains with young Roddy he suddenly found the answer to Christine's problem . . . a short story

By EDMUND COOPER

Saturday began with cloud and rain, but after lunch the sky cleared; and as Dr. David Lambert drove towards Christine's isolated cottage the countryside was bathed in the peculiar golden quality of late autumn sunlight.

As he turned into the drive that led up to the thatched cottage, he saw a small boy perched high in the branches of an incredibly ancient apple tree. He stopped the car and got out.

"Hello, there!" he called. "Are you on sentry duty?"

"I can see all the way into Redgrave from here. I watched you come along the road," said Roddy, scrambling down. "You're the new doctor, aren't you?"

"Yes. I'm helping Dr. Allen."

"Mummy said you were a friend of my daddy."

The cottage door opened and Christine walked down the drive towards them. She no longer wore the worried expression of the previous evening. The sunlight added its own subtle tint to her mass of corn-colored hair, but it only served to emphasise the paleness of her features.

"Hello, Christine," he said. "I didn't discover you lived here until quite recently."

She smiled. "It's nice of you to come—David. Most of our friends are too far away to make short visits worth while. I see you have already met Roddy."

Christine took him into the cottage, while Roddy trailed along behind, watching them with wide, curious eyes. Somehow, David Lambert sensed an element of hostility in the child. Hostility that was not the result of an immediate dislike but which had existed before they had met.

Perhaps, he thought, hostility was not the right word. Perhaps it was more like a fierce envy. He decided that something ought to be done about it.

Five minutes later, while Christine was making a pot of coffee, he persuaded Roddy to show his toys. Fortunately, Roddy did not need a great deal of persuasion. Most of his school friends lived two or three miles away, and weekends were often rather lonely times for him.

Soon the floor was littered with railway lines, trucks, signals, a couple of battered stations, and an engine. And presently Christine was left to sip her coffee alone, an amused look on her face, while Dr. David Lambert sprawled on the floor—with his own coffee getting cold at his side—and assembled the railway lines into new configurations.

Looking up, he noted her expression and grinned. "Haven't had a chance to do this legitimately for a long time. I'm enjoying myself."

Now that the tension had gone he and Roddy had become firm friends, and David found that he genuinely liked the small boy. The vague hostility had gone and Roddy displayed a quick intelligence and a strong sense of humor. He did not seem at all like the kind of child who would casually pocket a hundred-guinea antique.

Having got tired of hearing himself called Dr. Lambert, he had told Roddy to use his Christian name. The privilege seemed to appeal to the child, and as they played with the railway together Christine was pointedly excluded from such important masculine activities.

Presently David found to his surprise that the oil lamps were being lit, and that he had been at the cottage for more than a couple of hours.

"I'd better be on my way. I'd no idea it was so late. Thank you for a really nice afternoon, Roddy."

The boy looked up anxiously. "Do stay to tea with us, David." He turned to Christine. "Mummy, please make him stay."

Christine said, "I'd like to—but I'm sure we have taken up quite enough of his time." She regarded David uncertainly. "Unless he hasn't anything more important to do."

"No surgery this evening," said David, "and I'm not on call until midnight . . . At the moment there's nothing in the world more important than tea and railway trains."

"Oh, good!" said Roddy excitedly. "This is my lucky day!"

David wondered why the boy should be so extraordinarily pleased about it. Then the reason occurred to him, generating a wave of sympathy. He was, for Roddy, temporarily filling a role that had been vacant for five years.

Tea was a pleasant and leisurely affair. For a while, as they sat at the table, Roddy seemed content to surrender David's attention so that he and Christine could talk.

After a time David said, "Do you ever go to the cinema, Roddy?"

"Not much. The nearest one is in Burford, and that's six miles away. There aren't many buses from the village."

"If there's a film you'd like to see some time, I'll take you in my car."

Roddy's immediate reaction was to find the local newspaper and look at the entertainment column.

"It's a cowboy picture!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

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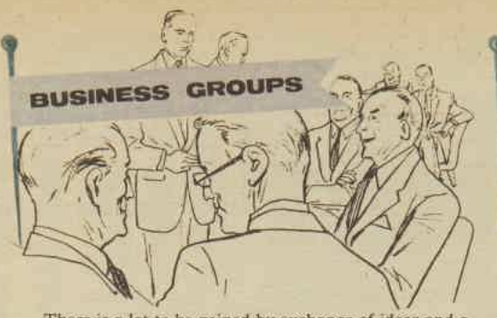

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Kissing Forbidden

A short short story

By HEINZ NONVEILLER

All Alfred's English would allow him to say was an occasional "Hello, how are you, Joy?"

HE would come into the waiting-room of the dentist's surgery and stare at her. He would sit on the wine-red couch and all the time, for hours, his large brown eyes would be on her, and she would get annoyed because it made her blush and type incorrectly.

She had trouble getting his name in the appointment book. He wasn't dumb or deaf, it was only that he couldn't speak English. He'd been in this country for about three months and still he couldn't speak English. He hung around the town, looking for a job, but nobody would give him one, for he couldn't speak a word of English. Sometimes he would smile across her desk at her in a pitiful sort of way and it would make her feel all sorry for him and she would smile back, although she wouldn't have done that with anybody else.

He lived with his father, who had come to Australia from Austria ten years ago. He worked as an engineer in the mines and wasn't particularly interested in his son, who had come out only three months ago after the death of his mother. She'd held the whole custody of the boy after their divorce ten years ago. So his father had migrated on his own.

Then she had died, and he'd sent for his son, who, for want of doing anything better, had come.

And now, three months later, he'd fallen in love with Mr. Brown's receptionist. And he knew that her name was Joy and that Joy meant "Freude" in German and that it was a wonderful name to have. And that was all he knew about the English language.

Joy liked him. He was handsome, much more handsome than any of the boys in Wulla Wulla.

A handsome face and pity can break any woman's heart, and Joy's was no exception. It is a tribute to the human spirit and Cupid that they established a friendship without conversation.

It was summer-time in Wulla Wulla, and during the day heavy winds cleared the streets of dust and shifted the clouds about. Sometime in the evening the wind would settle, and they would go past the bridge and down to the river and sit there listening to the many sounds in the air.

Joy trusted Alfred. She judged his age at twenty and was not far wrong. She herself was nineteen and she thought that they would make a fine match.

She didn't even stop trusting him when one evening she was kissed by him. It was a delicate kiss, tender and yet impulsive. It was such a glorious kiss because speaking wasn't necessary, because languages didn't matter any longer. They had found a very satisfying way of personal communication.

When her father, Dr. Roberts, saw his daughter's face that evening he knew immediately what had happened. The blush, the sparkling blue eyes illuminated from within, the vitality shivering in the rich waves of her brown hair.

Dr. Roberts was the town's favorite doctor, and he was known to be a clever and humble man, a rare combination indeed. He knew human nature, and soon he had extracted quite a lot of information from his daughter without her being aware of it.

He wondered what was wrong with the young man. Why did he not speak even a few words? He watched him one day on the street and he had the impression that Alfred was either lazy or stubborn. He looked intelligent enough. Maybe he hadn't really wanted to come to Australia and maybe living with his father wasn't such a bed of roses, either.

What worried the doctor was that his daughter was getting seriously involved with a man who hadn't even a job, and not the faintest chance of getting one. For a couple of weeks Alfred worked with a painter, painting cottages; but as the painter was Dutch and spoke German perfectly well, Alfred gained nothing beyond his salary. And then there was no more painting to be done, and that was that. And Joy was falling deeper and deeper in love with him.

However, having made some money at painting, he managed somehow to invite Joy one Saturday morning to go to the beach with him. There was no reason why she should have said no to him, and had there been he wouldn't have understood; and so they went and had a lovely time on the beach.

What with one thing and another, Alfred and Joy, unable to have a conversation, had a lot to eat instead. They had a big dinner at lunch-time, they had lots of ice-cream afterwards, and later they roasted in the sun, swam in the surprisingly cold water, and before they got on the train again had still more to eat.

It had been a lovely day, but Alfred had a bad night. In the morning he was forced to walk to Dr. Roberts' place with shaking legs and high fever.

Dr. Roberts knew instantly what was wrong.

"You've got gastric influenza, my boy," he said.

"Ja?" said Alfred, not understanding a word.

"You have to go to bed for the next three or four days," Dr. Roberts said.

Alfred grinned.

It was of no avail. Dr. Roberts had to get in touch with a lady who spoke German, and thus he made it clear to the boy that he had gastric influenza and had to stay in bed.

"And," he went on, "I know that you know my girl."

At this the lady who spoke German looked scandalised. She belonged to a very strict denomination and was a confirmed spinster.

"Never mind," Dr. Roberts said to her. "I know, everybody knows—you, too—so what's wrong with it?"

And he went on:

"I know you are fond of her!"

With apparent hesitation the lady who spoke German translated.

"I have nothing against you being fond of her," Dr. Roberts went on. "But the kissing has to stop for at least six weeks. Gastric influenza is highly contagious and I don't want my girl catching it. Is that clear?"

The lady was too scandalised to continue.

Dr. Roberts said, "Tell him."

The lady finally consented in the manner of Pilate washing his hands.

And thus, Alfred, having met Joy's father for the first time and under such humiliating circumstances, went home and got into his bed. He didn't see Joy for three whole days, and all her father would permit her was to send flowers to him.

"Six weeks is a long time, Dad," Joy said, but he told her grimly that he knew what he was doing.

On the fourth day they met again, and a sorry spectacle they were. They sat at the river's edge, doing nothing, not talking — how could they? For Alfred couldn't speak English and couldn't kiss her, either.

The following days had nothing to record beyond looks of desperate longing and sighs. There were no kisses. Alfred kept heroically away from her; he sacrificed his desire on the altar of commonsense. They stood at the river's edge, and holding hands was the only liberty they would allow themselves, and so they made the most of it. Never in all history have hands talked so eloquently, passionately, and expressively.

Let us skip the next fortnight, because at about that time things began to happen.

"Nice . . . day . . . blue . . . sky . . ." Alfred stammered one day a fortnight later.

He was exhausted by this effort, but he had managed successfully to convey his impressions of the day in four words of English ancestry. Yes, they were a bit twisted in a screw-like fashion, but here they were, solid enough, and they made Joy almost cry for — well, joy!

From then on Alfred made progress. Slowly but surely he made progress. At the end of the sixth week he was even able to say:

"Six weeks — over! I kiss you, Joy!"

And so he did. It was a wonderful kiss. Like long-lost relatives meeting on a railway station.

"I love you, Joy," he said.

And it was definitely the most wonderful thing he'd ever said.

Oh, it was their lucky day. He even found a position in Wulla Wulla's only book shop. Of course, from time to time he brought people an Ernest Hemingway when they really wanted a packet of envelopes, but nobody minded.

"I kissed him today," Joy said to her father that evening. "I don't think it'll do any harm now, will it, Dad?"

Dr. Roberts sat down on an easy chair and smiled his wise smile, although he felt slightly uneasy, as if faced by a firing squad.

"It wouldn't have done any harm five weeks ago," he stated calmly. "He could have kissed you after five or six days without any risk, really."

Joy stood before him and the meaning of his words slowly sank to the bottom of her mind. Then the storm broke. All the weeks of frustrated silence came into her mind and she shouted:

"Do you mean to say—"

"Yes," he said calmly. "Exactly. I mean to say that I deliberately took the only means of communication from him in order to make him talk in a sensible language. Apparently I succeeded!"

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R076

Continuing . . . A BAUBLE FOR A LADY

from page 27

As usual, they began the day by going over his schedule together.

"You have an appointment with Mr. Jenner at ten," she reminded him, "and Mr. Gilroy, from Power Chemical, is coming in at eleven. Your luncheon appointment with Mr. Addison is at '21' at one o'clock. This afternoon at three o'clock you have a board meeting."

Mr. Pomeroy was looking at his own calendar and frowning.

"I see it's my wife's birthday," he said. "I'll have to ask you to pick up a gift for her during your lunch-hour." He took out his wallet and found a card. "There's a shop over on Madison Avenue," he said. "Pick out a bracelet or something, charge it to me, and have them send it up to the apartment.

"Get Miss Fielding on the phone for me, and when I've finished talking come back for dictation. Oh, yes, call Mrs. Pomeroy and tell her I will be tied up but will be home at nine o'clock."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Dulcet.

The afternoon was bright and sunny, and when she had finished her lunch Miss Dulcet walked over to the little shop on Madison Avenue. She was glad of the errand, for it was an extra little break in the day, and it was not until she started to look over the bracelets that fear clutched her heart. She had forgotten to ask Mr. Pomeroy how much she should spend, and the shop carried jewellery of medium as well as exorbitant price. What if she should pay too much?

She moved down the counter away from the real gems which, considering the bill collectors who hounded his telephone, she knew Mr. Pomeroy could not afford, to the costume jewellery. She was terribly nervous, and suddenly wanted to cry. She had never seen Mrs. Pomeroy in her life, and had no idea of her taste, but more than that, it was the price that frightened her. How much would a man who had as little regard for his wife as Jason Pomeroy want to spend for her birthday gift?

Miss Dulcet's mind spun around Miss Fielding, the creditors, and Mr. Pomeroy's terrible wrath. She considered a synthetic emerald bracelet for forty dollars, but decided it was both flashy and too expensive. At last she selected a gold circlet mounted with flower-shaped pearls that was simply and beautifully executed and priced at fifteen dollars. She charged it to Jason Pomeroy, and had it sent by special messenger to his apartment.

When she returned to the office Mr. Pomeroy had not yet come back from lunch. She typed feverishly, watching the door to the corridor until, at ten minutes to three, he appeared.

"I'm going up to the board meeting," he said. "After that I'll leave for the day."

She stood up and handed him the receipt for the bracelet.

"I hope Mrs. Pomeroy will like it," she said.

He looked at the piece of paper and then back at her. The electric smile went on. Miss Dulcet froze.

"You really are stupid, aren't you?" he said.

"Did I spend too much?" she asked, terrified.

He just looked at her, still smiling. "I should know better than to send a little stenographer from Brooklyn out to buy a gift." He looked her up and down, from head to toe, and then the smile went off. "No!" he barked. "You didn't spend too much. You spent too little. My wife doesn't wear fifteen-dollar bracelets."

He went out and slammed the door.

At nine o'clock that night Jason Pomeroy walked into his apartment. His wife was waiting for him, and she rose slowly, a movement born of years of fear and uncertainty. "I waited dinner," she said. "I thought you might be hungry."

"That was absurd," he said, going over to the fire to warm his hands.

The idea of having to leave Iris early because of a birthday annoyed him. He loathed being called upon to perform acts of duty and sentiment, and he wished his wife would stop looking at him with that startled-fawn expression. "I had my dinner," he said.

She was standing close to him now, and she laid a hand on his arm.

"Thank you for the birthday present," she said. "It's beautiful."

He looked down at the bracelet on her arm. He hated her arm. It was thin and had tiny freckles on the skin. Against it the pearls glowed in the firelight and the gold shimmered.

"It isn't beautiful," he said. "Don't be an idiot. It's cheap and garish."

"Why, Jason!" she said, staring at him wide-eyed. "You bought it, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't," he said. "I sent my secretary out to get it. She's a stupid little girl from Brooklyn without taste or imagination. Do you think I would choose a thing like that?"

He ripped the bracelet from her wrist. "I don't want my wife to be seen wearing cheap jewellery," he said, and tossed it into the fire.

He watched as the pearls and gold first seemed to freeze and remain static, then crumple and melt in a kind of agonised mess. He thought there was practically no difference between this and his wife's face.

. . . .

Back in her apartment in Brooklyn, Miss Dulcet was telling her room-mate about the day's events.

"I've quit," she said. "When he went up to the board meeting I went in and told the office manager I was leaving for good. I wish I'd had the courage to tell him myself . . . what I think of him and how much I wish somebody would fix him. But I was scared. Anyway, what would he care what I think? I'm nobody. I couldn't hurt him.

"In fact, mad as I was, I felt sorry for his wife, and on the way home I stopped in at that jewellery shop. They hadn't sent the bracelet up to her yet, so I exchanged it and had them send up a real one. At least she's got that. And it was a beauty—real gold with Oriental pearls and it cost fifteen hundred dollars."

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AMAZING RUBBER GLOVES

NEW BLUETTES HAVE 5 LIVES!

New "5-Lives" Bluettes are made with Neoprene, an amazing new synthetic latex evolved in the famous American du Pont Laboratories. Scientific tests prove that Bluettes resist detergents, cleaning agents, liquids, heat and abrasion five times better than ordinary rubber gloves.

Save the price of a new pair of gloves five times over with new "5-Lives" Bluettes. Five pairs of ordinary gloves, priced at 3/6, are needed to outlast one pair of "5-Lives" Bluettes at 3/11—so you save 13/7 when you buy longer-lasting "5-Lives" Bluettes.

"5-Lives" Bluettes are suedette lined. They are easy to put on and take off—they are really comfortable to wear.

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"5-Lives" Rubber Gloves

3/11 *pair*

A Southern Cross Product of Nutex Rubber Company Pty. Ltd.

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Why wait any longer for the Sunbeam appliance YOU want most? Check the low weekly payments shown below. *Have the thrill of using it Tomorrow!*

* AVERAGE PAYMENTS MAY VARY IN SOME AREAS

THE NEW SUNBEAM MIXMASTER

More wonderful than ever—to help you more than ever, with big bowl-fit beaters, new powerful motor, greater range of speeds. Juice extractor supplied *free*. Average weekly payment...6/-

THE BEATER-MIX

A genuine Sunbeam electric mixer priced to your budget. Mixes, beats, creams and blends. Portable, or with stand. Average weekly payment . . . 4/6

THE STEAM OR DRY IRON

Saves sprinkling, damping down — presses suits and school uniforms professionally. Heats fastest, steams longest. Average weekly payment . . . 4/6

THE LIGHTWEIGHT IRONMASTER

With double-automatic heat control. The lightest of them — weighs only 2½ lb. Doubly reliable because it's double automatic. Average weekly payment . . 4/6

THE FAMOUS SUNBEAM FRYPAN

Fries, grills, roasts, casseroles, bakes, steams *perfectly* because the heat is automatically controlled. (Hi-Dome Metal Lid, an optional extra, increases capacity by 20%.) Average weekly payment . . . 5/-

THE COOKER DEEP-FRYER

Automatic temperature control makes fried foods crisp, delicious, never greasy! . . . Use this versatile appliance as an automatic saucepan, too. Average weekly payment . . . 4/6

THE AUTOMATIC TOASTER

Brings new luxury and convenience to the breakfast table. Toasts bread exactly how you like it . . . then pops it up in golden-brown perfection. Average weekly payment . . . 4/6

THE AUTOMATIC EGG COOKER

With poacher attachment. Cooks eggs exactly to everyone's taste the *scientific* way—in steam. You'll use it, too, for heating up left overs and tinned foods. Average weekly payment . . . 4/6

THE SUPER-SMOOTH SHAVEMASTER

With micro-thin head, hollow-ground blade, high-velocity motor for quick, comfortable below-the-beard-line shaving. Average weekly payment...4/6

THE LADY SUNBEAM

Gently *smooths* away all unwanted hair. Never again need you put up with old-fashioned blade shaving or abrasive rubs. Average weekly payment . . . 4/6

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NOW 100 watts for only 2/6

60 watts, 2/2. 40 watts, 2/1.
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Here's better light for better living . . . at remarkably low cost. Now you can take better care of your family's sight . . . no more eye strain from homework, sewing, reading . . . for Mazda lamps are of the *highest* quality. The secret's in the new high-efficiency filament—a filament that gives you more light, yet uses no more electricity. Make sure you always have spare Mazda lamps on hand.

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FAMOUS FOR HOTPOINT, HI SPEED, EKCO

Mazda LAMPS

Stay brighter longer!

Obtainable at all leading Electrical, Hardware and General Stores

Continuing . . . LOVE TOKENS

from page 29

"When?"

"Tonight. It's showing twice—at half-past six and half-past eight . . . Can we go, Mummy?"

"Perhaps David didn't expect you to take up the offer so quickly . . . Besides, I think we are too late for the first showing."

Roddy's disappointment was very evident, but David glanced at his watch. "We have twenty-five minutes," he said. "We can make it."

Christine smiled. "Now you are Roddy's friend for life."

"And not only Roddy's, I hope," he remarked blandly.

The outing was a great success — and not just from Roddy's point of view. The times when Christine was able to go out were few and infrequent. When Bob was alive, the isolated country cottage had seemed idyllic; but though, after his death, she was determined to continue living in the house that was rich with so many memories, the loneliness was something of an ordeal. Contrary to expectations, it had seemed to increase rather than diminish with the passage of time, especially in the winter months.

On the way home from the cinema, in the rare lulls between Roddy's bursts of excited conversation, Christine managed to find out a little about the enigmatic Dr. David Lambert.

She learned that he was thirty-four years old and a bachelor; that he was engaged to the daughter of a London doctor who practised in Chelsea; and that he had taken the job as Dr. Allen's assistant for a limited period of one year, purely for the variety of experience.

When the year was up he would be returning to London—presumably to get married and accept the partnership that his future father-in-law had already offered.

They got back to the cottage at nine o'clock. As it was well past Roddy's bedtime, Christine hustled him into the bathroom, from which he emerged a few minutes later in his pyjamas with a clean and remarkably shiny face.

"Good-night, David — and thank you for making it such a lovely Saturday. You will come and see us again, won't you? If you don't, I'll get measles, then you'll have to come. Three of my school-friends are ill with measles. I can always visit one of them!"

David laughed. "I'm flattered—but you won't have to go to such extremes. I'll come and see you whenever I can . . . Good-night, Roddy."

After Roddy had gone to bed, Christine produced sandwiches and a pot of tea.

"Well, what do you make of him, Dr. Lambert?"

"None of this Dr. Lambert stuff. We're old friends—remember?"

Christine smiled. "Yes. About seven hours old . . . But, oddly enough, I really do feel we have known each other much longer. I suppose that's Roddy's fault."

David helped himself to another sandwich. "He's a very nice little boy, Christine."

"But what about—"

"Oh, that! Everything is under control. Leave it to the miracle-man."

She sighed. "I wish I had your optimism."

"I've got more than optimism. I've got a theory—a darn good one. And it has just been confirmed."

"What do you mean?"

"Roddy sat between us on the bench seat in the car, didn't he? He took my pencil torch on the way back. I was showing him this afternoon how I examined people's throats with it."

"This is the last straw!" said Christine indignantly. She stood up. "I'm going to wake him up this minute, and—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," interrupted David calmly. "It's the best thing that could have happened. I hope he's sleeping with it under his pillow."

"You don't want me to do anything about it?"

"Certainly not. I think Roddy will do something about it—but in his own good time . . . I've enjoyed myself today, Christine. Not knowing anyone in this part of the world, I was beginning to get a little lonely. Even doctors can be lonely . . . And now, I'd better be off. I'm on call at midnight, and there are a couple of maternity cases due any time." He picked up his hat.

As Christine walked out to the car with him she said, "About loneliness . . . I used to think one could get used to it—with a little effort. But

somehow I never quite managed it . . . Peculiar, isn't it?"

"It would have been even more peculiar if you had got used to it . . . Good-night, Christine."

"Good-night, David." She stood there, watching the car until it was out of sight. Then she listened to its engine until that, too, was swallowed by the November darkness.

When she went back indoors she was feeling almost light-hearted for the first time in years.

After that David made a habit of spending either Saturday afternoon or Sunday—and sometimes both—with Christine and Roddy. Visits to the cinema, shopping expeditions, and jaunts in the car transformed Roddy's weekends.

Christine did not need to be infected by his enthusiasm, since, after a time, she, too, found herself subconsciously waiting for Saturday afternoon.

Three weeks went by, and Christmas came. By that time it seemed perfectly natural that David should spend Christmas Day at the cottage.

Christine had been half expecting that he would seize the opportunity to go up to London to see his fiancee. But, since that first evening, he had hardly mentioned her; and he began to be curiously reticent about his future plans when the year with Dr. Allen was up.

Roddy never mentioned the pencil torch that he had taken; and neither — on David's instructions—did Christine. On Christmas morning, however, when David arrived at the cottage with a couple of gaily wrapped parcels, Roddy had his own little surprise ready.

It was a small gift box containing two formidable cigars and a pencil torch. At first David thought the torch was his own. But when he looked at it closely he saw that, though it was identical with the one that Roddy had taken, it was also indisputably new. David thought about all the Saturday pennies that must have been saved up . . .

"Thank you very much indeed, Roddy," he said with a smile. "Just what I needed. I lost my other pencil torch some time ago."

The small boy looked up at him anxiously. "No, you didn't, David. I took it . . . Are you angry with me?"

"I don't think so. But you should have told me . . . Why didn't you?"

"I—I was afraid." The wide, childish eyes were suspiciously near to tears. "I was afraid you might not come to see us again—and I was afraid you might take it away."

David ruffled the boy's hair affectionately. "Do you know why you took it?"

"I suppose it was because it was something special belonging to you, and I thought that—" He stopped, nonplussed.

"Go on," said David gently.

"I thought that somehow if I had it, it would remind me of you and that—even if you didn't know—it might make you want . . ."

"What might it make me want?"

The boy suddenly exploded into a sob. "It might make you want me . . ."

"I think that's very reasonable," said David carefully. "And I do want you, Roddy. I want you and me to be friends for ever. Happy Christmas!"

And then something happened that brought a lump to David's throat. Roddy shyly took his hand and squeezed it between his own as if he would never let go. "Happy Christmas, David . . . I think you're absolutely super!"

Then there was a general exchange of presents. Soon Roddy was proudly displaying an impressive wrist-watch, while David admired his own new shirt and tie. Christine was rendered somewhat speechless by a cocktail dress.

"It's the first time I've ever bought anything like that," confessed David awkwardly. "So if it doesn't fit or you don't like it, I've got an exchange arrangement with the shop."

Christine gazed at the rich splendor of the beautiful material and tried not to think how long it was since she had worn—or needed—such a dress. Parties, dances, and theatres were things that she no longer contemplated — except in dreams.

"It's wonderful," she said. "It really is. And I think it's going to be a perfect fit . . . I can only echo Roddy. You're quite definitely super, David."

"You'd better go on believing that," he said solemnly, "because I'm saving the best trick till the last."

Christmas Day passed in a noisy whirl of crackers, balloons, chocolates and candies, and far too much food.

During the afternoon David took them driving through the stark and frosty countryside; and in the evening there were games carefully modified for

To page 42

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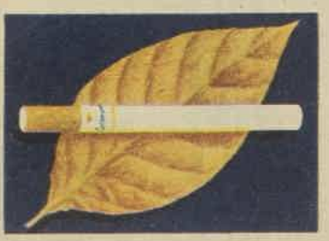
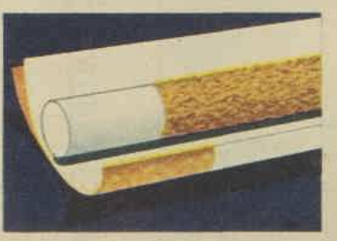
Compare the Smoothness

Any King Size cigarette is a better smoke than any short cigarette because the extra length travels the smoke further, makes it cooler, milder. In Rothmans King Size Filter the extra length brings you the extra flavour and satisfaction of Rothmans better tobaccos at their coolest and smoothest best.



Compare the Flavour

The best tobaccos give you the best smoke, and Rothmans is famous for paying top price, year after year, at tobacco auctions where the world's best quality leaf is offered for sale. The costly Virginia tobaccos used in Rothmans King Size Filter are the finest money can buy.



Compare the Filter

Rothmans finer filter is made in Rothmans' Australian plant from material imported, under special licence, from Tennesee, U.S.A. Over 5,000 inches of pure cellulose fibre strands are used in every cigarette to give you perfect filtration and to enhance the flavour of the world's best tobaccos.

Rothmans King Size really satisfies

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WINNING WAYS WITH

● Here are photographs of some of the winning entries in the "Venetian Blind Contest" conducted in our advertising columns. Prizes were awarded for original use of blinds as well as color choice and decor.

MRS. BRIAN FITZGERALD, of Victoria, who won the first prize of a luxury holiday in Venice for two, had a clever and original idea when she used venetian blinds as covers for the folding beds in her sons' bedroom.

The pictures on the left show how neat the blinds look during the day, and how simply they are pulled up at night to allow the beds to be dropped down.

As a young mother of eight children, space is Mrs. Fitzgerald's problem, and with this clever use of blinds she has made the bedroom double as a playroom.

The color scheme is pleasant and gay. Ceiling is lemon with a white cornice; walls are pale green, and the lampshades above each bed are in a contrasting dark green.

The second prize of a holiday for two at Surfers' Paradise was won by Mrs. M. Whitten, of N.S.W. Mrs. Whitten's house overlooks Whale Beach, and an enormous window provides a breathtaking view. The two top pictures on the opposite page illustrate this. Venetian blinds cover practically the entire view-wall, a distance of 20 feet.

The carpet in this room is deep turquoise, and the wallpaper is Japanese sea-grass cloth, which has been laid in a 9in. square-tile pattern.

Prize to newly-marrieds

The winner of the third prize (a color photography outfit) was Mrs. K. F. Meegan, of South Australia.

Newly married, Mrs. Meegan and her husband designed and built their house and much of the furniture almost entirely by themselves.

"It took two years of weekend work plus every spare moment," she told us.

They have venetian blinds on the large picture windows in their sitting-room, which is photographed below, and throughout the rest of the house, too.

Mrs. D. M. Lombard, of McKinnon, Victoria, winner of one of the £25 consolation prizes, had a problem window, as you can see from the photograph below right on the opposite page.

Although a pleasant shape to look at, the slope at the top made it difficult to fit the conventional blinds. So Mr. Lombard modified the standard blinds himself.

A skillion-type ceiling with white-painted beams complements the blinds on the windows and french windows of Mrs. Grace Marsden's sitting-room in Castlecrag, N.S.W., which is pictured on the opposite page, below left.

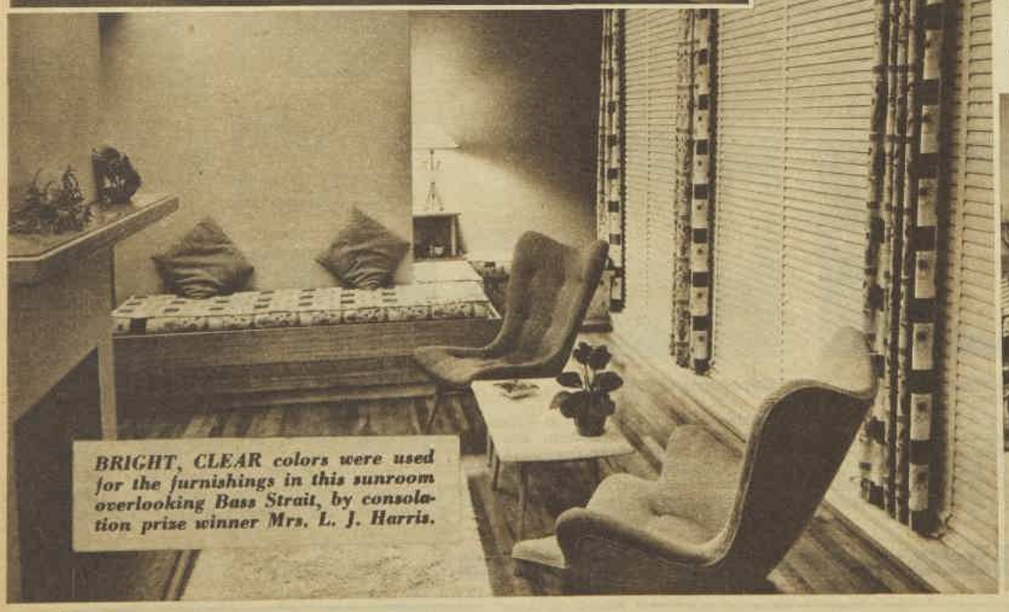
Mrs. Marsden won a consolation prize and the predominant tones in her room are mulberry, grey, and gold.

Mrs. L. J. Harris, of Tasmania, another consolation prize winner, used blinds to create a clean, streamlined effect in her sunroom. (See picture below left.)

Mrs. Harris says that the blinds enable her and her husband to enjoy the superb view of Bass Strait, yet keep out the sun during the hot summer weather.

***FIRST PRIZE** was awarded for Mrs. B. Fitzgerald's folding beds built into a wall of her sons' bedroom.*

***VENETIAN BLINDS** act as covers when beds are folded up during the day to leave a play area.*



***BRIGHT, CLEAR** colors were used for the furnishings in this sunroom overlooking Bass Strait, by consolation prize winner Mrs. L. J. Harris.*

***THIRD PRIZE**—won by Mrs. K. F. Meegan. With the exception of the colonial chairs, Mrs. Meegan and her husband designed and built all the furniture. Red and black tweed has been used to cover two armchairs.*

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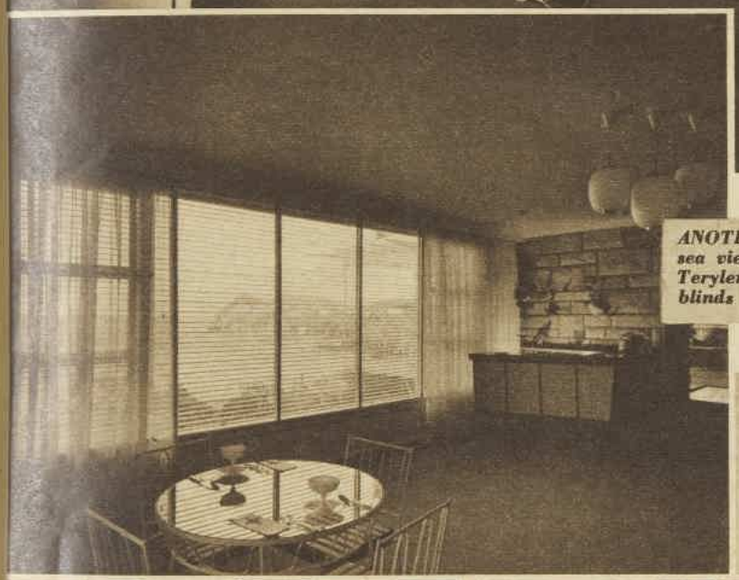
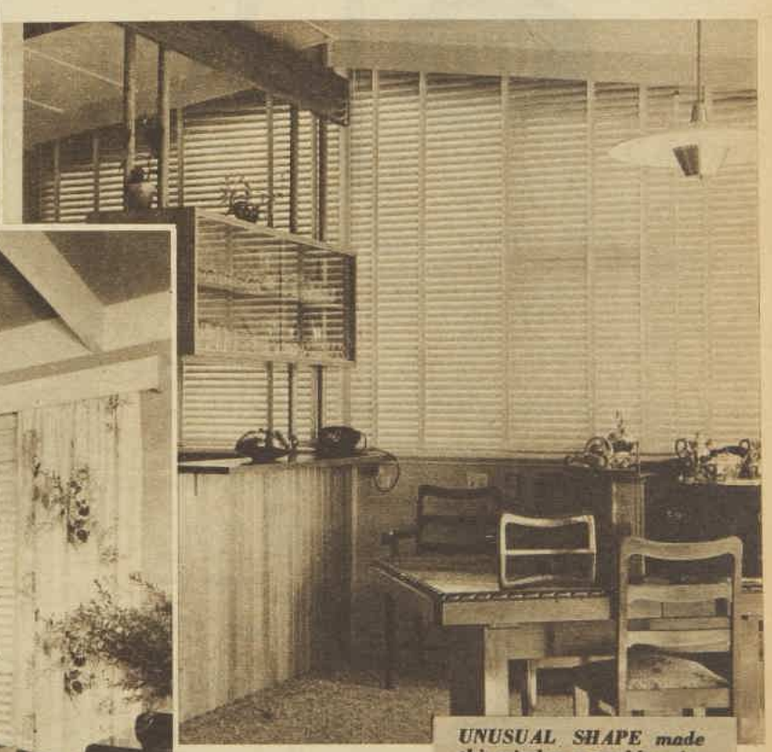
WINDOWS

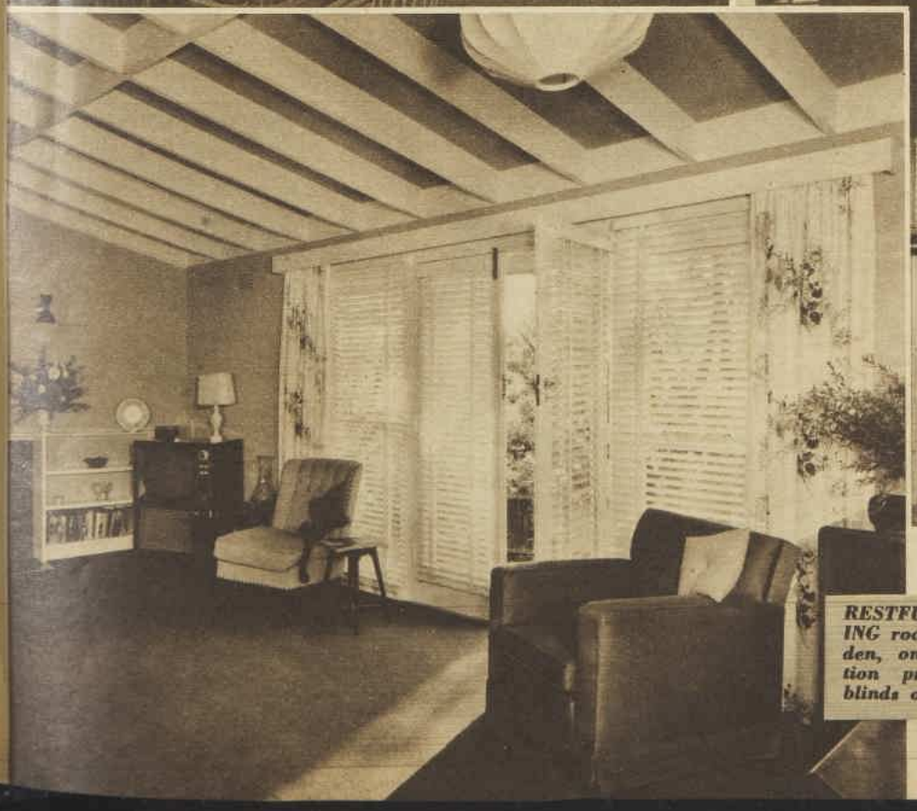
SECOND PRIZE—won by Mrs. M. Whitten. White blinds blend in with the light feeling of the room. At the far end is a sawn sandstone terrace with built-in barbecue.



ANOTHER angle of this room with a sea view through the 20ft. window. Terylene curtains can be pulled over blinds at night to give soft effect.



UNUSUAL SHAPE made this window a problem for prizewinner Mrs. D. Lombard until her husband adapted blinds to fit it.



RESTFUL AND CHARMING room. Mrs. G. Marsden, one of the consolation prize winners, has blinds on french windows.

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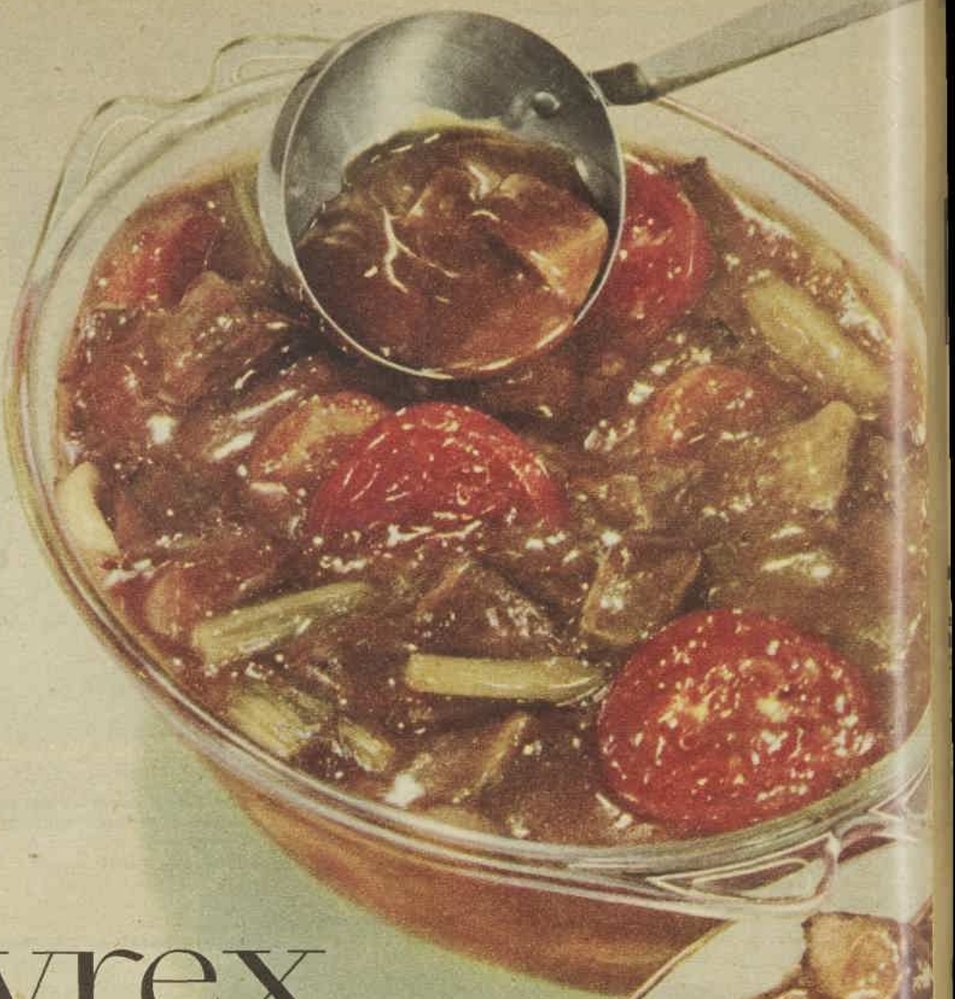
piping HOT and perfect Winter meals



AGEE Pyrex

goes direct from Oven to Table

And isn't your cooking good-looking! Appetizing "hot-from-the-oven" meals that bring cheer to the coldest winter weather . . . served straight to the plate from a dish of sparkling AGEE PYREX. This famous ovenware is available in all shapes and sizes, for every cooking need and family size. And remember, all AGEE PYREX is guaranteed against breakage in oven use. So make sure you have *all* the Agee Pyrex you need! Available from good stores everywhere!

Watch for the 101 Prizewinners in the Agee Pyrex Recipe Competition!

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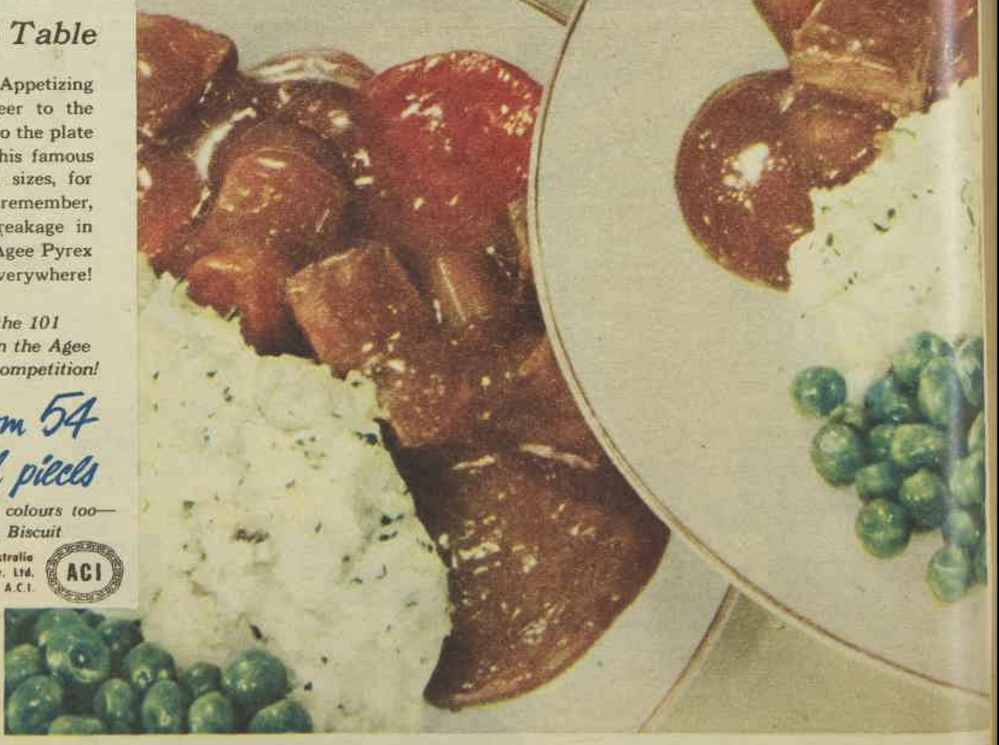

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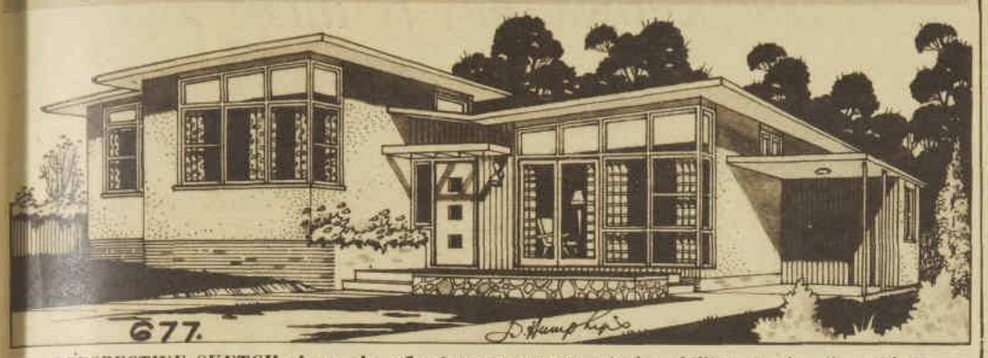
Split-level design



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows the effective appearance of the skillion roof. A spacious front terrace and large windows give an attractive modern effect. Carport is on the right.

● This is a contemporary style on two levels which will appeal to up-to-date home-builders. It is a bright, roomy house with spacious living areas.

THIS week's Home Plan, No. 677 in our series, has been designed by Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphryis.

Plans for this house and other standard Home Plans can be bought for £9/9/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres. For addresses see panel below left.

Two sets of steps on the terrace allow a paved walk from the carport to the front door.

There is a spacious entrance hall with an opaque glass window looking on to the rear patio — an ideally sheltered spot for potted plants, as it is open to the sun but protected from undue wind by three walls of the building.

From the entrance hall five steps lead up to the bedroom and bathroom wing. The living-room is on the opposite side of the house and on the same floor level as the hall.

The whole interior is flooded with natural light from the large windows in each room and with highlights above the roof of the carport on the outside wall of the living-room, highlights above the stairway, and with three sections of glass on the outside walls surrounding the large patio.

The living-room opens to the front terrace with double glass doors and also to the rear patio.

The paving of the patio and the flooring of the living-room could be done in such a way that the two areas would harmonise and blend into one.

The kitchen is separated from the laundry by a small rear porch to give covered access between these two service rooms.

Approximate cost of building this house would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5355; timber, £3835; fibro, £3585.

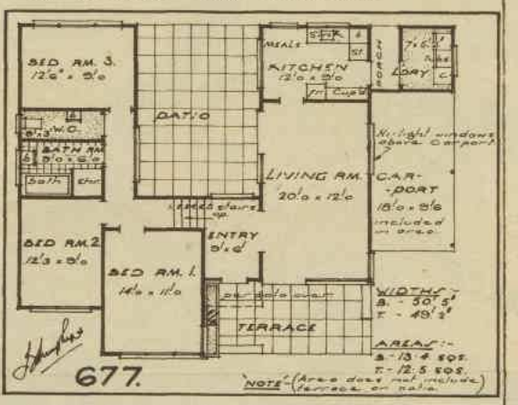
In Victoria: Brick, £4755; brick-veneer, £4135; timber, £3315; fibro, £3205.

In Queensland: Brick, £5265; timber, £3495; fibro, £3385.

In South Australia: Brick, £3815; timber, £3485; fibro, £3395.

In Canberra: Brick, £5625; timber, £3865.

In Tasmania: Brick, £5015; timber, £3425.



FLOOR PLAN of this three-bedroom house shows living and sleeping areas divided into two by different levels. The kitchen has a meals alcove.

WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £9/9/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specification. Fee, £9/9/-.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and should state the building material to be used. Please include fee.

Addresses of the Centres are:

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'. (A senior representative of the Home Planning Centres visits this Canberra Centre on the first Friday of every month.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium every Friday and Saturday.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'.

£5 FOR CHICKEN RICE DISH

● A simple-to-make buffet dish wins a £5 prize in the weekly cookery contest.

ONE advantage about this week's prizewinning dish is that, with the exception of adding rice, it can be prepared early in the day.

Just before serving time, add the rice and simmer for 20 to 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 is given for an Austrian cake recipe.

BUFFET CHICKEN WITH RICE

One boiling fowl (about 3lb. to 3½lb.), 2 or 3 tablespoons cooking oil or fat, 2 cloves garlic, 2 onions, 2 carrots, 3 sticks celery, ¼lb. green beans, 1 tablespoon soya sauce, 4 cups stock or water, salt and pepper, 1 cup rice, 1 cucumber, red or green peppers and parsley to garnish.

Cut fowl into serving-size pieces, place in large pan with heated oil, and fry until golden-brown. While frying, add crushed garlic, sliced onions and carrots, celery and beans cut into ½in. pieces. Add soya sauce and stock, season. When fowl is almost tender, add rice; cover and simmer 25 minutes.

To Serve: Place chicken on bed of rice and vegetable mixture. Garnish with thin slices of cucumber and red or green pepper or tomato and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Knight, P.O. Box 69, Trayning, W.A.

THE BISHOP'S BREAD

Three and a half ounces castor sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. chocolate, 2oz. walnuts, 2oz. sultanas, a few drops vanilla, rind and juice 1 lemon.

Beat sugar and egg-yolks well together until cream-colored and foaming, fold in flour, then stiffly beaten egg-whites gradually. Finally add chocolate, walnuts, and sultanas, which have all been roughly chopped, then vanilla, lemon rind and juice. Fill into a well-greased and flour-dusted orange-cake tin, and bake in a moderate oven for about 35 to 40 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. O. Kunz, 8 Campbell Court, Sale, Victoria.

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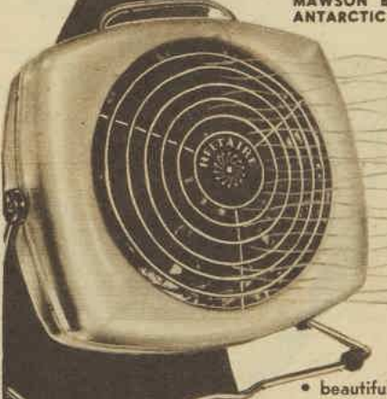

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● *Waterlily pool where Yolande and Robert Van Den Eynde admire their reflections. This pool is suited to an extensive garden.*

A pool of lilies

● Making a pool filled with waterlilies and other aquatic plants and using the edges for bog plants is a quick and rewarding way of landscaping even the smallest garden.

PEOPLE in Queensland, northern New South Wales, and Western Australia should plant only tropical and sub-tropical varieties in their pools.

A pool in these areas—say 6ft. by 4ft., an average size—can be constructed, cured, planted, and brought to full bloom in from four to six weeks.

Elsewhere — Tasmania, South Australia, Victoria, and southern New South Wales—temperate varieties of waterlilies should be planted. In these areas it would take from 10 weeks to three months to have a pond of flowering waterlilies.

Curing a pool means thoroughly washing and cleaning so that the bottom and sides are free of all loose limey material contained in the cement.

Then the pool can be filled and the lily roots planted in pots or stout wooden boxes of good soil containing plenty of old cow manure.

This work is usually done towards the end of winter. The pots or boxes should be stood on bricks or flat stones to allow the water to percolate through the drainage holes in the bottom. Top the soil off with small stones to prevent it washing away when submerged.

Depth of water should not exceed 2ft. to 3ft. in most pools. Very deep water (except

GARDENING

for those used in natural pools, which require very hardy species not much used in gardens) should not be planted with hybrid waterlilies or they may never show above water due to lack of light in depths.

Half barrels, say 2ft. to 3ft. deep, wide tubs, even old hip baths, half petrol drums, and similar containers can also be used for waterlilies. If buried in the ground and the edges decorated with rockwork, they make excellent small pools.

There are several kinds of waterlilies — cool climate, temperate, sub-tropical, and tropical, and both day and night flowering types. Select the varieties according to your district and climate.

Do not buy plants that spread widely, such as candidissima, which may sprawl to 10 or 12 square yards, for small pools. Good nurseries classify them as "small," "medium," and "extensive" growers, which is self-explanatory. Small pools, of course, need "small" types.

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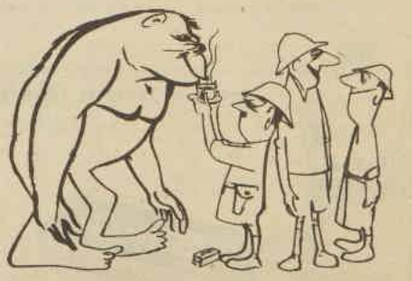
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Continuing . . . LOVE TOKENS

from page 34

three people, and there was a wonderfully hypnotic log fire.

It was half-past nine before Roddy's increasing yawns conquered his determination to make the day unending. When he was ready for bed, David accompanied him up to his room.

He thought the time had come for a confidential chat: man-to-man stuff, just the two of them. He thought Roddy deserved to know what he intended to do, that the small boy might remember he was the first to know about it; and in the mind of a child that could be important.

But even after all these weeks he was not entirely sure of the reaction. He could only hope . . . Fortunately, it took no more than five minutes for the hope to be justified.

Meanwhile Christine cleared the party debris away. Then David came downstairs with a look of mysterious satisfaction on his face. She restrained her curiosity, and poured two glasses of sherry. They sat together in front of the blazing fire.

David studied her in the firelight. He still found it difficult to think of her as the mother of a nine-year-old boy. He still marvelled at the way in which her private tragedy had left no outward and visible signs.

He lit a cigarette. He thought that it was now or never. He knew there could not be a better time.

"After weeks of intensive research," he began lightly, "the celebrated Dr. Lambert has discovered the solution to your problem, Mrs. Manning."

"You mean about Roddy?" Christine felt curiously apprehensive.

"Not only Roddy. About you, too. However, we'll deal with Roddy first."

She made an effort to be flippant. "Something tells me this is going to be a very expensive treatment, doctor."

He smiled. "It will cost more than you'll ever realise." Then suddenly David was serious. "In the things Roddy has taken there are two common elements. They all belonged to men; and they were all valued by their owners—though for different reasons."

"What are you getting at, David?"

"Only that Roddy was not really taking things. He was taking symbols. From each man he took what he thought was valued most . . . And each object—in Roddy's eyes—established a kind of secret bond between him and its owner. He was not taking a walking-stick, a set of paint brushes, or a pencil torch because he wanted them so much. He was, in an obscure way, trying to remedy his own loss."

"I don't understand." But Christine already knew that, basically, she did understand; though she was reluctant to accept the truth.

"Children live in a world of their own," explained David gently. "It has its own rules and its own logic. You heard Roddy's explanation about the pencil torch. He thought that, in some mysterious way, it would make me want him . . . It's the same kind of principle that lies behind the exchange of love tokens between adults . . . There's nothing wrong with Roddy, Christine. He's only looking for another daddy, that's all."

She wasn't crying. She wouldn't let herself cry. She made her voice sound almost normal. But the tears, unheeded, trickled slowly down her cheeks.

"I—I was afraid it might be something like that," she admitted softly. "It's been so lonely since . . . since Bob died. For both of us. Once there was much happiness, and then—I tried very hard to make up for it, David. But nobody can fill such a gap—at least, no woman can . . . Oh, David, what can I do?"

He suddenly leaned over and took her hand. "You can marry me," he said quietly.

She looked at him in silence for a while, then, "You can't marry out of pity, David. Not successfully. And do you think I would inflict a past that can't be shared on you — and a ready-made family? It's demanding too much. Besides," she smiled ruefully, "you're going to marry someone else. Remember?"

"I was going to marry someone else," he corrected. "But that came to an end a few night after I'd met you . . . I realised then I hadn't really been in love. I realised that because it was only just happening to me.

"So you see, I don't want to marry you out of pity, Christine. It's not that way at all . . . Darling, I'm not asking you to abolish the past. I'll be content with the future—all of it!"

Without any warning, he lifted her from the chair and held her lightly. "I'd like to remind you," he said in a stern voice, "that Roddy isn't the only problem child in this house. You're still my patient, and I'm still your doctor.

"And I've just delivered a very accurate diagnosis, darling. So here's a prescription. I'm going to make sure you take at least four times a day for ever."

With the first kiss, Dr. Lambert's clinical attitude disintegrated into a thousand pieces.

It was, thought Christine blissfully, quite a wonder drug. The kind of medicine that was guaranteed to cure heartache, loneliness, frustration, boredom, sadness, and practically every affliction of the human spirit. It was the oldest and the finest remedy in the world.

"Darling," said Christine at last, "when are we going to tell Roddy?"

Dr. David Lambert smiled. "I have news for you," he said. "He already knows. When I took him up to bed while you were clearing up after the party, I asked his permission. After all, we men have to stick together . . . You'll be interested to know, darling, that the match is officially approved!"

Christine stared at him. She was, she thought happily, the victim of a masculine conspiracy. And, knowing the conspirators, she had no doubt there would be more to follow.

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Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 25

able to enjoy their reactions. Tonight—he glanced at Pamela . . . that was tonight.

His change of mood affected them all. Nobody spoke much any more. Subdued, they began to disperse. Joanna was worried. She guessed that Des suspected the list was hers. He knew well enough about the trouble she'd been having with the laundry, that she meant to resign from the golf club, that she was planning a lunch to bait a possible client on Thursday; he knew she made these lists daily.

What he didn't know yet was her economy plan to cut down on William, their once-a-week gardener. But surely he wouldn't think it meant what William had suggested it did mean. She wouldn't admit the list was hers. It could be anybody's. Why should she be embarrassed, both of them, over such a trivial thing? She went up to their room and two minutes later Des came in.

"That list's yours, isn't it?" he asked bluntly.

"Of course not." In spite of her reasoning she was flurried at his simple directness.

"You sure?" His voice was full of disbelief.

"Of course I'm sure. For heaven's sake, I ought to know what lists I make."

"But you do make them, and you do lose them."

"Everyone makes them, and I bet everyone loses them."

He went along to the bathroom. It was silly, she thought. A lot of fuss about nothing. No one would remember it by tomorrow. She was embarrassed by it; she didn't want it to come out that they could no longer afford even one weekly visit by a gardener. She felt small and cheap because of it, and because she knew Des wouldn't approve. And William had thought it meant . . . yes, she approved of that. She would like to get rid of William, this William. She hadn't wanted to come on the beastly weekend, and now this . . .

"Let's have a weekend at home, all to ourselves," she'd said pleadingly.

"I just think we ought to, Jo. Keeping in touch is part of our business. Besides, there's Cynthia."

"What about her?"

"I mean, she'd be upset."

"Oh, I don't know," she'd said, "she'll have William there."

Des had looked astonishment. "What d'you mean?"

"I don't mean anything."

And they'd both been silent, resenting. Oh, Des, you just don't know, do you? You're too nice . . . some people might say too dumb, but it wasn't that. It was up to her to protect him. What a curious convention it was, she thought, the narrow-minded one that if a man were involved with the arts he was necessarily effeminate. The fact that he was married made no difference. She knew who'd spread the stories. They weren't really important, not in the long run, but she fiercely resented them for his sake. She wasn't going to have him a butt for their titters.

If she heard a single hint she'd demand to know there and then where it came from.

So then she'd agreed to come, to keep the peace.

"Well, for heaven's sake," he'd expostulated, "we are supposed to enjoy ourselves. It's only a weekend, after all. It's supposed to be fun. People would envy us."

> **There is an essential difference between the really brave man and one who has merely a contempt for life.**
> — *Cato*

"Yes."

"That house. Ease, luxury, expensive food and drink—all those things are supposed to make people happy."

And because she was an uncomplicated person except when it came to her husband—she'd use every wile and weapon to protect him or procure his advancement—she'd begun to look forward with naive good humor to another weekend at the French's home, Thornton. Just this side of Richmond, not too far from Sydney, at this time of year, April, the country was lovely. Those who knew or only guessed said it had an English quality.

Now the days were shortening; there was a brief sort of twilight in which colors stood out sharply. If you watched carefully you caught the few moments when Herefords became bright red against emerald grass. You could even smell woodsmoke sometimes, or you imagined you could. Yet Cynthia and Steve didn't seem to appreciate the place and its beauty. Steve always working at something, usually in town, Cynthia painting strange shapes and colors that had nothing to do, as far as Joanna could see, with the soft surrounding scenery. The house was wonderful, too, not just because Des had decorated it.

It was one of the few remaining colonial houses, built in 1835, gracious and beautifully proportioned. They said Des had preserved its character, and Steve had been immensely grateful. Joanna was officially Des' partner, but she was honest enough to admit to herself and to him that she didn't really know about these things, that she preferred domesticity; cooking, housework, even making ends meet. She was decorative, though; dark and beautiful with a sympathetic charm, and between themselves they had the perfect arrangement.

She could and did deal with upholsterers, wheedle with wholesalers, appeal to iron-faced importers for clever Continental fabrics; she made appointments and kept the books because she had a "good head" for business and a "nose" for detail. Des did all the clever stuff, and if, later, a client discovered that three walls of veridian spelt disaster for her complexion, Joanna had a soothing solution that was better for everybody than Des' blunt injunction to go to hell.

She was awfully glad about the success of Steve's house, and although it hadn't brought the rush of jobs they'd expected, she knew that if Steve had the faintest intimation that things were a bit strained he'd go out of his way to organise work for Des. It was comforting, if a bit remote. Steve liked Des, and he didn't like many people, any more than people liked him. But the worry was still there.

She'd have to start worrying in earnest as from Monday. There'd be other cuts besides the gardener; cuts Des needn't know anything about, perhaps. She just hoped he wouldn't hear any of this unpleasant gossip during the weekend. Stupid, stupid list. But still, let the thing ride. She was so sure it was unimportant, so why bother?

ON that same Saturday night in April, Detective - Inspector Herbert Swinton took his wife and his children, Sandra and Jim, to the pictures. He'd never heard of Stephen and Cynthia French. He might have seen some reference to their house, but only as an example of colonial Georgian domestic architecture. Nothing had yet occurred to impinge it on his consciousness or his conscience.

Swinton had wanted to go into town to a show. He was willing to brave traffic jams and the long drive home afterwards rather than face the danger of meeting the widow Banning, a near neighbor whose anger seemed roused by the very sight of him. Invariably she buttonholed him and began to talk about murder, then somehow or other she always got on to the subject of her dead husband. In idly sardonic moments Swinton toyed with the idea of the poor man's exhumation and the horror that might be disclosed.

But Mary had her heart set on seeing William Holden — there seemed to be some bond between his wife and this fellow. His film was showing at their local red brick and chromium palace, together with a murder mystery that bored Swinton almost to tears.

Crime as entertainment was lost upon him, and private eyes solving insoluble riddles in brief moments between hard drinking and love-making he found quite ludicrous. Mary loved every moment of it, just because it was so unreal, she said. As for Sandra and Jim, they found the entire programme kid stuff. At the ages of eleven and thirteen respectively they had lofty views.

When they reached home without having run up against the Banning woman Swinton sighed with relief. Home . . . a cottage in a row of almost identical cottages, a link in the network of brick and cement gardens and fences, clothes lines and television aerials. And he loved it, being bound with his neighbors, one of them, never regarding them as the force opposing him, not his enemy.

His enemy was something he didn't very well understand; people were simply its victims. Crime, he believed, was intrusive among humanity, not intrinsic. And tomorrow was Sunday . . . peace and quiet, the children with their important interests, a pipe-smoking chat with a neighbor, perhaps, about gardening or foreign affairs, Mary's delectable meals.

Mary went into the bedroom after seeing the children to bed; he went into the kitchen to make a cup of tea. Winnie the cat was curled up on his special cushion upon his special chair. He opened his eyes to slits and glared malevolently into the onslaught of light. Swinton gave him a perfunctory pat in passing, filled the kettle and put it on to boil. He went along the passage.

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Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 44

"Cup of tea, dear?" he called.

"No, thanks, Bert. I'll read till you come."

He went back to the kitchen. The children were quiet; lights out. He took off his coat and draped it on the back of a chair. Although he himself was unaware of it, he didn't need elegance in clothes to make him outstanding, the sort of person one looks at again because of a kind of charm. He gave no thought to appearances; clothes were conventions one wore, just as attitudes were the conventions covering character. His mind was wholly objective except where food was concerned.

He was a big man, both tall and bulky, with a ruggedly pleasant, amused face that weighed things up as it went. His expression was deceptively lazy. Many people, to their cost, had seen the kind blue eyes become menacing steel. Now, at this moment, they were abstracted and dreamy, relaxing with the rest of his body, ready for Sunday. He made enough tea for six people, put the teapot on the table with sugar, cup, and saucer, and went to the refrigerator.

Wimsey looked up, half-alert, half-cynical, at the special sound of the door. He'd been had too often. Yes, it was the same again; no meat, only milk. Pretending to close his eyes, he remained watchful. Swinton sat down at the table and the cat, in one swift lithe movement, landed on his comfortable thighs. Swinton poured his tea and relaxed, idly fondling Wimsey's right ear. Wimsey deserved his name; he was clever, subtle, and cunning, with an innocently guileless expression.

It had been a dull week. The suspected arson case that had caused three deaths had turned out to be no more than a careless accident. Detective-Sergeant Primrose, his good right hand, was on holiday, and the Homicide Division was duller without him. A depressing week. He felt about for his coat pocket, fumbling for his pipe and disturbing the cat. Then he remembered something. Unceremoniously pitching Wimsey on to the floor, he went to the refrigerator again. It was still there. Amazing that Mary had missed it.

He drew out a squashed brown paper bag, opened it, and ate the cold meat pie it contained, standing there by the refrigerator, dropping crumbs. Delicious, fresh as the day it was baked. Given a problem he would have enjoyed it even more. Pies and problems went together for Swinton. The intricacy of the puzzle determined his pie intake. Sometimes, forgetful, he brought one home in his pocket, squashed in a bag. Mary deplored this weakness.

He drank another cup of tea, went into the bedroom, and took down his dressing-gown. He glanced at Mary, smiled at her neat little face with the small tidy features, taut now with the suspense of what she was reading.

"Good book?" he asked.

She sighed, put the marker in place, and held it out to him.

"Put it on there, dear, will you? It's very racy and exciting. You wouldn't like it. It's all about a beautiful young geisha who smuggles aboard a Japanese lugger—it doesn't say why. She's such an innocent little thing, too, but the trouble she causes among the pearl divers on Thursday Island — goodness! Lust, murder, everything—on every page!"

"And I bet she comes through innocent and unscathed," Swinton remarked.

Idly he looked at the lurid jacket. "Blood on the Pearls," by William Flecker. He turned it over. Good-looking bloke on the back. The author. Never heard of him.

But the name would mean a lot to him later; not on the covers of a book, either, but in connection with murder. Nothing now would make any difference. William's doom was already sealed. It was going to be no casual catastrophe. This April weekend simply showed the way.

Perhaps it might never have happened if they'd all been gainfully employed, if they'd all been doing their bit, as Swinton commented later to his assistant Primrose. "A man needs a job," he said, "and a woman's happiest with kids and a kitchen." Swinton was old-fashioned in some respects.

. . . . . .

Pamela Atkinson awoke on Sunday morning, lay for a moment unconnected, till the memory of last night came in a rush to link her very forcibly with life and happiness and William. She stretched luxuriously. All the difference in the world between now and yesterday. How sour she'd been! What a week! Then seeing him yesterday morning, soon after she arrived. The scene in the garden when she'd followed him from the terrace, none of the others around, he wandering off enjoying his cigarette. She'd come up upon him in a secluded little spot ringed around with shrubs.

"William."

He turned, switching on his ready smile. His eyes eating her.

"Darling! Alone at last!"

"Darling, I've been so busy," she said in a rush, "I must have been out every time you phoned."

"Beast!" He pulled her to him. "Never mind, you're here now."

He kissed her passionately and professionally. So he was going to pretend, she thought blissfully, eyes closed, pretend he'd been attentive with phone calls. Each of them knew the other was pretending, but what did it matter? This was what she wanted.

"Tonight?" she whispered.

"I can hardly wait," he murmured.

"Don't let it end," she breathed against his mouth. "I'll die if it ends." She strained against him, shuddering with something other than passion, some premonition that had entered the garden with them.

There'd been more endearments, more demonstrations. Her victory had been easy after all. It seemed worth the tortures she had to endure every day.

The busiest young actress in town rolled her eyes at an imagined audience and flexed her throat. She'd been absolutely all in. It was too much, all this churning out at all hours, always on tap. One should be in tune, responsive, ready, one's moods allowed for. But did they? No. They accounted acting by a stop-watch. To the devil with the play — the commercials were what counted. "Ars gratia artis!" Art is long and the life of the latest detergent may be all too short. Her little plump white hand reached for a cigarette.

In her fluffy feminine way she was attractive. She liked the frills and flounces and furbelows of feminine attire, they suited her; and she knew that her well-developed histrionic streak made a dramatic contrast to her appearance. She looked like a kitten and walked like a panther. She was Mata Hari dressed in dimity. It had begun unconsciously and become a clever gimmick. Clever enough to ensnare William, that elusive man-about-town.

She felt warm and weak at the mere thought of him. Everything was worth it, the longing and the loneliness, to have him back again, even if it was in Cynthia's house that the flame had to flare. When she thought of him she thought of his photograph in her small flat at Elizabeth Bay standing on the bookcase above her favorite plays. She knew what she wanted and William was high on the list, second only to fame.

PAMELA was only twenty-three; "all her life before her," as they said. Some people might call her silly or selfish or both, but that kind of gossip was all a part of success. Maybe it was selfish to want William, but she had to have him, she must. No man tired of her. She took up with another first. But William . . . she knew there were women, those other women she couldn't bear to think of. Married, all of them. Getting old, too. He didn't care. He was always devoted to Cynthia, right in front of Steve. It couldn't go on — something would snap one day soon.

This time he hadn't phoned her for a fortnight. And he'd been out, or pretended to be, when she'd phoned him. She'd had to fight back the temptation to call in persons. She'd been angry, tearful, yearning. She'd lain away, planning how she'd win him back. William was hers and she'd have him whatever happened. She'd reason with him, she'd play hard-to-get, she'd go cautiously. She wouldn't rush into anything, not even his arms. Maybe she'd been too good to him too soon. No, that was old-fashioned rubbish.

Then Cynthia had phoned with the invitation to Thornton. "Oh, the usual crowd," she'd said casually, "Bill, the Treloars, William, and the rest." So here she was and everything was fabulous, the other women forgotten, even Cynthia . . .

It had been so wonderful the way they'd met, when she starred in Bill Baynes' verse play at The Elizabethan. William had raved along with the critics; what did it matter if no one came to see it. Television hadn't wanted it, either, but she'd got William because of it. She'd won prestige, too, and every ambitious young actress needed that. Bill Baynes had blamed the playgoers' apathy on her interpretation of the female role; she'd blamed it on the play, which, she said, stank.

He said just wait — if Dorothy Tutin did it in London she'd see how it ought to be done. "Young Wife in a Hot Summer" — all about two brothers and a woman who dig for opals and live underground because of the heat — all very symbolic. She lit another cigarette. There was something funny about Bill Baynes, she thought. No warmth, no passion.

And now all William's indifference was as though it had never been. She'd met him fearfully, nerves stretched, needing him. She'd had an exacting time, rehearsing for the new Anouilh at the Independent, cutting six more quarter-hour episodes of her starring radio serial, "Dance, Ballerina," for that beast of a producer, presenting what were supposed to be her favorite recipes on television. Last night had erased everything. He couldn't live without her; he'd said so.

. . . . . .

It was just before dinner on Sunday, when they reassembled after the day's diversions, that William chose to tell them his big news. The list containing the threatening item seemed to have been forgotten; anyway it wasn't mentioned. William himself didn't give it another thought. He'd better things to think about. His latest best-seller was really going to pay off, earn real shekels. He could afford indifference. His dear friends wouldn't have him here much longer.

"Guess what!" he said dramatically.

He enjoyed the moment of hushed waiting.

"What, darling?" Cynthia asked gently, as though he were a schoolboy springing some item of childish news upon a mother who knew it all already.

"I'm going away," William said, "off and away. Everything's come good."

There was a kind of sigh.

"Big-time stuff," he continued gaily. "They've bought my latest book, that big new Anglo-American film company—Zeus, they call themselves."

"No! William, how marvellous!" This was Betty Simmonds, seeing in a flash the release of her husband, Jack, from his grinding obsession with William's success, his disregard of his own failure.

"Congratulations, darling," Cynthia drawled, choking her disappointment, her chagrin that he hadn't told her.

Then the delayed chorus broke out.

"When?"

"Where are you going?"

"How long for?"

William raised his hands for

To page 46

LAYETTE PATTERNS

DESIGNED by our Mothercraft Nurse, Sister Mary Jacob, our special patterns for a baby's layette are simple to follow.

The 12-piece layette set includes 2 nightgowns, 2 dresses, 2 pairs of pilchers, bonnet, matinee jacket, carrying coat, petticoat, rompers, and cotton shirt.

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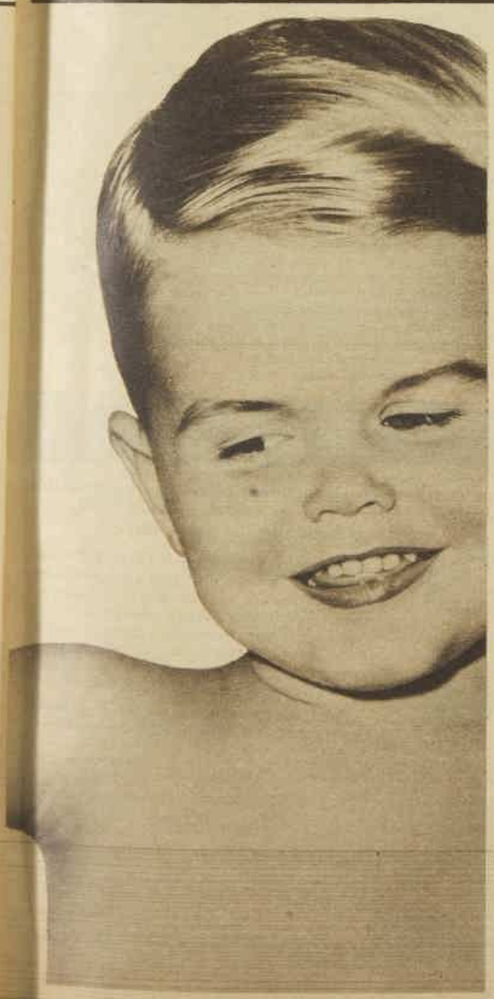
Included with the layette patterns is a large, illustrated guide sheet for cutting out and making up the garments.

The patterns are plain, so the clothing can be embroidered if you wish.

You can obtain a set of layette patterns from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. The price is 3/6 (post free).

Please print names and addresses clearly.



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Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 45

quiet. He grinned. Steve drew on his cigarette, a false smile on his face. Another success for William. Another. Another.

"Very soon. In a month or two. They've got all the best directors and actors fighting to work for them."

"Which book?" Des asked.

"'Blood on the Pearls,' author on the spot for advice and guidance." He saw Pamela's frozen face. Poor kid, she was doing her best to force a smile, keeping up appearances.

"What are they going to call it, darling, the same?" Cynthia asked.

"They've suggested 'Pearl Among Swine.' Tentative. Rather good, isn't it? Wish I'd thought of it."

"I'm . delighted, William." Steve got up and shook William's hand warmly. "It's wonderful." Friendship and admiration shone from his eyes. "Success crowned with success."

"Me, too," Bill said, joining them and thrusting out his big friendly hand to William. "Great! I haven't read it, but these film people know what they're about, I'm sure."

The others, too, pressed round him with their congratulations; even Pamela, a star-crossed heroine; even Jack, his long face almost alight with new hope. It was a great moment for William.

"How long will you be gone?" Cynthia asked. It's one in the eye for Pam, she thought; the tiresome girl was probably driving him away — Cynthia, more than anyone, knew how bored he was with her.

"Two years at the least."

"Two years!" Cynthia and Pamela echoed the knell together.

"I know it's a bit of a shock," William said kindly, "but it's time I broke away. After all, there are new worlds to conquer. They want me to work on the script in England, then I'll go on location."

"Won't you come back after that?" Cynthia asked.

"What's the point? There's bound to be other work in England. They've hinted it, and who am I to knock back beautiful money?"

"Let's have a drink to it," Steve shouted. "Come on, everyone. Let's wait hand and foot on the Grand Old Man of Letters."

William laughed.

"Thanks, everyone," he said. "Couldn't resist the dramatic announcement. My big moment."

Steve went over to mix drinks; it was something to do with his hands, something to hide their shaking. While William grabbed the spotlight, always William . . . maybe that list was serious, maybe William could be scared into believing the threat of it. Cynthia went to help him. She felt irritable; things were going wrong.

William glanced at Pamela, sitting quietly alone. Interesting pose, hand clutching brow, head forward. Made her neck longer. Her congratulations had been beautifully tragic. Bill Baynes was taking drinks around. Jack began talking about England and the opportunities there for William — there was eager kindness in his voice that made Betty wonder.

William slapped the arms of his chair and threw his head back in deep enjoyment. Life was good! It was good to have friends about you. Bill brought over his drink.

"To William and success for the film!" Steve cried, holding his glass high.

"William!" they echoed, all except Pamela, but she joined in the practical part of the toast, draining her glass at a gulp. England, she was thinking. Well, I'd be going sometime, why not now? You got to a certain stage, you reached the top, and then if you had enough ambition you went out to meet stiffer competition. They expected her to go some time. She'd go now with William. He'd soon come to accept it. She wouldn't be separated from him.

The decision brought a surge of joy she simply had to share, and the others, including William, wondered at her sudden gaiety. She sparkled all through dinner, amusing them all with her impersonations of actors and actresses, talking shop with a satire that sat prettily on her fluffy head. Cynthia was deeply suspicious of another woman's happiness. What was Pamela cooking up now?

Their mutual friendliness increased during the evening, perhaps because the weekend was almost over. Pamela's tragic elation continued, a determination to follow her man to the ends of the earth, to cling to the last sad shreds of the affair. Jack Simmonds was a different person and his wife, Betty, wondering about it, believed that it must be because William was going away. Jack, William's first publisher, had never got over that fact, settling into a mould of bitterness that affected his wife, his home, and his business. Everything he touched turned to ashes and he refused to admit that the fault could be his own. He blamed William.

If William had said the right word at the right time they'd still be in partnership, he'd still be his publisher this side of the Commonwealth. But no. The charm was two-faced. Since then his home had grown dowdy and damp; his son was backward at school: Betty was brittle and unsympathetic: even the climate had turned against him, aggravating his asthma. His long face brooded over a long view of despair and a disinclination to work. As for his solvency, that was horrible to think of.

He hadn't had a success in years — since William had gone, in fact. His professional advisers were wrong, his market was wrong, everything was wrong; and instead of attempting to put things right he moped sullenly over the past. Every book he published was an error of judgment. He wouldn't look at the good ones. He shut his eyes to the best-sellers. When his ventures flopped he blamed everyone from the authors to the reading public, but most of all he blamed William. Because William spelt success.

"Good morning, Clumsy."

HIS books sold in shoals. He was a goldmine to his overseas publishers. And this latest book of William's had been his idea, suggested to William while they were still a publisher and author partnership. That was the gnawing irony of it. And Betty didn't understand. "But, darling," she'd said, "look how sweet William can be. I'm sure if you weren't so bitter things could be different."

As for Betty, she was content being part of William's audience, one of the sea of faces for whose response he played so nimbly. It was safe. She had no talent to attract his envy, no beauty and grace to attract him otherwise. She was just Jack's wife, not much of a role in William's eyes. Best to leave it that way. Since she was committed by Jack's obsession to seeing William and remaining in the Fren circle, she'd continue to p her carefully nondescript p

Jack was adamant . . . wh tried to reason with him, it was no use. Jack would become human again if could go back and start o or if somebody would sh some confidence in him, o William had never been out of the question.

What she didn't know that Jack had cornered W liam upstairs, just before d ner, and put up a proposi he felt might redress the wr he believed he'd suffered. W liam was sympathetic. W shouldn't he be? Jack l launched him on the local m ket in the early days.

"I'm very glad for y William," he said now. "I ways knew you'd make the time."

"Thanks, Jack. Nice of yo William stood at the glass, ranging the few strands of ver at his temples.

"I've been thinking, W liam," Jack went on, "it w natural before that the Engl publishers should demand A tralasian rights — after they were taking the risk a they wanted all or nothi Quite natural. That's busine I was a bit browned off at t time, but I've seen since you had your own future look to, naturally. Anyo would have done the same

"Glad you see it like th Jack."

"What I'm getting at," t publisher went on quick "you're on top now — you c make the demands. You're t enough now to force the hi — if you want to. Film righ and so on."

William looked at him, the man who would alw have to ride on somebo else's back.

Jack hurried on. "You co swing it my way now, Willi — get me the local rights make it your condition. Ne to you and a feather in can."

Poor dope, William thoug

"I don't see why not, Jack he said. "I'll certainly t it over with them. Can't anything against it. Yes. I do it," he finished with d cision.

Jack's face shone. "Than old man," he said, and gripped William's hand.

And so the weekend finish on a happy, if puzzled, no Everyone knew the cause William's good humor, b why were Jack and Pam so carefree. You couldn't p

To page 55

IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

● Our Needlework Department offers two patterns this week, plus a floral iron-on transfer No. 1004H., for easy application to the garments.

Pattern for the girl's flared skirt and blouse is available in sizes to fit girls aged four to ten years. Price 2/-. Please give the child's age when ordering your pattern. Basket motifs for a quick, lasting decoration on any type of fabric come in two sizes. Simply iron the transfers on to the garment and save yourself hours of embroidery. Price 2/6.

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Lovers' holiday

● With a cast of old and new favorites, 20th Century-Fox's happy romantic comedy "Holiday For Lovers" looks like being ideal family entertainment. Clifton Webb, Jane Wyman, and Paul Henreid are all from the old brigade, while Carol Lynley, Jill St. John, and Gary Crosby represent the new generation. The gay story is filmed in color.

MR. AND MRS.: Clifton Webb and Jane Wyman (left) get that wonderful Latin-American feeling.

ELDER DAUGHTER. College student Jill St. John's romance with Brazilian architect Paul Henreid brings an alarmed family chasing after her to South America.

YOUNGER daughter, Carol Lynley, finds romance with fast-working Air Force sergeant Gary Crosby

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ROMANCE IN LATIN MOOD

Film Parade

CELEBRATED flamenco dancer Jose Greco and his troupe, as they appear in a bright nightclub sequence.

TOURIST Clifton is deeply suspicious of that faraway look in his elder daughter's eyes. He knows the signs.

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Planning a new home? Wondering what it will cost? For all the problems associated with planning and building call at our Home Planning Centres for free, friendly, and expert advice.

Turn to page 39 for this week's "signature" plan.

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The TV horse has a rough deal

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Television's adult Westerns have gone a long, long way from the old traditional Western story—a heroic tale of a man who fought Indians and loved his horse.

THE TV horse has had a rough deal — he has taken second place to the heroine and has lost his identity.

When horses were heroes they used to have names, and a cowboy hero used even to kiss his horse. A caress on the nose was a certainty to end the show. Just as much of a certainty was the lengths the hero went to to show that he wasn't even aware that the heroine had lips.

The poor heroine, a gingham-clad creature, always languished. Her ardor, which was never apparent, was fed only by an embarrassed boot-scuffling when she appeared.

Today the horse has taken second place to the heroine. She's the one who gets the kiss.

And gone are the days when the hero fed or watered or groomed his horse. Today the livery stable takes care of that.

The poor nameless horse seems to be quite happy, though. He's just adapting himself to new ways.

The only horses whose psyche hasn't been touched by 1959 ways are "Fury" (Channel 7, Tuesdays at 6.30 p.m.), who stars in his own serial, and Roy Rogers' golden palomino "Trigger," who still gallops madly across the TV screen (Channel 7, Sundays, 5.30 p.m.).

In real life some of the horses have names.

Paladin, hero of "Have Gun — Will Travel" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 9.30 p.m.), rides "Rudy." Paladin doesn't like horses or riding them and makes it plain, but poor Rudy is a crazy mixed-up horse, anyway.

He is not good-looking, is a fighter and a biter, and is badly scarred from the fights he has had. But his worst habit, and this is true, is that if he is tired he sits on the first large rock he sees.

This sometimes makes things very difficult, as a seated horse is unusual, even in an adult Western.

Miss Kitty, of "Gunsmoke" (Channel 9, Mondays, 10 p.m.), rides one of America's famous quarter horses, which has the wonderful name of "John the Brave."

Miss Kitty's Marshal Dillon rides an unnamed buckskin gelding that he says comes from a long undistinguished line of horses.

Some Westerners, though, have horses with names.

Robert Culp, of "Trackdown" (Channel 9, Mondays at 9.30 p.m.), rides "Mexico"; Rory Calhoun's pinto stallion in "The Texan" (Channel 9, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.) is called "Smokey"; and Steve McQueen's horse in "Wanted Dead or Alive" (Channel 9, Fridays, 9.30 p.m.) is called "Ringo."

LOVELY Amanda Blake dressed in her Miss Kitty "Gunsmoke" riding-habit. Amanda admits her clothes are not true to the style of the period.

"Rowdy" and "Trophy" are the names of the horses ridden by Wagonmaster Ward Bond and Scout Robert Horton in "Wagon Train" (Channel 7, Thursdays, 8.30 p.m.).

Gentlemen of the West who ride unnamed horses and describe them with a shrug as "mere means of transportation" are the Maverick brothers, John Russell, of "The Lawman," Will "Sugarfoot" Hutchins, and Wyatt Earp.

It's not only the horse but also the woman department that has changed. Don't waste a thought on the gingham-clad heroine who didn't get a glance. She's gone.

TELEVISION PARADE

In her place comes the woman of fashion typified by Amanda Blake's Miss Kitty.

From velvet top to striped bustle, Miss Kitty's clothes are as representative of the haute couture of the period as Dior gowns are of today's.

In reality the girls Miss Kitty represents were coarse females who washed even more infrequently than their men, used vile language, and wore any dirty old thing.

"If they were not sent back on the first stage coach, it's because the men couldn't be choosy," Kitty said the other day. "They were horrible creatures, totally without morals, driven by nothing but greed, and more often than not failing in their objective of returning east with a fortune sewed in their bustles.

"Of course their men, the cowhands of the period, weren't much better.

"They drank, ate salt pork, smelled of bear grease, were covered with lice, and lived in sordid bunkhouses, where they amused themselves shooting holes in the roof.

"There's one good thing about my friend Marshal Dillon. At least he never existed. There's nobody around to remind us that the real Dillon ran Dodge City's red-light district, or hid behind the piano whenever a gunman dropped in to quench his thirst."

Until recently Kitty had the distinction of being the sole "permanent woman" in a TV Western. Today, however, she has been joined by Audrey Totter in "Cimarron City," and Wilma Fansler (Carole Matthews), who one could describe as almost too good a friend of Marshal Matt Wayne (Richard Coogan), of "The Californians" (Channel 9, 9.00 p.m., Thursdays).

★ ★ ★

WHILE I'm on the subject of Westerns, I think a prize for bad programming should be given to Channel 9 for their Monday night effort.

They show two excellent Westerns, "Trackdown" and "Gunsmoke," one on top of the other—"Trackdown" at 9.30 p.m. and "Gunsmoke" at 10 p.m.

Both these are strong, tough shows—what I'd call specialist fare among Westerns. Programmed as they are, they act like an acid and an alkali and cancel each other out.

AUSTRALIA has yet to produce an interviewer to compare with the B.B.C. type as seen on some of the excellent ABC-TV shows from the B.B.C.

The latest is Dan Farson (Channel 2, Fridays, 10.15 p.m.), who is one of the most handsome men I've seen on TV.

His first interview about spiritualism was fascinating. He interviewed a varied bag of people — a professional medium named William Raymond, Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, who is a convinced spiritualist, and H. W. Salter, the secretary of the Psychic Research Society.

He asked the questions everyone wants asked most courteously, not jibbing for a moment on the most awkward questions or hesitating to probe the answers.

The best interviewer yet seen, though, was John Freeman, who recently interviewed Lord Birkett, one of the greatest criminal advocates of this century, who rose to be England's Lord Chief Justice.

Freeman, in the most masterly but unobtrusive way, led Lord Birkett along to reveal probably more than he ever intended—how he felt when he pronounced his first death sentence, whom he sentenced, and what his feelings were later. Freeman also asked did he always believe in the innocence of his clients when he was an advocate. Lord Birkett answered, "To be frank, no."

You don't see such interviewing here. Even the licence to impertinence that interviewing gives is never extended to its courteous limits.

Mr. Eric Baume, the latest interviewer ("Men at the Top," ABC-TV, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.), in his first interview pulled the "I won't embarrass you by asking" gambit.

He did this with Mr. Lionel McFadyen, the head of the Sydney Stock Exchange, to sidestep the question about his opinion of hire-purchase investments, the question that people would most like to hear him answer.

And really Mr. Baume's implication that the presence of Mr. McFadyen was a rare tribute to his personal standing would surely have come better from the announcer.

The producer of this irritating session should take a leaf out of the panel-show producer's notebook and put a notice up near the gentlemen on camera, saying who they are. Christian names no doubt make such a public occasion cosy and intimate, but to the mass of televiewers who don't know who "Lionel" and "Eric" are their use is the sure prescription for a switch to another channel.

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Such a rare and beautiful piece as this Victorian Old Sheffield silver soup tureen is a real treasure today. And so too, is Chicken Broth with its real old fashioned goodness. You can make it in minutes — with the help of a Continental brand packet.

You taste real chicken in this chicken broth

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. . . freshly home cooked by you in just ten minutes, until it's a steaming, sunny-gold savoury broth of real chicken, with flavour packed garden-fresh vegetables — Continental brand Chicken Broth.

Betty King Home Economist for World Brands, says:

"What a feast this is . . . and one that will bring your family eagerly to the table! Steaming bowls of tasty chicken broth — home-cooked by you in just ten minutes!

You'll find Chicken Broth and all the various Continental Soups are handy for adding new flavour and appeal to your old recipes, too. Here's one of my favourites . . . I'm sure your family will enjoy it!"

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SAVOURY CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 lb. minced meat, 1 cup uncooked rice, 1 onion diced, 1 pkt. Continental Chicken Broth, ½ level teaspoon pepper, 3 cups (24 oz.) water.

Method: Combine all ingredients in a casserole or a stewpan. Cover and bake or simmer for 1½ hours. Serve as a casserole with vegetables or as a delicious snack or savoury on toast.

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CELEBRATION of their third wedding anniversary for Bradford Dillman and his pretty non-actress wife, Frieda. Brad's recent work in "Compulsion" has placed him high on the list of Hollywood's young actors.

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above Average
★ Average No star—Poor

Film Parade

★★★ ANNA LUCASTA

Drama, with Eartha Kitt, Sammy Davis, jun. Century, Sydney.

PHILIP YORDAN'S skilful adaptation of his long-run Broadway play, plus the splendid acting of the negro cast, makes this a sincere and deeply human film.

Eartha Kitt brings remarkable tension to the role of a disgraced middle-class negro daughter, who is summoned home when it seems she can be used to capture a moneyed visitor.

In his first acting role for the screen, Davis (as Eartha's semi-permanent lover and unlucky star) gives a vivid, high - voltage performance, seeming to have a natural understanding of screen technique.

The family scenes, with their relaxed, easy dialogue and homely, honest observation, are quite outstanding of their kind.

Special mention could be given to almost any of the film's excellent actors and actresses. But outstanding are the extrovert, cheaply crooked brother - in - law (Frederick O'Neal) and the young educated negro visitor (Henry Scott).

In a word . . . ABSORBING.

★★ THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

Comedy drama, with Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde, Robert Morley, Alastair Sim, John Robinson, Felix Aylmer. In color. Liberty, Sydney.

A VERY nice feeling for its period marks Anatole De Grunwald's screen production of this George Bernard Shaw play.

The hypocrisy and pomposity of a top-hatted, frock-coated Harley Street is the subject of (on this occasion) something less than the best Shavian wit.

Wisely, De Grunwald has made his film something for the eye rather than the ear.

The dilemma of the doctor (John Robinson, and the least happy casting) is whether to save the life of an artist of genius and little else, or that of a worthy though obscure tuberculous doctor.

Bogarde manages the difficult role of the artist with commendable skill, and Leslie Caron exercises her usual magic as the artist's wife, whom the doctor cannot help but see in the role of delectable widow.

Neither Cecil Beaton's colorful pre-Raphaelite robes nor limited camera angles are entirely successful in concealing the fact that shortly after the film's completion Miss Caron, in her private-life role of Mrs. Peter Hall, was to become a mother.

Of the eminent medical trio who help solve the dilemma, only Aylmer, as its oldest and most illustrious member, withstands the temptation of playing for the laughs so determinedly courted by Morley and Sim.

In a word . . . DIFFERENT.

★★ THE FIVE PENNIES

Musical biography, with Danny Kaye, Louis Armstrong, Barbara Bel Geddes. In color. Prince Edward, Sydney.

PRODUCED by Kaye's own company, this turns its back on the serious artistic standards of "Me and the Colonel" and goes flat out after the old, big Kaye audiences of the past.

The story of Charleston-age bandleader Red Nichols and the tragedy of his daughter's polio is a slight one, and a good deal of filling-out is required.

This provides the opportunity for a feast of Kaye fooling, song, and dance.

The appearances of the great Louis Armstrong, re-enacting the role he actually played in the life of the bandleader and blowing his golden horn, are something his admirers will treasure.

Though a little monotonous in the role of Nichols' vocalist wife, Barbara Bel Geddes does manage to make her a warmly human personality.

Its more sugary passages will prove over-sweet for some tastes, but the whole thing is excellently done — from the early hotel-ballroom sequences to Nichols' comeback after years of self-imposed obscurity.

See it for Danny and Louis.

In a word . . . APPEALING.

APPARENTLY determined to break the sequence of Crosby boy and showgirl romances, young **Lindsay Crosby** is being attentive to both Sandra Dee and Kitty Wellman. Kitty's father is director William Wellman.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD chiefs of the Columbia studio are reported to have their eye on British actor **Patrick McGoohan**, who was dropped last year from the Rank contract group.

McGoohan, who frequently appears on television and is one of Britain's most powerful stage actors, has an Orson Welles-like personality. His performances tower and dominate the play or film in which he is appearing.

If Hollywood gets him it will be Britain's loss—not McGoohan's.

★ ★ ★

TIP around Hollywood is that well-loved oldtimer **Alice Faye** might be coming out of 13 years' retirement to play a role in the Doris Day-David Niven romantic comedy "Please Don't Eat the Daisies." Alice made her last picture, "Fallen Angels," in 1945.

★ ★ ★

HENRY is the name chosen by **Jeff Hunter** and his wife, **Dusty**, for their first child. Only a couple of weeks after the baby's birth the papers came through making Dusty's six-year-old son by a previous marriage, Steele, Jeff's son by adoption.

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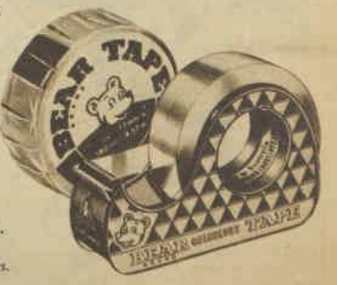

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Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 46

down to sheer high spirits — no one they knew suffered from that! It had to be some material gain, and neither Pam nor Jack was saying. It was infuriating!

Cynthia found Pamela particularly annoying — her shining eyes, her proprietary tone with William, her flouncing about, as Cynthia thought of it. The wretched girl was so vulgar, so loud, so boastful, so out of place here in her house, so unappreciative of the elegance all about her. And to rap it all she was acting her pants off over a piffling trifle. Cynthia didn't hide her well-bred distaste as the others crowded round to admire it — the belt the silly chit was showing off. Just a belt.

But it wasn't. It was a belt of beautiful design, a svelte thing of restrained black suede with a richly ornate dagger pendent from a small gold chain.

"Going to lend it to us, Pam?" Betty asked.

She shook her head. "It was designed for me, you see, it's just my size. Besides, it's got a sentimental value." She glanced at William.

"Is it a real dagger?" asked Joanna.

Pam nodded, drawing the little weapon from its sheath. "It could do a murder," she laughed, "so you'd all better watch out."

"Try it on one of those radio people, that producer you hate so much."

"Let's look at this marvellous thing." Des had wandered over and now he took the sheathed dagger in his hands and examined the workmanship. "Hm, very pretty. Nice toy, but I shouldn't think it could be dangerous. Too short."

"William should know," Cynthia said. "Hey, William!"

William turned, left Steve, and came across to the others.

"You know about weapons, darling. You've used a lot in your books. Could this tiny little dagger kill anyone?"

William took Cynthia's hands in his and pressed them against his breast.

"You're the most deadly weapon I've ever encountered, my dear. Darling, don't kill me, will you? Please, darling, don't. Not your little William, your devoted swain!"

Steve was standing nearby, just watching. Joanna, seeing his face, thought — one of these days William really will go too far.

Pam laughed derisively.

"No one's going to kill you, my dear sweet William," Cynthia said.

Bill Baynes stood up. "Can't you people talk of anything else?" he asked slowly. His blue eyes were icy. "All this facetious talk of killing. You don't know, that's the trouble —none of you knows what you're talking about!" He stalked from the room.

They stared after him, breath suspended for a moment. One of Bill's moods. His wife. They all knew about his grief when his young wife had suicided so soon after marriage, how he couldn't bear anything that reminded him of their happiness, of her youth and vitality, how he'd gone away and had the house Des had decorated completely changed in his absence, so that no trace of her would be left, nothing to conjure up memory. It was a romantic story. It was something one didn't talk about. She hadn't been one of them; they hadn't known her.

"Now see what you've done," Steve said, glaring at Cynthia.

Up in his dark room, immobile, Bill sat listening to the noisy silence coming up from the garden. He was at ease alone, more than he could ever be among these people given over to relaxation. He was a poet, for one thing, a serious poet concerned very much with Life and Death, very little with the trivial things in small type that happened in between and around those tremendous statements.

People as human beings—lost in the maze of their loves and their wants, their despair and their aspiration—didn't interest him. Only as ciphers did they come alive, moving on and off the cold stage of his poetry. He could afford to be a poet because he was rich; in other circumstances, forced to earn a living, he would have had to compromise or go under. Yet, except for these moods of his which were rare, he had a happy surface serenity, he fitted in, he was amenable, tragedy didn't touch him.

Cynthia found him a tower of quiet strength on her guest lists. His hands were big and strong and warm; steady, friendly hands. He was silent and relaxed and smoked a pipe; he ate a lot and his rare smile was radiant. He was neither a prude nor a profligate. He might well have served as a model for a business firm advertising stability and safety, such as insurance, banking, or other financial investment.

Except for his bulk he was the typical nondescript. His face was pink and young and boyish, strangely unlined, and you had to know him for some time to encounter the frozen quality, like an icy transparent veil, that occasionally settled over him. Once you noticed this you invariably wondered about his age. But then, you remembered, he's a poet.

He sat for a long time in the darkness.

THE following weekend, down at Thornton, Cynthia pottered about in the house, alone with the cook, maids, and gardeners. She was expecting a phone call from Steve, but she wasn't waiting for it. It came when it came, as he did. She was sufficient unto herself, having discovered early in their married life that she was much the stronger character of the two. She was positive where Steve was futile. She didn't care for his Macquarie Street flat and rarely went there.

She'd married the flat and the house and Steve, and of the three she loved only the house. She'd made it hers, however Steve might think it was decorated and maintained to his liking. Only the flat was his and perhaps his subconscious awareness of this was one of the reasons he spent so much time there. The other reason was to hide his failure.

She'd always keep up the pretence. "How's the new painting going?" she'd say. Or book, or poem, or nocturne, or sculpture, it didn't matter which. Steve tried his hand at everything, and it made life bearable to take it all seriously. It was kindness, too, and Cynthia had a reputation for kindness and broadmindedness and sympathy. She wanted to keep the house, you see, and it was Steve's house. Simple really. She wouldn't allow anyone to come between her and the house, not even that adorable William.

The house was something apart, something most precious. Worthy of both the historian and the sentimentalist, with its pale grey slate roof, white walls, and green shutters, its pedimented portico and fan-lighted doorway. The gardens were beautifully designed and maintained, with a sweeping drive, secretive little paths, ponds, and tree-fringed private lawns, one of which boasted a gazebo flippantly referred to as French's Folly. The gardens gave the house and its occupants an enviable privacy without obstructing the view of the lush green district all round and the beginnings of the Blue Mountains to the west.

The house had its history—a history moulded and twisted by time, with Cynthia's word-of-mouth encouragement, until people in the district had forgotten the dubious side of the affair, if, indeed, the present generation ever knew.

Jeremy French, an ordinary young Englishman and a lieutenant in the New South Wales Corps, looked greedily at the acres of fertile land, and with a keen eye for the main chance he carried on, with less flamboyance than most, a neat racket in rum that escaped the individual attention of Governor Bligh. This same caution kept him in bed with an attack of colic just at the very time when his fellow officers were marching with fife and drum to arrest the Governor.

And afterwards there was Jeremy, so obviously ready for the new Governor to cite as an example of loyalty, so ready to assume as his grave duty the ownership of a thousand acres of land outside Richmond and enough convict labor to set himself up in a style beyond the wildest dreams of a young officer of scant means and connections—unless he'd had the good fortune to be posted to the antipodes.

He resigned his commission, married a colonel's daughter, established his line, and planned to replace his modest two-story red-brick house with the finest house in the colony. By 1835 the planning bore fruit, but Jeremy, who had been as careful of his health as of his fortunes, didn't live to enjoy it. At the age of seventy-two he was kicked to death by a stallion specially imported from India. But the French fortunes were firmly entrenched, too firmly for generations of feckless sons and spinster daughters to destroy, try as they may.

By the end of World War I the sole survivors of the line were a sad widow, her two sons, and the big unfashionable house. The younger son was enticed into buying a property out west. The widow sold most of the acres and invested prudently in shares, tenaciously holding on to the house itself. Stephen, the elder son, took his mother's name instead of his father's, which was Sly. He found himself the possessor of a great deal of money, the great house rapidly falling into disrepair, and enough left of the original thousand acres to keep at bay the fibro sprawl of development creeping over landscape that had once been the sole domain of the Frenchs'.

All this Cynthia loved. Her first visit to the house had been with members of the historical society, who were shown around by the shy young squire. Having fallen in love with the house, she wrote a pretty thank-you note and asked the shy young man if she could come and do some sketches. When she came he wasn't quite so shy.

She went again, but this time there was no sketching.

Later that year they were married at Saint Matthew's, Windsor; Cynthia in a dress of satin and seed pearls copied from the portrait of Steve's mother in the parlor. She could scarcely wait for the honeymoon to end to take possession of her house.

She really loved the house. Also she had an inherent sense of style and a respect for the dignified and beautiful, that were surprising in one brought up among the liver-colored brick of a select suburb. Various Victorian additions were torn away, the original classic purity of colonial Georgian proportions restored. She began entertaining in the grand manner, and friends of the old days — the art classes and the societies for this and that — shared in her good fortune.

To the architectural students she was graciousness itself, as she pointed out the proportions of the great porch, with its Doric pillars, over the front entrance; the beauty of the fanlights; the great oval hall (1 color plate, also figs. 73 and 74 in "Masterpieces of Colonial Architecture, Vol 1"). "All convict-built, of course," she would say in tones used in older climes to claim "medieval craftsmanship of the 14th century." To other than members of the historical society she implied that the house was built from a lost design of Greenway's.

When the time came for Steve to be weaned away from some of his mother's gloomy Victorian furniture, it was natural that she should turn to Des, whose taste she knew — Des who could be trusted to combine the best of the new with respect for the past. Upstairs everything was modernised, everything was done to the whim of a woman who liked to entertain freely.

But nothing was allowed to interfere with the exterior unity; a simple rectangle two stories high, its windows placed with mathematical precision, its chimneys grouped symmetrically at each end, its wide front door dead centre. Almost flush with the ground, the house yet had eminence in the district. An addition to the facade was a wide front terrace of imported marble tiles. Cynthia loved the house so much she hated to leave it even for a visit to town.

She was thirty-five, with a rather emaciated kind of stringy good looks which she accentuated with stark, well-cut, expensive clothes, ignoring fashion and relying on line and material for effect. She looked particularly good in slacks and simple shirts, and with the right clothes in her own setting at Thornton she felt she could hold her own against the competition of other females. Particularly Pamela.

Pamela was short and rather fluffy. Her shoulders fluffed out from a too-short neck, her hips curved out prematurely to thwart her waist; even her feet occurred too soon at the end of her little legs. Of course, she was young, but that wouldn't last, thank heavens! Probably less time in her case than usual. Success and adulation were going to her head, and success and time would soon go to her chin and waist. No; Pamela was out. She'd better be. Cynthia wouldn't put up with that from William.

Then she relaxed. William, of course, was going away. It didn't matter any more. Ungrateful monster. After all she'd done for him socially—and in other ways. It had been bad enough when he'd got hold of Pamela and dragged her into their circle, making their affair public property. Cynthia had borne it, seething inwardly, but she'd borne it because she believed she could win out over Pamela, because she could be as cruel as William and because she could harvest her cruelty. Now it didn't matter.

She had her easel out in the grounds and was working on a large canvas of angry shapes and colors. Joanna would have been amazed, for every now and then Cynthia would look beyond at the peaceful, orderly landscape, as though it might be the source of her inspiration. Over to the left were flower beds, but it wasn't the season for riotous blooming. She liked it later when colors were unrestrained, when stock and anemone and wallflower struggled for mastery over sweet william. She smiled grimly. There'd always be a struggle for mastery over Sweet William. It was fun so long as you won.

. . . . . .

Steve came after lunch on Saturday, at the end of a week of brooding in Macquarie Street. It had been grey and raining most of the week — weather that suited his mood exactly. He'd been out briefly only to dine and to take short walks, once for a drive along the coast north to Broken Bay. He wasn't able to get away from himself. Thank heavens, William was going away, but not soon enough. It might be months. He'd have to try to hang on. William was openly intimate with Cynthia now, openly ignoring Steve. It was intolerable. He didn't think . . . no, he didn't think that. He didn't believe Cynthia would be carelessly promiscuous—she was too self-sufficient; he knew for sure that she would never jeopardise her possessions, the things she had because she was his wife. It was an attitude he approved of; he felt no cynicism. Nevertheless, the situation was intolerable.

Steve would ruthlessly freeze William out, but he knew that Cynthia would never agree; worse, she might become irrevocably estranged from him. He needed her anchorage, her support, her belief. By the end of the week, after going over and over the situation, prodding at it painfully as one tongues an aching tooth, he could see only one thing to do —have it out with Cynthia.

She greeted him gaily, rousing his suspicions further. Cynthia was rarely gay. She was on the terrace, reading.

"I should be gardening," she said guiltily. "Painting and reading on Saturday seem so sinful; I don't know why. Been busy, darling?"

"Oh, so-so!"

She looked at him critically. "You look tired. Like a drink before lunch?"

"Mm."

While he waited he went over carefully what he planned to say. He'd gone over it so often. One thing about Cynthia, she was sensible, you could talk to her, she'd hear you out. She was a rational being, as he was. He wouldn't tell her of the sleepless nights, of the agony of inferiority — else sympathy for him might wash away the hard, bright realisation he wanted.

DRINKS to hand, they remained on the terrace.

"Been working on the poem?" Cynthia asked.

"Yes. No. I haven't been able to concentrate much." There, he'd already said the wrong thing.

"Poor Steve. You don't feel ill, darling?"

"Cynthia. About William."

She didn't pale, or tense, or show caution.

"Mm?" Casual.

"He's very free with you . . . with everything!" His face and his voice were calm; his heart was pounding.

"Why, what d'you mean, Steve? William's our closest friend."

"Your closest friend."

She didn't fly into a rage. Instead, she eyed him sadly.

"Oh, Steve," she said, "we've known William for years."

He drained his glass.

"I know. It's insufferable!"

"I don't know what you're driving at." Her voice was cold.

"Everyone feels sorry for me, I can feel it. You let him assume too much. He thinks he can get away with anything, just because he's successful. I tell you, Cynthia, he acts as though he owns you."

"You're imagining things."

He poured himself another drink. "It's putting me off my work, that's all."

"It's just William's way. He's the same with everyone, you know he is."

"He's insufferable with everyone, but I'm not talking about that. It's the way he behaves towards you—as a lover."

"Really, Steve, you're too silly. Pamela's his girl."

"Pamela hates him."

"What nonsense!"

"Yes, she does. Something's happened. I noticed Sunday. All that good mood was just a sham. If you weren't so besotted you'd have noticed, too."

"I don't like that, Steve. Besotted, indeed!"

"He thinks he's only got to flick a finger and anyone'll come running, particularly women. They're all the same, his type. Cheap, easy success . . ."

"You said that before, about being successful, I mean."

He ground his teeth. It was going all wrong. His pettiness was showing.

"Anyway, why all this now?" Cynthia said reasonably. "He's going away, so that's that."

"But it isn't. You still haven't explained." He liked the self-righteous note in his voice, obscuring the fact that he hadn't explained . . . hadn't explained

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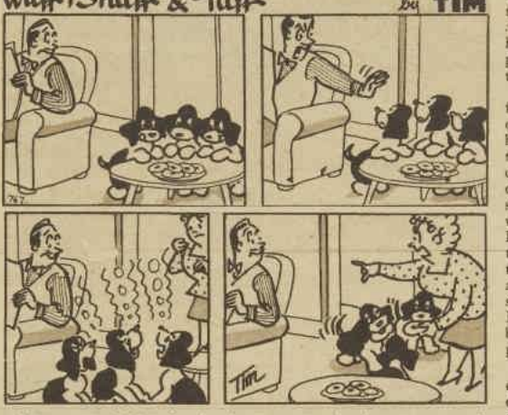
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



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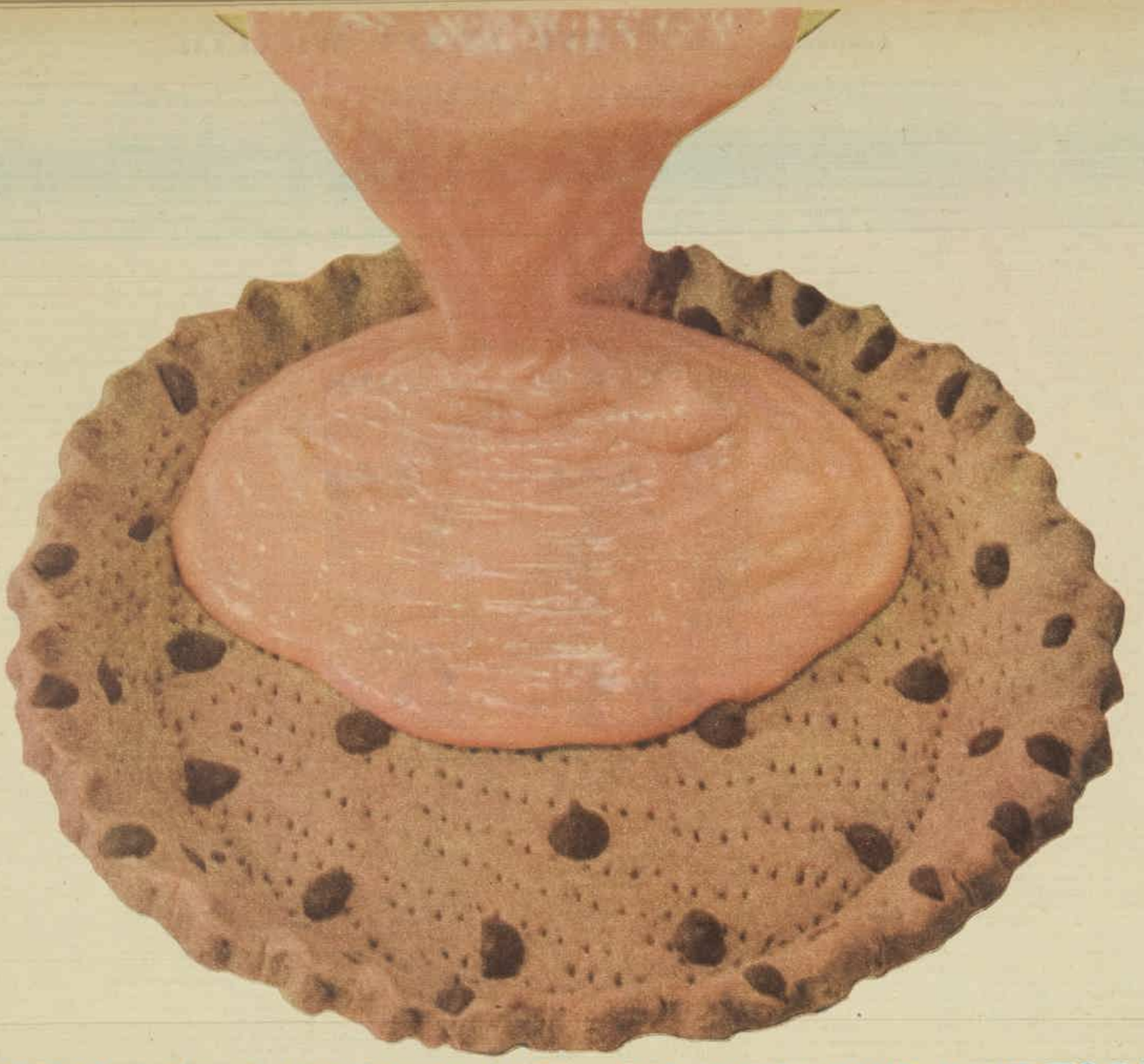

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Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 55

why William here or William away was all the same, all part of his obsession with failure.

"Explained? Oh, Steve!" Here was the sympathy now. "After all these years! Why, we're part of each other, you and I. I'd say we know each other as well as any two human beings can, a man and a woman. It's all so piffling. There isn't any explanation. Nothing needs explaining. William's just surface, all social veneer, and he is rather a darling into the bargain."

"A darling." Steve's lips twisted.

"Well, he's gay, Steve, for one thing. He doesn't brood, he shrugs things off. He makes ordinary things exciting."

"And I don't?"

She was silent.

"Well?" Steve said truculently. "What about it? And what makes you think he's a darling? You particularly? He's been specially darling to you, I suppose. Does everyone think he's a darling? Ask Pamela now the infatuation's over."

Cynthia made an impatient gesture. "A woman scorned, if it's true."

"No one really likes him," Steve pursued.

"Envy," she said, "all envy. They do like him. What about Bill? He likes him."

Steve shook his head. "I think Bill probably hates him more than anyone."

"Nonsense," she said again.

They sat there, the barrier growing between them.

"Well, anyway," he spoke coldly and his blood was on fire. "Who's it to be, me or William?"

Cynthia looked incredulous. "You're not serious?"

"My dear, I am."

"Well, it's you, of course, Steve, if you mean what I think you mean. You know that, you know I've never changed. But, really, I can't just suddenly start being rude to William. It would be unreasonable. It would cause far more talk than you imagine's going on now."

"Yes, I thought you'd say that, about it's always been me. You haven't gone back on any of your marriage vows. All the same—why should you?"

"How mean you're being, Steve. You never used to be. It's unlike you."

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" He got up and went to the edge of the terrace. His hands were shaking. He didn't want her to see. He could keep his voice even, that was the main thing; she might not notice the other. It would remain a discussion; serious, perhaps estranging, but nothing else.

"I feel mean," he said, staring out at the generous landscape, "but it's William, you know, it's William makes everything mean. I can't understand why you can't see it."

> **Simplicity, good taste, and grooming are the three fundamentals of good dressing, and these do not cost money.**
> **—*Christian Dior***

He turned round on the silence. She'd gone. Just left him there, while he was talking. His own wife. His own house. All because of this . . . this jumped-up sensation-monger.

He went down the steps, got in his car and drove away, back to town.

. . . . . .

Betty put the laundry away in the linen cupboard and came back into the living-room. Not here. Moping in the study, most likely. The study, she thought bitterly; a study in failure. It couldn't go on, she wouldn't stand it. After a brief relaxation and optimism of Sunday night at Thornton he'd slipped right back into the slough of despond.

He made her miserable and he made Keith miserable—children were so susceptible to atmosphere. He wasn't even interested in their coming holiday, he seemed to dread it. She marched out and along to the study, opened the door and looked at him, just where she'd expected to see him, standing at the window, staring out at what might have been, his back to her and the room.

"Jack," she said, "I can't bear this much longer."

"Bear what?" He turned round.

"You. Your attitude. It's all wrong. Can't you see?"

"What's wrong with my attitude."

"Jack, dear." She went over to him and put her arm round him. "Don't you see that bitterness won't do any good? Just put him out of your mind. Let's not see him any more. Keep out of his way."

"Who? Who're you talking about?" He shrugged away from her arm, looking at her resentfully.

"Oh, Jack! William, of course."

"What d'you mean, William! William's going to swing a deal for me when he gets to London. William's O.K. Don't misjudge him—he's O.K."

"Well, for heaven's sake! Why didn't you tell me?"

"You've never been interested."

"Not interested? When it's worried me sick all the time? You let the last manuscript go, you saw nothing in it against all advice — now it's somebody else's best-seller. Another failure."

It was true. Life among the New Guinea natives. He'd rejected it. Dull. Wouldn't sell. A rival publisher had brought it out with a naked girl on the jacket—"Golden Virgins of Forbidden Valley"—selling like hot-cross buns on Good Friday eve.

"Yet you've gone on hankering after William," Betty said. "I haven't blamed you, Jack, not about business, I mean. But I thought it was this thing about William that's been eating you, destroying us, destroying Keith, the business, everything."

"Stop!"

"You've lost your judgment," she added sadly.

"You'll be telling me next I'm deranged, unbalanced."

She looked at him levelly. "Maybe I will."

"Get out of here! It's my room! My privacy! That was agreed on." He sat down at the desk and held his head in his hands.

"Jack . . ."

"Get out!" he shouted, without looking up, fingers running through his hair. "Everything's going to be all right. I tell you!"

The doorbell rang. Betty went to answer it. It was Steve. She greeted him gladly from sheer reaction, not noticing the torment in his face, too, and took him back to the study. As she opened the door she called, "It's Steve, Jack," to give her husband time to pull himself together. They scarcely smiled at each other, she noticed, but there was no animosity between these two.

"Hope you don't mind, either of you," Steve said.

"Of course not!" Betty said warmly, rather too loudly.

"Drink?" Jack said. "I guess it's Betty's afternoon tea time, but she might let us off." He smiled at her, his almost forgotten smile, and she just about burst into tears.

"Of course," she said. "I'll leave you two."

"I'd like you to stay, Betty, if you're not busy or anything." Steve waved vaguely at chairs and sat down. "Just dropped in." He looked so abstracted and yet so intent that Jack and Betty glanced at each other, questioningly, apprehensively. Jack brought drinks over.

"Went down to Thornton and came back," Steve stated.

"Is Cynthia with you?" Betty asked, just for something to say.

"No."

She wished she hadn't said it.

"You know, I've been wondering about that house," he went on. "Bit of a white elephant. Cynthia loves it, of course, but she could paint anywhere."

"You don't mean . . . get rid of it?" Betty said.

HE nodded and smiled wryly. "The weekenders would miss it. I don't mean you two and I don't mean Jo and Des. People like Pamela and all the others there've been, the whole long stream of them. And William."

Jack was watching him thoughtfully.

"But, Steve," Betty said, "that lovely house. Your family's house. You can't!"

"I always loved it," he said, and added slowly, "I think I could grow to hate it."

"It's not the house. It's the people." Jack spoke abruptly. "Cut them out. Keep the house. Simple."

"Not so simple." Steve thought how easy it was for Jack to solve another's problems. "There's Cynthia, you see. She likes being there all the week, alone . . . well . . . and she likes people at weekends. Relaxation," he said vaguely.

"It'll be different when he goes," Jack said.

Betty stared at him, but Steve said, "William? Oh, William's no problem, really." His voice was curiously soft and light.

"Still," Jack said, "it's a bit tough when it's your wife." Betty's face was frozen.

"What d'you mean?" Steve said gently. "Wife? D'you mean Cynthia?" Jack banged things about on his desk, impatient, embarrassed.

"Everyone knows, old chap. Thought that's what you meant. Well, isn't it?" he asked belligerently.

Steve put his glass down and stood up. A laughing-stock. A cuckold. He crossed to the door. He hadn't worn a hat; just as well, it wouldn't fit over the horns. Without another word he left.

"Jack," Betty wailed, "how could you! How could you be so stupid!"

. . . . . .

Back in his flat, at his desk, Steve looked at the half-dozen or so lines . . . lines that should have been poetry . . . his heart's blood. There were words scored out and other words, just as inadequate, written in over the top of them. Not only were the words themselves wrong; there was no rhythm, no beauty, no simple moving statement of a great truth. Even the great truth he'd started off with was lost, gone sour along the way, subjected to rationalisations and trimming by his unpositive mind.

He dug the point of the pencil into the writing-block viciously, exerting all his strength until it broke; then he threw the pencil aside and stared gloomily at the soft grey curtains he liked to keep drawn against the world outside. That world was dark now.

His desk was beautiful; antique, polished, rich with the character of years. He had a beautiful desk at Thornton, too. There was an easel here and an easel there. Each place had a comprehensive reference library; literary, musical, architectural, graphic, theatrical. Everything necessary for the pursuit of the arts was here in the flat and there at the house; except talent.

Forty-two. And his life slipping away from him without leaving a mark, nothing to chalk up on the credit side. Not even children. That was another inadequacy he could add to the formidable list. No one would blame Cynthia; she was successful at everything. Good painter, perfect housekeeper, perfect hostess, witty, good with clothes and conversation. And he just fiddled while his sense of injustice burned. A literary magazine published an occasional poem, but—he'd given them a cheque once when their financial difficulties exceeded their ideals; so he just never knew about that.

A published volume of poetry, slender, financed by himself, had taken a prize for book design and production; abstract illustrations by Cynthia had won much praise, but very little of either praise or blame had attached to the poems themselves; chiefly silence. And he hadn't been included in the Anthology of Australian Verse.

He pushed the writing block aside, reached out a hand and toyed with the typewriter keys. Suddenly, quickly, he pulled the typewriter towards him, inserted paper, and wrote in capitals "I HATE WILLIAM." He stared at it. Then he tore it out, mangled it into tiny pieces and threw them into the waste-paper basket.

William. The success man. Facile with words. Facile with women. He'd watched them together, that man and his wife, William's arrogant assumption of possession, Cynthia responding with a half-ashamed awareness of her duty, her loyalty to Steve. It had preyed on him, all the more because till now he'd never taxed either of them with it, never mentioned it. He'd had to be as debonair as William, and if during the make-believe his inner equilibrium

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How well do you eat?

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"Three square meals a day" may have been plenty in grandfather's time when he lived on plain, honest food that was home-grown and home-cooked.

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Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 57

was disturbed no one need ever know.

He'd thought he'd got over it. He'd thought Cynthia loved him. Cynthia loved his house and his name. There was no assurance left, no intimacy, no safe domestic haven. He wanted to be wise and tolerant about the petty menace of William. The man was simply lonely. Why else fill up his worthless life with other men's wives, other men's loves? The stuff he wrote was terrible, anyway. Pot-boilers, nothing else. All they made was money; not history, not literary milestones, no contributions to humanity.

Charming bloke. Steve smiled, a wise knowing smile with a bitter aftermath. Everyone loved William. They were scared not to; frightened of his tongue, frightened of the cruelly alert mind that sensed the weak spot in a man's armor. Or a woman's. Dear Wililam. Sweet William. How he hated him!

He sat with pencil and paper, a quiet smile touching one side of his mouth. "Get rid of William," he wrote. Then he scored it through and wrote instead, "Kill William." He poured another double measure of Scotch; the bottle was half emptied already, the new full bottle. "Plant petunias," he wrote, and laughed out loud. His voice sounded lonely, muffled among the books and the curtains and thick carpet, cut off by the liquor that muffled his brain. "Divorce Cynthia," he wrote, and crossed it through. No. Never do. "Find child-bearing woman, have son." No. He couldn't have a son. He wasn't sure, but he liked to think it was his fault, his failure, another to add to the list.

Savagely he screwed up the piece of paper and threw it across the room. Then his eyes caught the half-finished poem. He snatched it and tore at it viciously, flinging it after the other piece. Maybe he could have a son, after all—by William. Cynthia wouldn't object, she'd play along, she'd co-operate. He sat quietly, staring straight in front of him. William's son. Another William. No, no, never! The world must be protected from such a tragedy. He poured a drink and smiled at the amber liquid. He drank it down, neat. Then he got up very carefully.

He felt so strong, so powerful, so full of sober judgment. A solution for all the world's problems clear in his mind, he went out and into Macquarie Street, down towards the Quay, past the medical buildings, the diagnostic rooms piled one above the other, past the Australian Club so exclusive you didn't know it was there, the American Club and the Macquarie Club, the two great glass slab structures with the row of nostalgic warehouses in between. Too many lights, too many people.

He steadied himself with a hand against a wall. They looked at him as if they knew everything. He turned and hurried back, stumbling now and again into some pedestrian who realised too late that he needed a wide berth.

. . . . . .

William Flecker had an easy charm that made him immensely popular, particularly with women. They wanted to mother him or reform him. After he'd behaved irresponsibly he adopted a penitent, little-boy air, rather helpless, which they found hard to resist. It was this same charm that could also make them angry, because even a practised philanderer must sometimes be caught out. There were people who couldn't stand him — men chiefly. But this attitude was put down to envy. If you noted that William sometimes showed his claws—well, other people had claws, too.

Hit wit was quick and his personality strong, enough to show up the other fellow as the fool or the knave; rarely William. People meeting him for the first time were wildly enthusiastic; he was all charm, out to please everybody. He was perfectly genuine in his desire to be liked. Having no depth of feeling himself, he thought it a jolly good thing to go through life as everybody's darling.

LIFE hadn't taught him any reason except how to get on, and any personal remonstrance he brushed aside, just not bothering to comprehend that you can't be everybody's darling without arousing anger and antagonism. Anger that might grow into a steady, all-pervading hatred. He would never have believed that anyone could hate him. He could be happy; why couldn't everybody else? He was selfish; let everyone be selfish.

He was successful, too; slick at everything he did, adept at seizing opportunities. This was another important factor in attracting a coterie. He'd been born into poverty, so he was to be admired for his material success. He never spoke of his early life, or of the dreary and sordid events and people that must have had a hand in forming his character. Nor did the others bother; they accepted him, for good or evil, at face value, in typical Australian fashion.

He'd had some good years. After his war experience in the Pacific he'd written a highly colored adventure book, which Jack Simmonds had published. It was limited to the Australian market, where it sold well. After that nothing went wrong. He changed to an English publisher who claimed Australasian rights, leaving Jack high and dry. He explained to Jack in his offhand, charming way. He was on clover and always willing to spread the good news about himself.

"Can you call me back, Eddie? I'm right in the middle of a tantrum."

He'd address ladies at literary luncheons; he'd air his views on everything, from what's wrong in the Pacific to making marriage successful, on television and radio. He was his own public relations man.

He was in the social columns —well-known author dining out with visiting English actress; dancing at a nightclub with a society beauty; sun-baking at Palm Beach with a sheep king and his family; at the picnic races with Mrs. Stephen French, well-known artist and chatelaine of historic Thornton.

He got tired sometimes, naturally, and then the charm might slip a little. But the lapse was brushed aside. Unless you were really malevolent, mean-natured enough to bear a grudge, you took for granted this odd mixture of charm and chill. You knew William's friendship might be to your advantage. You knew his enmity might poke malicious fun at you. So you staked on his good side. And, besides, you never knew when he'd veer, be for you or against you; you never knew when the darling was going to be capricious.

He was tall, lithe, and graceful, with strong, very-white teeth. He was always on the go, dashing about sopping up local color for his best-sellers —sexy adventure romances done in primary colors.

He'd be off to New Guinea, to Alice Springs, to Japan, Darwin, Indonesia—every post a winner, everything put to use.

Now he slid out from behind the wheel and banged the car door shut behind him. That's that. Things going well. Negotiations under way. His satisfied sigh whispered among the plane trees that grew leafily along each side of the quiet street. The block of expensive service flats stood among private homes on a high road in Bellevue Hill, with the magnificent sweep of harbor lying before it.

He went in, through the discreet, dimly lit foyer that had the velvet feel of wealth, up in the lift to the fifth floor, then, annoyed, back again to ground level to collect his mail. He didn't bother to look at the three letters, but went up again, unlocked the door of his apartment, and went in. He switched on the lamp by the desk, put the letters on the low table beside his leather chair, saw that drinks were ready to hand, then went off for a shower and the ease and comfort of dressing-gown and slippers.

Wednesday night, and he'd seen and heard nothing of Cynthia, or any of the crowd, for that matter, since the weekend before last. Suits me," he thought. And Pamela wasn't pestering him too much. Must be busy. Still, he wouldn't cut himself off. Maybe he could put something Jack's way; the fellow had been unbalanced lately, jerky and loud. How did his wife put up with it? he wondered. He himself had evaded responsibilities, avoided cluttering his life with encumbrances—wives and devoted friends you could never get rid of, and so on. He'd had a narrow escape once; he'd be paying alimony now if he hadn't got out in time.

At last, back in his den, he poured a drink and took up the letters. The first was a proposition from some charity, suggesting that if he sold the enclosed book of tickets he could retain one free for himself, thereby standing the chance of winning a bright-red brick cottage of hideous aspect in a distant western suburb. He tossed it aside. The second was a monthly statement from his wine merchant. That, too, he tossed aside.

He picked up the third envelope and stared at it. He didn't like the look of it. It reminded him all too forcibly of things that happened in his own bloodthirsty books. His name and address were printed, put down in impersonal printed characters that gave no clue to the writer's identity. He felt a cold shiver. He opened the envelope and unfolded the piece of impersonal paper it contained.

IT was a list, a typed list headed "Things to do." He ran over it quickly. Of course, that weekend! Ten days ago at Thornton! That list! He hadn't given it another thought. Nobody had. But somebody had, obviously. Then his blood ran cold. The last item! The full impact of it hit him. He went over the list again:

"get rid of William
get brakes relined
give D. cake recipe
subscription?
see about tickets
remember Virginia"

It was the last item. "Remember Virginia." Who knew about Virginia? No one. But someone did know. Bill? Bill had never known. He wouldn't have kept quiet all this time. Bill was his friend! Someone had found out. Jumping cats, what did it mean? "Get rid of William" again! Now, for heaven's sake, take a pull at yourself. He got up and went to the door. Safely locked. Of course, it was automatic.

He went all round the flat, looking into cupboards, under things, feeling sick, remembering Virginia — just as the list said. He went to the service entrance. Locked. The service hatch was too small; besides, he kept it latched on the inside at night-time. It was latched now. He went back to his chair and poured a much stiffer drink.

Then he laughed at himself, and laughing made him feel lonely and defenceless. The joke was on him. That's all it was — just a joke. But who was playing it? Let's work it out. Now, how would you go about it if you were writing the stuff? That's the shot. Never mind the first item. That's a laugh! Never mind the first item? Well, leave it for the moment.

Now then. "Get brakes relined." Well, everyone had to have their brakes relined some time or other. "Give D. cake recipe." A woman, of course. Pamela. But why send it to him? He began to shake. Some very casual murderer who wanted to get rid of him in particular? But no man would even think of a cake recipe. Wait a minute; he must think. It might be a man wanting him to believe it was a woman. Or it might be a woman who wanted him to believe that it was a man trying to throw suspicion on a woman. Was it that involved?

"Subscription." "See about tickets." That again. That had been on the other list. Did that mean anything? Did it have any significance? He'd never sleep, never sleep. Who could help? Who was there, among his friends (sic) who'd attack the problem with him? Someone who didn't want to make something out of him. Someone who wasn't jealous, or envious, or revengeful. That left practically no one.

There was Cynthia. No. Wouldn't do. Maybe it was Cynthia who'd sent the thing. Steve, more likely. Was it just a joke, perhaps? A joke, however grisly? Yes, of course it was. One of them that weekend. He'd play, too; ring them up in turn and ask them about it, tell them they'd taken him in. Now, who first? What about Joanna Treloar? Nice, simple soul — would she play a trick like that? He could ask her opinion, anyway.

He looked up the number, lifted the receiver, and began to dial. Then stopped. Joanna? Why, supposing . . .? He put the receiver down quickly, as if the open line had released some evil power. He must tell someone. Who was there? Maybe a stranger? Of course not; a stranger would think him mad. Business acquaintances? They'd laugh, think he was trying out a plot on them.

What about Bill, though? It couldn't be Bill who'd sent it, could it? No; he was too dignified, too self-contained. He was impartial — to the point of having no feeling at all, one way or the other. He'd completely got over that other business, his wife . . . hadn't even wanted to find out anything about it. And there he was at the last item again.

"Remember Virginia." Oh, no, it couldn't happen now, not just as he'd got this big deal lined up! Blackmail? Was that it? Bill. Yes. But if he had any feelings at all, they'd be compassionate. That's why he froze up so, to dry his bleeding heart, bleeding for all the world. A poet. They did feel things.

He pulled the phone towards him again, dialled Bill's number, and put the receiver down. Of course he couldn't discuss it with Bill, not with that last item on the list. It would have to be someone he didn't know too well, someone who hadn't been there that weekend. He must have reassurance, however

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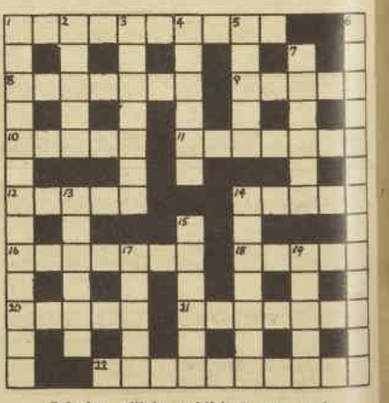
Where's the WETTEX!

W.B.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Articulates clearly a confused aunt and nieces (10).
8. Province and town of Libya, where nothing separates a short excursion from a Chinese mile (7).
9. Indoor game mostly practised in pubs (5).
10. Whirls in lively dances (5).
11. Cheer it (Anagr., 7).
12. King of Judaea at time of Christ's birth (5).
14. Stuffed lining of a saddle, probably for a jury (5).
16. For foliage put a fag into the opposite of the windward side (7).
18. Be every one to be found on the seashore (5).
20. Swiftness which turns a gulf (5).
21. Discoverer of electricity produced by chemical action (7).
22. Needs merit (Anagr., 10).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Become a competitor by coming inside the palisades (5, 3, 5).
2. To combine I hide in a broken tune (5).
3. Cheques and sometimes lovers (7).
4. Dismount a lamp (6).
5. This must be the senior tree (5).
6. Childish game, not occupied by professors of composition (7, 6).
7. Deformed idiot with metallic ending (6).
13. Put me in the back for this stretcher (6).
14. Nutriment covered with plum (7).
15. Be with a bird to be a dog (6).
17. Join the French for the dry lees of wine (5).
19. Once more a profit (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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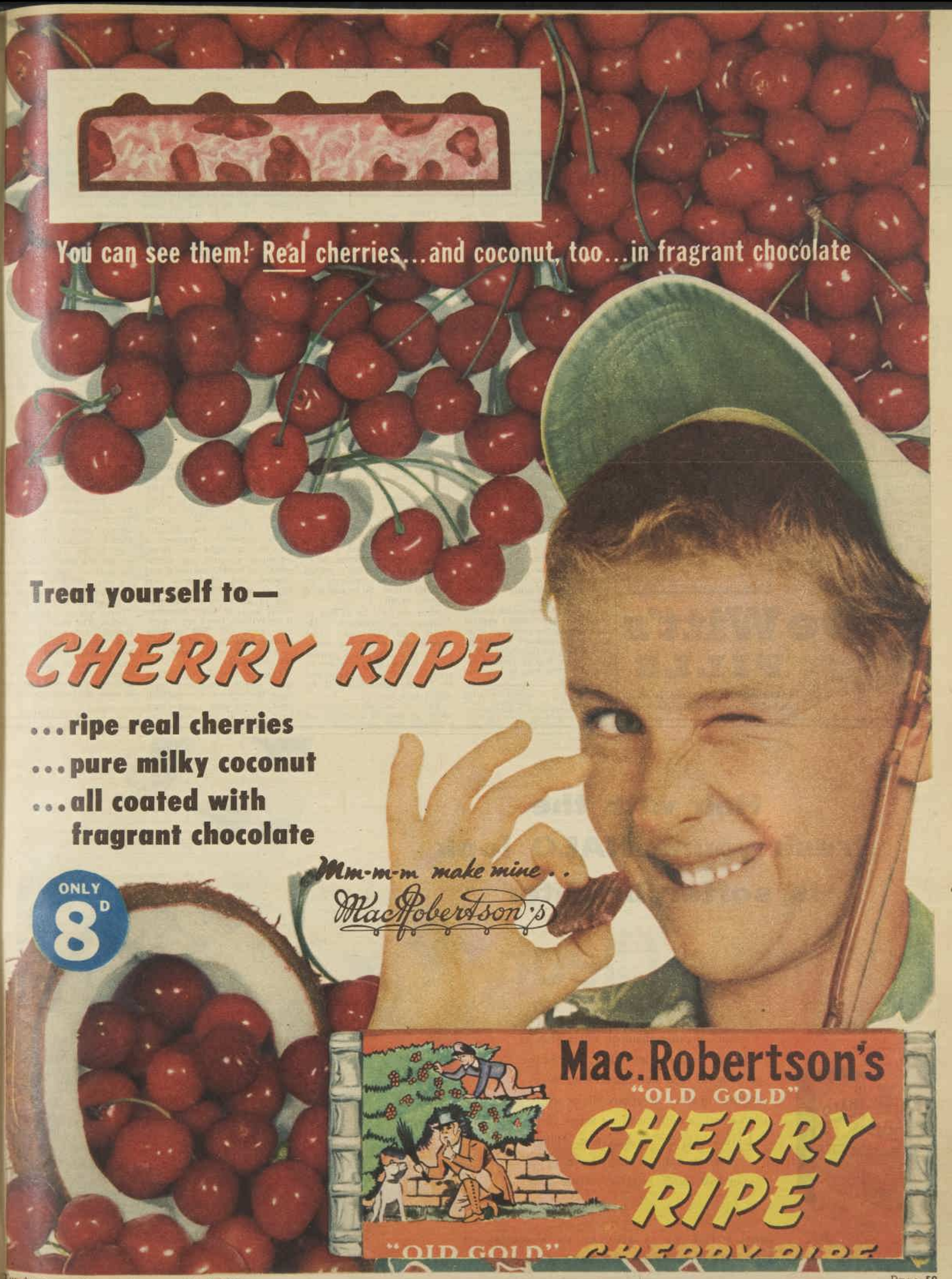

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Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 58

remote and uninformed. He rang up a man he knew — a man just a little more than a business acquaintance, a little less than a friend.

"Norman? It's William here. What's up? You sound like a foghorn."

"Flu. Confined to bed."

Blast!

"Sorry to hear that. I was hoping to see you about something . . . you're the only intelligent soul I know to ask about it — intelligent and disinterested, too."

"Can't you tell me over the phone?"

So William described the list and the envelope. The man asked him about the postmark. He hadn't thought of that. It was Sydney. No help there. The man was very patient with him; he didn't laugh, he treated it seriously, and, after weighing up all the evidence, he gave William his considered opinion that it was simply a joke, rather a nasty silly joke. He said the world was full of crackpots, and it would all look different in the morning. William thanked him warmly, feeling bleaker than ever.

He did sleep, after all; the whisky caught him between one worry and the next.

In the morning it didn't seem as silly as his friend had prophesied, but the day wore on and the week went by, and it was a full three weeks before another list came. Then it wasn't silly at all. The circumstances were identical. The items were identical. This time he wouldn't put it off — he'd go to the police. Next morning another list came and William, thoroughly shaken, went to the police.

He wasn't impressed by the interview. He couldn't explain the items to the police — what sort of a monster would he look if he told them about Virginia? He had to pretend ignorance. The man he saw was reassuring, said he'd been wise to come to them and to let them know if there were any further developments. In the meantime, they'd look into it. He didn't take the matter seriously, said there were crackpots writing hundreds of such letters daily.

. . . . . .

"Your going-away party, darling." Cynthia's matter-of-fact voice came flat over the wires. "Come for the week-end. The party's Saturday; come Friday night."

"Sound's marvellous. Who'll be there?" he said cautiously.

"Not many. Same crowd as before, actually."

"I can't make it Friday, darling, but I'll come Saturday morning."

Should he go? Safety in numbers. Safer than staying alone, perhaps, in his own flat. Anyway, he was beginning to believe in the crackpot theory himself. Maybe "Virginia" was just a coincidence. He'd seen the police again and heard what they had to say. Little enough. The paper was common stuff, purchasable anywhere; envelopes, too . . . but if they could trace the typewriter . . . Did Mr. Flecker have any ideas about the typewriter? He did, but he couldn't tell them, could he? . . . He couldn't say this one or that one; they'd want to know why, they'd investigate and question people, and all those long-mulled-over grudges would come out, bad publicity he couldn't afford. So he said he'd no idea at all.

After all, he'd be as safe at Thornton as anywhere. He could tell Cynthia some trumped-up story and she'd watch over him like a mother hen. She'd go to a lot of trouble about the weekend and be bitterly disapointed if he didn't turn up.

But on Saturday morning, when he was all ready to set off, he got a letter postponing his trip indefinitely. Some ridiculous hitch. And all they sent was a letter. He was furious and humiliated. He hated the thought of the embarrassment it would cause; sympathy that would be so hard to take, harder even than the gibes of the sour-grapes department.

He couldn't very well let Cynthia down at the last moment. Best to go and tell them all and have the thing buried for a while. Things didn't often go wrong for him now, and he felt in the worst of moods on this cloudless morning.

In a low state physically, irritable and nauseous, his head begining to ache. Too many late nights, too much liquor, and on top of it the depressing news — his ego hung about him like a pricked balloon. Cables when they wanted you, he thought bitterly, letters when they didn't. Typical of the whole uncertain business. The world around him was colored by his mood, and he thought he'd never seen such depressing streets, such oafish people, such ugly buildings.

HE drove fast to get out of the city. He was sick of Sydney. He'd been conditioned to leave it, buoyant at the thought of an entirely new world awaiting him. Sydney, he thought, is all ingrown and cramped, a foot in a too-tight shoe. Great buildings shooting up everywhere, all banks, insurance, and airways, great American cars and no new roads and no solution in sight — with all that lovely moat of water hemming it in. William loved big American cars; he had nothing against insurance and banking —they were on his side. It was just today.

Outside Sydney he looked with equally jaundiced eyes upon the ugliness of rows and rows of cottages. There may have been a need for better planning and design, but the ugliness was inside William. He was sick of this country—its dry, barren, everlasting quality that had never touched his heart. He didn't know that nothing had ever touched his heart. He'd come the wrong way; he should have taken the other route on the north side of the harbor.

He rushed headlong past it all, the brown earth and the green earth. Now he was approaching his destination, and one of the lushest of valleys seemed to him the sum of all desolation. He was reluctant to meet them — he knew very well that they'd all come bearing gifts, his going-away presents. He was the guest of honor and he was a fraud. He'd prefer not to be there at all. Once there he'd prefer not to stay. How unamusing everything was.

They were all there on the terrace when he arrived, waiting for him. Everything was in hand for the party at night. Envious they might be — yet there was a certain exultance about them — was it because he was going? Well, he'd soon cook that goose! He got Cynthia alone first, in the house, and felt a naive pleasure when she looked so glad about his news. Then she came outside with him again.

It was almost worth it for the expressions on their faces. There was some amusement to salvage, after all. Bob so tense, Pamela stunned, Des glowering. As for Jack, you could see his new dream falling about his ears — the expression on his silly, long face was frantic. They could all be anonymous letter-writers, any one of them. There was no distinguishing mark. The devil with it, he thought; let's be gay while we may. At least Cynthia showed her pleasure plainly. He offered a cynical toast to all his friends who'd rallied round to wish him God-speed, and drank to each of them separately.

To be continued

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Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary additives in Halo, no greasy oils or soap to interfere with cleansing action or leave sticky, dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean.*

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BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5387.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make lace-trimmed panties. Sizes 24 to 30in. waist. Requires 1¼yds. 36in. material, 2yds. 1¼in. lace. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5252.—Pretty, feminine dressing-gown can be made either full length or street length. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: full length, 6yds. 36in. material; street length, 4⅝yds. 36in. material; ⅝yd. 36in. contrast material for trimming. Price 4/6.

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4050, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F5251. — Empire-line nightgown has a hemline frill. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼yds. 36in. material, 2¼yds. 1in. ribbon. Price 4/-.

F5245.—Lace-and-ribbon - trimmed lingerie set includes petticoat, nightgown, and bedjacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 8⅝ - 8⅞yds. 36in. material, 11yds. beading, 11yds. ¼in. ribbon, 2¾yds. 1in. ribbon. Price 4/9.

F5386.—Maternity slip has adjustable front fastening. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material, ⅜yd. 36in. lace, 6½yds. ½in. lace. Price 3/6.

F5388.—Shortie pyjamas are practical and pretty. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material, 17yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 3/9.

Needlework Notions

No. 981.—SMALL GIRL'S PLEATED SKIRT

The pleated skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make. It has a white poplin bodice with a tuck for easy lengthening. The skirt material is wool, and color choice includes brown, burgundy, brown with white fleck, cherry with white fleck, grey with white fleck. Sizes: 2 years, 23/3; 3-4 years, 26/3; 5-6 years, 27/9; 7-8 years, 29/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 982.—CHILD'S COOGANS

The practical coogans are obtainable cut out ready to make in wool—with a color choice of brown, burgundy, and brown with white fleck—and in corduroy velveteen. The velveteen colors include junior-navy, burgundy, and mid-green. Sizes: 2 years, 17/3; 3-4 years, 18/9; 5-6 years, 19/9; 7-8 years, 20/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

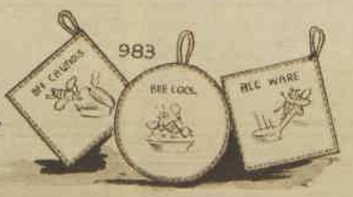
No. 983.—SET OF POT-HOLDERS

The set is obtainable clearly traced to embroider with a novel bee design. The material is headcloth, and color choice includes white, blue, lemon, and pink. The pot-holders are also available in blue or dark red denim. Set of three, 3/3. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 984.—MATERNITY SUIT

The maternity suit is obtainable cut out ready to make in wool angora, with a color choice of blue-grass, midnight-blue, geranium-pink, burgundy, and cornflower-blue. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 84/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 87/3. Postage and registration 4/3 extra.

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning July 6

ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat. Luck in the family circle.

★ A recent disagreement in the family could be cleared up and leave the way open for greater co-operation, which makes for thrift, clamps down on reckless impractical schemes. Any hopes you cherish with regard to the family, housing, moneymaking possibilities receive a boost, but beware of expecting something for nothing.

TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in silence.

★ Don't broadcast your domestic or financial affairs. They'll come back in garbled form, greatly exaggerated. If someone confides in you, keep the information to yourself. Try to work with, rather than against, those who are linked with you through necessity or choice. Use your eyes and ears to good advantage; be an intelligent listener.

GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a steady keel.

★ The temptation to run to extremes could involve you in difficulties, either emotionally or financially. Risks or gambles of any description are not recommended. Don't let worry over what may never happen drive you into a foolish act. Handle with calm detachment any questions which arise between you, your loved ones or friends.

CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a personal matter.

★ Whatever your ideas, hopes, wishes, at least some of them are about to come true. Perhaps you have struggled hard, and now see the goal in sight, or it may be suddenly presented to you on a silver platter. It may be concerned with personal - relationships, love, health, or your economic basis, but you should all have some reason to rejoice!

LEO
The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck despite obstacles.

★ People may oppose your plans, or things may be difficult to handle. What you thought would be easy to carry out is likely to develop all sorts of snags. Impatience, eagerness to slash through in a hurry are the greatest dangers. Proceed slowly, cautiously, making sure of each step before attempting the next. Succeed by steady effort.

VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck through friends.

★ You may be in for a few shocks when you find out who are your real friends, and who are cultivating you only to serve their own ends. The climax of a curious episode may be in sight. If it holds a bit of disillusionment don't grieve too much. Just charge it up to experience. This applies in particular to teenagers with two girls interested in one boy.

LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck before the public.

★ Don't stay home even if you would prefer to. Your interests will be best served by getting out and meeting as many people as possible. Some will not appeal to you, but certain new acquaintances will become real, permanent friends enriching your life. If in love, you and the beloved may benefit through someone you meet on a social occasion.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in long-term planning.

★ If you know where you are going, and work steadily towards your objective, you must succeed in your purpose. The live-for-the-hour philosophy may be pleasant, but it's fatal to ambition, and your sign is never content to play second fiddle. Lay foundations solidly. If it's love on your mind, plan your campaign with heart and head.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a secret.

★ It's fun to hug a secret and enjoy it until you are ready to tell the world. This could be the announcement of your engagement, the news that you have won a prize in a competition, a present you are making for one you love or just a little expedition to a place you have long wanted to see. The homemaker may indulge in a bit of luxury.

CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in following others.

★ Wait for people to come to you. Let associates take charge, make the first move. You gain more than you would have dared ask. Should you be falling in love with a handsome stranger, let him do the courting; he'll soon be dating you. If you are active in a group, and would like to be more prominent, wait until increased responsibility is offered.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 18

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in finishing things.

★ It may be a jumper you're knitting, a dress cut out with enthusiasm but left lying in a drawer, a hobby in which you were beginning to show progress, all neglected because of cross-currents or social obligations. Now is the time to finish the job and reap the benefit. Take up only one thing at a time, and finish it. Don't burden yourself too much.

PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat. Luck among young people.

★ Teenagers join a new club, or a dancing class, organise outings to new places. Those in the twenties find social life leading to romance, engagement, marriage. Older people may rejoice over the good luck of a son or daughter, organise a function for their children, children's friends. Use tact with elderly friends. Youth wins over opposition.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

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Now in the prettiest bathroom colours!

PINK AQUA YELLOW WHITE

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Buy Kleenex* 2-ply toilet tissue

FOR HEALTHFUL COMFORT

The subject of toilet tissues is rarely mentioned. But think of it. What *do* you need in a toilet tissue? Don't you need *gentle absorbency* more than anything else? For your *health's* sake? Doctors the world-over stress the importance of using a gentle, absorbent toilet tissue for the most delicate parts of the skin.

Softness, Absorbency, Strength. The safest toilet tissue must have *softness, absorbency,* and, of course, *strength* as well.

Kleenex toilet tissue has all these vital health requirements. *Softness* to protect your delicate skin. *Absorbency* to leave your skin comfortably dry. And 2-*ply strength*, to avoid the risk of infection.

Kleenex toilet tissue is the safe, health-protecting tissue . . . a baby care your family needs throughout life.

Soft ! Absorbent ! Strong !

ONLY 1/11 A ROLL

. . such a moderate price for gentle, healthful comfort. KLEENEX toilet tissue is tightly and hygienically wrapped. Tears silently—no wastage.

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Fashion Tot

Long parades on the "catwalk" keep child model Fiona Foerster, of Manly, N.S.W., busy. Where does this active 3-year-old get her energy? She enjoys *Vegemite every day.* Vegemite — the *only* pure, concentrated yeast extract — is the richest food source of Vitamin B, which is *essential* for:

- healthy nerves
- good digestion
- clear skin
- vitality

Your children will enjoy delicious Vegemite. Spread it on toast, sandwiches, biscuits — or on baby's rusks.

VEGEMITE — made by Kraft

Just squeeze it on!

Adorn CREAM HOME PERM in a handy tube

You can Recap Tube for future use

Comb through, roll up, rinse. Your hair perms as it dries! No drip! No mess! No bother!

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Can't move without agony?

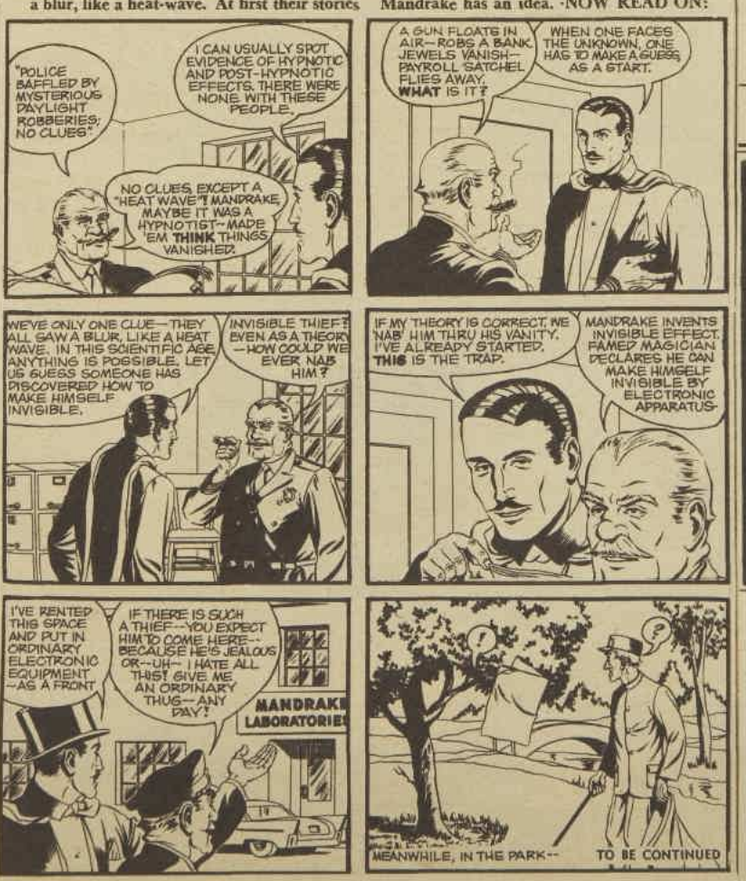
Then start a course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to deposits of acids from poisonous toxins in the blood. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS, helps cleanse your blood of these poisons that cause ill-health. If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, neuritis, kidney and bladder weakness, constant headaches or hot flushes, start the MENTHOIDS treatment right away. MENTHOIDS, with helpful diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere. M8

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and THE CHIEF OF POLICE are investigating a series of mysterious thefts. The victims all say that the valuables seemed to move by themselves and then suddenly vanished into the air. They could see nothing except a blur, like a heat-wave. At first their stories were not believed, but Mandrake has proved that they were telling the truth by using his power of Hypnotic Telepathic Projection. The Chief of Police is baffled by the mystery, and is ready to give up the case, but Mandrake has an idea. NOW READ ON:



An information-packed article about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

Happy Bath Times For your Baby

Give Baby a Menu!

Tips on Car Riding!

A good bath does so much more than just get your baby clean! It lets him kick and splash, laugh and squeal. It helps him relax—and sleep better, too. To avoid bathtub fears, don't use much water at first—and test with your elbow to be sure the temperature's comfortable.

● **Slippery when wet!** But here's a safe way to hold your wiggly baby in his bath. Let his neck rest on your wrist. Take a good grip round his shoulder and armpit. Chances are he'll grab your thumb, kick up his heels, have a splashing good time—in safety! Don't forget to let Dad share the fun of baby's water sports too during week-end dunkings.

● **A menu for Baby.** Variety is the spice of *Baby's* life, too. Thanks to Heinz experience, there are now so many different ways of ensuring that baby receives the daily nourishment he needs. His early habit of enjoying a wide range of foods is a wonderful help when he eventually switches to adult meals. Always remember Heinz Baby Foods are *not* a specialised system of feeding but the perfect preparation of the regular foods your baby needs every day.

● **Sitting himself up** is simple when your Baby's muscles are strong enough. Heinz Strained Meats—Beef, Lamb or Veal—help him develop nice big muscles because they supply *complete* protein, important B vitamins and iron. Heinz Strained Meats are prepared by a special process that retains all the natural goodness.

● **Mother's Lap** is not a safe place for baby to sit during car rides! A sudden stop may bump his head against the dashboard or cause more serious injury. Put your precious little passenger in a special baby basket or car seat.

● **Good as Gold**—that's Heinz Strained Orange Juice. It's the pure juice of tree-ripened oranges, the ones with the pleasantest taste and highest Vitamin C content. From bottle *or* spoon, all babies love this sure way of guaranteeing their daily Vitamin C needs.

Over 40 Varieties of Broths, Soups, Meats Vegetables, Sweets and Puddings for Young and Older Babies.

HEINZ

— the world's most trusted name in BABY FOODS

VARICOSE VEIN SUFFERER? EXPECTANT MOTHER? SWOLLEN LEGS?

Important:

DO NOT BUY ANY STOCKING until you have seen the amazing new English-Sheer-Seamless-Nylon

"INVISILON" Corrective Stockings

(Invisible under sheer nylons)

Prescribed by Doctors

ASK YOUR CHEMIST.

There is no substitute for "INVISILON"

New "INVISILON" Stockings combine the **Sheerness** and **Fashion** you want; and are the only Seamless Nylon Corrective Stockings **in the World** that give the correct, approved, tension-support to the legs all day!

three way relief for ECZEMA sufferers!

Don't suffer the pain and embarrassment of eczema and unsightly skin complaints. DOAN'S OINTMENT can help you — it goes to work on skin troubles in three wonderful ways. DOAN'S OINTMENT relieves the pain and itch. It protects tender and inflamed skin. It combats infection. No more ugly blotches and pimples, no more itching or irritation. Never scratch itching skin. Apply DOAN'S OINTMENT for safe, soothing relief. From chemists and stores.

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Bring Sunshine to Your Table

ARNOTT'S BUY THE GOOD THINGS WHICH AUSTRALIA GROWS IN THE SUNSHINE

During the past 85 years, Arnott's have used vast quantities of wheat which they have converted into delicious biscuits for sale in Australia and export overseas.

The effect of this ever-increasing demand for Australian wheat by Arnott's has been felt even in the remote districts; not wheat alone, but butter, milk, eggs and dried fruits.

There are rare values in Australian wheat grown in our generous sunshine.

An ideal form in which the shredded grain of Australian wheat is available to you is in Arnott's famous Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits, in which, by special process of their manufacture, the full protein and mineral content of the wheat grain in this biscuit is retained.

These biscuits also encourage slow chewing and, therefore, good digestion.

They contain a natural balance of nutriment.

Bring sunshine to your table with—

Arnott's

famous

SHREDDED WHEATMEAL

Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

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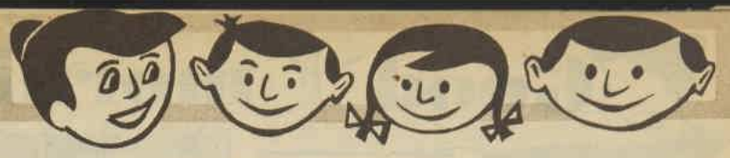

YOU AND YOUR FOOD

• Food can be fun — or anything you care to make of it. The right foods in right balance, cooked well, will give your family health, zest, and vitality.

TODAY the average wife and mother who does the shopping has enough money to feed her family superbly well.

One type of housewife will do precisely that. She will shop wisely, budget well, and love cooking. Another type will not do quite so well.

Both housewives devote their whole time to looking after their families. Yet one gets a wonderful result in terms of health and happiness; the other falls short of it.

The difference, and the reason for it, goes something like this. There are no bad foods—all foods are good. But there are no perfect foods. Every food lacks something which you can find in some other food.

To get a perfect diet you must range widely. Do that and you'll be doing much to improve the health of your family.

This Family Doctor Cook Book tells you just how it is done. You'll find recipes that range from sausage patties to mouth-watering chicken. And you'll find some wise words labelled Family Doctor Says . . .

SMOTHERED STEAK, succulent and satisfying, is an ideal dish for a growing family.

THE WISE SELECTION

• Here is a typical well-balanced meal. It is taken from "A Fortnight of Family Meals" (in this supplement), and is marked on the meal chart for Wednesday of the first week.

TOMATO JUICE

Your children will love this; it's a good after-school drink, too.

SMOTHERED STEAK

This utilises skirt steak for a dish that takes only 45 minutes. Allow 1¼lb. meat for four servings, and treat it with meat tenderiser.

One and a half pounds skirt steak, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon shortening, meat tenderiser, 1 large onion, ½ cup water, salt, pepper.

Treat steak with tenderiser as directed on package. After it has been standing the required time, coat with flour and brown thoroughly on both sides in the hot fat. Add sliced onion to the fat and cook until it is soft and yellow. Add water, salt, and pepper, bring to the boil. Cover with tightly fitting lid, reduce heat, and simmer gently 45 minutes. Remove meat, thicken gravy with a little blended flour. Serve with carrots, peas, mashed potatoes, sliced tomatoes, and extra fried onion rings.

ORANGE AMBROSIA

This cool, fresh-flavored sweet is a good foil for the rich, smothered steak.

Four navel oranges, 4 tablespoons desiccated coconut, 4 tablespoons castor sugar, extra castor sugar and shredded coconut, glace cherries.

Peel oranges with a sharp knife, removing as much white pith as possible. Cut into thin slices roundways. Arrange half the slices in a large, shallow serving dish, sprinkle with 4 tablespoons castor sugar and the desiccated coconut. On top arrange remaining orange slices, left whole or cut in halves. Sprinkle with extra sugar, decorate with shredded (or desiccated) coconut and glace cherries. For a very moist sweet a little tinned fruit syrup may be trickled over the oranges.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . . . . MEAT

Meat is a splendid food. There are people who object to eating meat, but they have no argument when they claim that meat is not good nutritionally, or even that it is harmful. Meat supplies better protein than any sort of vegetable food. It also has some vitamins that no vegetable food has at all. And it is one of our best sources of iron. There is nothing in meat which is harmful. And everything in meat that does you good is scored in much the same nutritional quantities whether it's shin of beef, leg of mutton, scrag end, or even a prime rump steak. Only the prices are appreciably different.

Adapted from Cookery and Recipe Book of Balanced Meals for Better Feeding, published by the British Medical Association.

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Good morning—good eating

• A really good breakfast makes all the difference between starting the day with a bounce instead of a gloomy slouch.

DID your family have a good breakfast this morning? Or did they rush off to catch the school bus or the 8.15 on a snatched breakfast of tea and toast?

Make sure your family eat breakfast something like this every day:—

Fruit juice, stewed fruit, fresh fruit, or fruit salad.

Cereal and milk and/or

Eggs or bacon or sausages, or fish, or sardines, or baked beans.

Toast and butter with marmalade or jam.

Milk, tea, or coffee as a hot drink.

Breakfast is even more important in the summer. Children who are too hot to eat a good lunch and too tired to do more than pick at dinner will often make the first meal of the day their best.

If they have had an egg, or fish, or meat for breakfast, together with a crisp apple to chew, a handful of raisins, and a glass of milk, don't worry if they are not interested in dinner. In winter a bowl of porridge with a spoonful of honey or syrup is warming.

Here are a few suggestions for quick, hot breakfasts to start the day well:

EGGS ON CRUMPETS, served with grilled cheese-topped tomatoes and crisp Saratoga chips, make for a breakfast with a real difference.

YOU AND YOUR FOOD

FRENCH TOAST

(Delicious with small fried sausages or thick stewed apple.)

For each 2 people allow:—

One large egg, 2 tablespoons top milk, pinch salt and sugar, 3 slices bread, butter or margarine or vegetable shortening, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Beat the egg, add milk, salt, and sugar. Cut each slice of bread into 4, dip into the egg mixture. Fry in melted butter or margarine or vegetable shortening in shallow frying-pan until crisp and golden. Sprinkle with cinnamon-sugar made by mixing the cinnamon and sugar together.

CREAM CHEESE PANCAKES

(These are made like pikelets or griddle cakes, but with cottage or cream cheese used in place of some of the milk.)

One large egg, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons milk, 2 to 4oz. cottage cheese or cream cheese, 3 or 4oz. self-raising flour.

Beat egg with salt, add milk. Gradually beat into the cheese. Add sufficient self-raising flour to make a thick batter of pouring consistency. Drop the mixture from the tip of a tablespoon on to a hot greased griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan. The pan should be sufficiently hot for the heat to be felt on the hand held 1in. away. Cook gently until the bubbles pop on top, then turn with a flexible knife and cook on other side. Serve at once, plain, or sprinkled with sugar.

BACON OMELET

(A change from the usual dish.)

For each 2 servings allow:—

One or 2 rashers bacon, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon cold water, pinch salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon butter.

Trim rind from bacon, fry until crisp. Cut in small pieces, keep hot. Beat eggs with water, add salt and pepper. Heat the butter until it starts to color. Pour in egg mixture, then keep lifting the mixture from the edge of the pan as it sets to allow the uncooked part to run to the edge. When the underside is golden and the top set, sprinkle the bacon on one half and fold over. Add a nut of butter to pan and allow it to brown slightly to give a golden finish to the omelet. Serve at once garnished with chopped cooked bacon or bacon rolls and parsley.

EGGS ON CRUMPETS

Crumpets, butter or substitute, eggs.

Cook **1 crumpet** per person in gently sizzling **butter or substitute** until it is golden-brown on both sides. While second side is browning, push to one side of pan, and fry **one egg** per person in the same pan. Serve the egg on the crumpet.

Note: A pan sufficiently large to take 2 eggs and 2 crumpets is most convenient.

FINNAN HADDOCK

Haddock (or cape fillets), milk, butter, pepper.

Cut haddock into service-sized pieces, place in pan, cover with cold water. Bring slowly to boiling point, drain. Remove dark skin, place fish in pan with sufficient milk to just cover base of pan. Place a dab of butter on each piece of fish, add a generous sprinkling of pepper. Poach gently until fish is tender, white, and flaky. Lift carefully on to heated plate, serve with buttered toast.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . . HAVE A GOOD BREAKFAST

Some people have a big breakfast. Others prefer a small breakfast or none at all. But it has been shown conclusively that you are not at your best by midday if you haven't eaten properly in the morning. You are more irritable, less precise in your work and more easily tired after a small breakfast. But you can avoid all this if you have a reasonable breakfast, which includes foods with a fair amount of protein. This means fish or eggs, or meat, or bacon, or a lot of milk. And a good way to take the milk is with cereal.

Swift and simple

If a cooked breakfast is not possible, or not appreciated, there are plenty of ready-made ideas at the grocer's.

Ring the changes with bread for toasting. Wholemeal and brown breads are particularly good with marmalade or jam. Rye bread, toasted, is very good with soft cheese. Unsweetened scones, stale or otherwise, are good toasted, buttered, and spread with cheese.

For snatch-and-run breakfasters the keynote must be simplicity and variety. Once they start to enjoy breakfast and look forward to something different each morning, you will get more pleasure serving it. Then, too, they may get up just that little bit earlier to enjoy it even more at leisure.

And here's a suggestion — have you thought of setting the table the night before so that it has a welcoming neatness in the morning?

Scrambled eggs are excellent if the family comes down in ones and twos. They will keep hot without toughening in a double saucepan, or if the pan in which the eggs were cooked is placed in hot, not boiling, water.

Buy wisely—buy well

WITHOUT your last grocery bill, do you know today's price for castor sugar? Or flour? Or how much you paid for dried fruit?

Of course it's false economy to spend a morning finding which shop has cheese for 2d. a pound less. But it is good housekeeping to know just what you are getting for your money, how much you are paying for the packaging, the exact quality of the product.

It is not always possible to find out, but if the question is asked often enough, eventually perhaps labels will say, for instance, how many pear-halves a tin contains and whether the fruit is first or second grade.

Be economical with shopping time as well as money. Buying in reasonable bulk does save money for the average family, but it is necessary to order perishable foods, such as butter, eggs, and so on, by the week.

Buy cheese in small portions and be experimental in your choice. Keep cheese in a polythene bag to preserve the flavor and texture.

Look for cheap lines at the grocer's—he may sell a "special" line each week.

But be sure to check tinned foods carefully. Dented or bulging tins are not a good buy, however cheap in price, as the contents may not be in good condition.

Read labels carefully so that you know just what you are getting.

For better value and service, choose one shop for the main buying of each kind of food. A reliable butcher, baker, fishmonger, fruiterer, and grocer will give the most economical service over the years, and a lot can be learnt from their guidance.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . . EGGS

If you want to get a general idea of what food has in it, it is useful to think of what that food is doing naturally. An egg has to provide all the nourishment for turning a single tiny cell into a complete, independent little chick in 21 days. Apart from calcium from the shell for building its bones, the chick gets everything else from the part of the egg you eat. So the white and yolk between them have lots of protein, vitamins, and mineral elements. One of the important mineral elements you get from an egg is iron. An egg a day in some form is really first-class policy for family health.

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Weston's coat them in pure block chocolate!

Your first bite tells you it's the real thing! And why Weston's are Australia's biggest-selling chocolate biscuits

A. CHOCOLATE STICKS
Crisp, crunchy nibble-size biscuits, thickly coated with dark chocolate.

C. ORIGINAL CHOCOLATE WHEATEN
Nutty wheatmeal on one side, mouth-watering glossy chocolate on the other.

E. CHOCOLATE DESSERT
Extra-crisp biscuit completely coated in not-too-sweet eating chocolate.

B. CHOCOLATE TEA CAKES
Raspberry-topped biscuit, piled high with fluffy marshmallow, covered in chocolate.

D. CHOCOLATE MINT SUNDAES
Delicious layers of dainty biscuit, mint whipped cream and dark, mellow chocolate.

F. CHOCOLATE CRUNCH
Tender-crisp coconut slice generously frosted with thick, blended chocolate.

ALL AVAILABLE IN HALF-POUND CELLOPHANE PACKETS OR FROM THE TIN.

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YOU AND YOUR FOOD

A fortnight of fine

● These meal suggestions are meant to fit into your particular family routine, and we hope they will help you, for at least a few meals, to solve that eternal question: "What shall I have for dinner?"

SUNDAY:	Jellied Tomato Soup.	★Pot-roast of Beef, Pot-roasted potatoes, Carrots and onions, French beans.	★Apple and Rice Meringue.	SUNDAY:	Pineapple Juice.	★Braised Chicken with Mushrooms, Roast potatoes, green peas.	★Banana Lemon Tart.
MONDAY:	★Split-pea Soup.	Cold Meat and ★Potato Fritters, Shredded cabbage.	Fruit Salad.	MONDAY:	Rice Tomato Soup.	★Chicken Pancakes, Baked Bean Pot.	★Nutty Apples.
TUESDAY:	Cream of Vegetable Soup.	★Sausage Patties with Pineapple, Green peas, Mashed potatoes.	★Lemon Delicious Pudding.	TUESDAY:	Grapefruit Halves.	★Baked Bream, Spinach, carrot rings.	Cheese and celery with crisp biscuits.
WEDNESDAY:	Tomato Juice.	★Smothered Steak, Mashed potatoes, carrots, and beans.	★Orange Ambrosia.	WEDNESDAY:	Oxtail Soup.	★Tomatoes filled with Corn, Cheesy new potatoes, green peas.	★Rhubarb and Apple Charlotte.
THURSDAY:	★Baby Beet Soup.	★Lamb's Fry and Bacon, New potatoes, Brussels sprouts.	Fresh Fruit.	THURSDAY:	——	★Braised Lamb Chops with Parsley Dumplings, Cabbage, carrot slices.	★Fruit Flummery.
FRIDAY:	——	★Fish Patties, Salad Platter, ★Home-made Rolls	★Berry Cream.	FRIDAY:	Cream of Mushroom Soup.	★Salmon Potato Pie, Green peas, baked tomato halves.	Apricots and Rice Custard.
SATURDAY:	★Orange Waldorf Salad.	★Swiss Steak with Rice, Savory beans.	Date Short-cake.	SATURDAY:	Orange Juice.	★ Veal Goulash with Noodles, Green salad.	Raisin Pie.

★ SEE RECIPES WITH STAR BELOW

WHEN, and in what form, you eat your main meal of the day depends greatly on where you live and how your family spend the day.

Sunday

POT ROAST OF BEEF

(See page 8

APPLE AND RICE MERINGUE

Two to 3 cups cooked apple pulp, 1¼ cups cooked rice, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¾ cup milk, 1 egg-yolk, vanilla.

Meringue: One egg-white, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Place apple in a greased pie-dish. Mix rice, sugar, and milk together in a saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring frequently, until most of the milk is absorbed. Add egg-yolk, cook 3 minutes longer without boiling. Allow to cool, add vanilla, and spoon over apples. Beat egg-white stiffly, add sugar gradually, and beat to meringue consistency. Spoon in rough heaps on top of pudding. Place in slow oven until set and lightly browned.

Monday

SPLIT-PEA SOUP

Six ounces split peas, 2 quarts water, 3 or 4 bacon bones or some bacon rinds, 2 carrots, 2 sticks celery, 1 onion, 2 teaspoons salt, 7 or 8 peppercorns or ¼ teaspoon pepper, blade of mace or good pinch nutmeg, 3 tablespoons flour blended with cold water, chopped mint.

Wash peas well, cover with half the water, leave to soak overnight. Place in large saucepan, add the other quart of water and the bacon bones. Bring slowly to the boil. Add peeled, chopped vegetables, salt, peppercorns, and mace. Simmer 2½ to 3 hours. Remove bones, rub through coarse strainer or put through electric blender. Return to saucepan, bring slowly to boil again, thicken with the blended flour. Serve sprinkled with freshly chopped mint.

POTATO FRITTERS

Four large potatoes, 2 small eggs, 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, vegetable fat or oil for frying.

Grate potatoes very finely — there should be about 2 cups. Leave in a strainer to drain for 10 minutes. Turn into a basin, add beaten eggs, sifted flour, and salt. In a heavy frying-pan, heat fat or oil to a depth of ½in. Place potato mixture, a tablespoon at a time, into the hot fat or oil. It should sizzle as the mixture goes in. Flatten the fritters with the back of a spoon. Reduce heat to moderate, cook fritters 5 minutes on each side, until crisp and a rich brown. Lift out with a slotted spoon to drain fat off, drain further on kitchen paper. Serve piping hot.

Tuesday

SAUSAGE PATTIES WITH PINEAPPLE

Six pork sausages or 1lb. pork-sausage mince, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, browned crumbs for covering, 6 slices pineapple (fresh or tinned), grated cheese, tomato slices, salt, and pepper.

Shape sausage meat into patties about the same size as the pineapple slices. Use seasoned flour for moulding. Dip patties into flour, then beaten egg mixed with milk. Toss in crumbs. Fry golden brown on both sides in hot fat, reduce heat, and cook 8 to 10 minutes longer, turning 2 or 3 times. Remove from pan, drain on kitchen paper, keep hot. Saute pineapple slices in small quantity clean fat in shallow pan until browned on both sides. Place a patty on each pineapple slice, top with sliced tomato and grated cheese. Place under hot griller until tomato is cooked and cheese melted. Serve hot.

LEMON DELICIOUS PUDDING

Two tablespoons butter, 6oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 large or 2 small lemons, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Beat butter and sugar together until well mixed. Add sifted flour and salt. Stir in grated rind and strained juice of the lemon, beaten egg-yolks, and milk. Lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased pie-dish, stand in large dish of warm water, and bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

Wednesday

SMOTHERED STEAK

ORANGE AMBROSIA

(See page 1)

Thursday

BABY BEET SOUP

One bunch small baby beetroot, 1 quart cold water, 1 bouillon cube, 1 teaspoon salt, juice 1 large lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg or 2 egg-yolks, 4 small new potatoes.

Peel washed beetroot thinly, grate coarsely or slice thinly into the quart of cold water. Add bouillon cube and salt. Simmer until tender and color has bled into the liquid. Pressure cooker may be used. Remove pulp, it is now tasteless, and return strained liquid to pan. Add lemon juice and sugar. When almost ready to serve, beat egg or egg-yolks and pour the hot soup on to the egg, whisking continuously to prevent curdling. Serve at once, poured over cut-up, boiled, new potato in each serving-plate. If necessary to keep soup hot until serving-time, do not allow it to boil.

LAMB'S FRY AND BACON

One pound lamb's fry or calves' liver, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons flour, small quantity shortening, 4 bacon rashers, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 small onion, 1 lemon.

Wash liver well, soak 1 hour in salted water. Dry thoroughly, remove skin, cut into slices about ¼in. thick. Mix flour, salt, and pepper, coat liver slices thoroughly. Melt fat in pan, using just sufficient fat to cover base of pan. Fry liver slices until browned on both sides, about 8 to 10 minutes. Remove, keep hot, drain fat from pan. Fry halved bacon rashers, rind removed, in pan. Keep hot.

In clean dry pan or small saucepan, melt the butter, add finely chopped onion, and cook until soft and yellow. Add chopped parsley, cook one minute longer, add lemon juice. Trickle over each serving of lamb's fry served with bacon pieces.

Friday

FISH PATTIES

One and a half pounds skinned filleted fish, 1 medium onion, 1 large egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, about ½ cup browned breadcrumbs.

Wash and dry fish, put through mincer with the onion. Beat egg, add milk, salt, pepper, and melted butter. Mix into the fish alternately with the soft crumbs. Mixture should be firm enough to hold its shape when formed into a patty. Cover mixture with wet greaseproof paper and set aside for an hour. Form into patties about 2½in. in size and ¼in. thick. Coat with browned breadcrumbs. Brown on both sides in hot fat or oil in shallow pan, continue cooking 8 to 10 minutes. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve hot or cold.

HOME-MADE ROLLS

One pound plain flour, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ pint milk, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, 1 egg, 1oz. compressed yeast.

Sift flour, salt, and sugar, leave in warm place. Heat the milk until it steams, pour over the butter or substitute in a large bowl. Add golden syrup and when the hot milk has melted the butter stir in the beaten egg, keeping a little back for glazing the rolls. The mixture should be pleasantly warm. Stir in the crumbled yeast and leave 2 or 3 minutes until the yeast dissolves. Beat in half the flour until the batter is smooth. Add the remaining flour and mix by hand to a soft, scone-like consistency. Turn on to a floured board and knead for a few minutes until the dough looks smooth and silky and is not sticky.

Lift the dough into a greased biscuit tin, cover with a damp cloth. Place lid on tin, leave in a warm place until the dough is doubled in bulk, about ¾ hour. Place dough back on board, knead for 1 minute. Cut into 16 even pieces, shape each one into a roll, or make miniature plaits. Place on greased oven-tray, brush with remaining egg-glazing, and leave in a warm place for a further 20 minutes until risen again. Cook in a very hot oven 10 to 15 minutes until well risen and brown.

BERRY CREAM

Make this sweet with blackberries or mulberries when in season, tinned or frozen loganberries, youngberries, or raspberries at other times.

Three-quarters pint fresh washed berries, crushed sufficiently to make the juice run (water may be added to bring the quantity up to ¾ pint), sugar to taste, good squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon gelatine soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water, ½ pint cream, 1 small tin evaporated milk

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . . Tenderiser

Any tenderiser is an enzyme or ferment, which works best at about blood temperature, but which is destroyed by strong heat. Provided the meat is properly cooked there is no danger of your inside being tenderised. It is doubtful, too, if even the unheated tenderiser would do any harm. The enzymes made by the stomach wall have practically the same effect as the tenderiser on any meat which we swallow, and the process goes on until the meat is completely liquefied. If your stomach walls can stand up to their own digestive juices, as they have to do all the time, there seems no reason why they should be bothered by the enzymes of the meat tenderiser. Most common of these are papain, obtained from papaw, and bromelin, prepared from pineapple.

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family meals

beaten until very thick with 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Place crushed berries and liquid into a saucepan with sufficient sugar to sweeten and lemon juice. Bring just to boiling point, stirring until sugar dissolves. Remove from heat, stir in soaked gelatine, continue stirring until dissolved. Allow to become quite cold but not set. Whip cream, fold into beaten evaporated milk. Fold this cream and evaporated-milk mixture into the fruit. Set in one large dish.

Saturday

ORANGE WALDORF SALAD

One cup chopped, peeled navel oranges, 2 unpeeled red apples cut into large dice, ½ cup finely chopped white heart of celery (or use an equivalent amount of grated carrot), 2oz. chopped walnuts or seeded raisins, 3 tablespoons salad dressing, 1 teaspoon orange juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon sugar, lettuce leaves.

Mix together chopped orange, diced apple, chopped celery or grated carrot, chopped walnuts or seeded raisins. Combine salad dressing, orange, lemon juice, and sugar. Pour over salad ingredients and toss lightly to mix. Cover and leave until serving time. Line small serving-dishes with lettuce leaves, spoon salad into the dishes, and serve at once.

SWISS STEAK

One slice round steak 1½in. thick, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1oz. shortening, 1 small tin tomatoes and liquid or ½lb. peeled, sliced tomatoes and ½ cup water, 2 sliced, peeled onions, 1 stalk celery, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Trim steak, cut into serving pieces. Mix flour, salt, and pepper, pound half of it into the meat, using the edge of an old saucer. Turn meat over, pound remaining seasoned flour into the other side. This process tenderises the meat as well as helping to thicken the gravy. Heat the shortening in a pan and when very hot brown the meat quickly on both sides. Place browned meat into an ovenware dish. Cover with tinned tomatoes and liquid or fresh tomatoes (peeled and sliced thickly) and water, onions, celery, and Worcestershire sauce. Cover casserole, cook in slow oven 2½ hours or until meat is tender. Remove lid for last ½ hour to thicken gravy.

Sunday

BRAISED CHICKEN

One 4-5lb. boiling fowl, 1½ cups breadcrumb seasoning, melted butter or bacon fat, 2 sliced carrots, 1 sliced onion, ½ cup water, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon gravy powder.

Prepare bird as for roasting, fill with seasoning. Brush all over with melted butter or bacon fat. Place in baking-dish in hot oven until browned. Meanwhile scrape and slice carrots, peel and chop onion and cook in melted butter or bacon fat until onion is starting to brown. Transfer these vegetables to a greased casserole. Add water to pan, season with salt and pepper. Stir until boiling, pour over vegetables in casserole. Place browned bird on top, cover closely and cook in a moderate oven 2½ to 3 hours, according to size and age of bird. Remove lid for last 15 minutes' cooking time to crisp the surface of the fowl. Remove vegetables from gravy, add water or stock to increase quantity, thicken with the blended flour and gravy powder.

If preferred, the bird can be cut into joints and served with sauteed mushrooms.

BANANA LEMON TART

One crumb-tart-case, 1 tin sweetened condensed milk, grated rind 1 lemon, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 large bananas, whipped cream.

Crumb-tart-case: Crush 1 dozen large, plain, sweet biscuits, or 3 or 4 cups breakfast flakes. Mix in 2oz. melted butter or substitute, press on sides and base of 8in. tart-plate. Leave in refrigerator until firm and set. Make filling.

Stir lemon juice and lemon rind into condensed milk, continue stirring until mixture thickens. Add sliced bananas, fill into prepared crumb-case, spread sweetened whipped cream over top and decorate with extra banana slices.

Monday

CHICKEN PANCAKES

This dish uses 4 to 6oz. cold poultry, trimmed from the remains of the fowl.

Quarter pound plain flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, ½ pint milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, extra butter, 2 or 3oz. sliced, peeled mushrooms, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ pint chicken stock or gravy, 4 to 6oz. diced poultry, 4oz. diced ham.

Prepare pancakes first. Sift flour and salt, make a well in centre. Drop in unbeaten egg, add half the milk and 1 tablespoon of the melted butter, mixing to a thick batter. Beat until mixture is free from lumps and is full of air bubbles. Stir in balance of milk. Heat a small pan, melt and brown a small lump of butter, wipe pan out with kitchen paper. Melt another small nut of extra butter, pour in sufficient batter to cover pan thinly. Cook until underside browns and the mixture has a dry but uncooked top. Turn on to greaseproof paper, cooked side down. When pancakes are cool stack on top of each other while filling is prepared.

Melt the second tablespoon of butter or substitute, add sliced, peeled mushrooms. Cover and cook gently 4 or 5 minutes. Stir in flour, mix smoothly, then add chicken stock or gravy. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Add the diced poultry and ham or bacon. Place a spoonful of this filling down the centre of each pancake, placed browned side uppermost. Fold the bottom edge over, then the two sides, and roll up like a parcel. Place in a greased shallow dish and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

NUTTY APPLES

Five red-skinned apples, 5 teaspoons apricot jam, 1 egg-white, 4 tablespoons fine dry breadcrumbs or crushed stale biscuits, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 4 tablespoons chopped nuts, 1 cup water.

Wash, peel, and core apples. Place 1 teaspoon jam into core cavity of each apple. Beat egg-white until frothy, brush over surface of each apple. Roll apples in crumbs, sugar, and nuts mixed together. Arrange in a greased oven dish, pour water carefully into dish. Bake, uncovered, until apples are tender, 50 to 60 minutes. Serve hot with custard or cold with cream.

Tuesday

BAKED BREAM

(See page 9)

Wednesday

TOMATOES FILLED WITH CORN

Six to 8 medium-sized tomatoes, allowing one or two for each person, salt, pepper, 1 large tin whole kernel corn (or the equivalent amount of corn on the cob, or quick-frozen corn), 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon scraped or grated onion, grated cheese or chopped cooked bacon or ham, soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut a slice from top of each. Scoop out pulp with a teaspoon, reserve for future use, and turn tomatoes upside down on a flat plate to drain. Dust inside cases when drained with salt and pepper. Combine corn, white sauce, onion, and flavoring ingredients (grated cheese, ham, or bacon), season with salt and pepper. Fill into tomato cases, sprinkle breadcrumbs on top, dot with butter. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

RHUBARB AND APPLE CHARLOTTE

One bunch rhubarb, 2 or 3 green apples, ½ cup sugar, 1-3rd cup honey, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons water, thin slices stale bread, melted butter or substitute, nutmeg, extra sugar.

Wash rhubarb, cut into 1in. pieces. Peel and core apples, cut into very thin slices. Combine sugar, honey, grated orange rind, and water. Heat until honey is melted and ingredients well mixed. Add rhubarb and apple, simmer until fruit is soft. Drain off excess syrup and keep to serve with the sweet later. Cut bread into finger lengths, brush with the melted butter or substitute. Line sides of a cake-tin or pie-dish. Fill rhubarb and apple into the dish, cover top with remaining bread fingers. Sprinkle with extra sugar and dust with nutmeg. Bake in fairly hot oven until bread topping is lightly browned and crisp. Serve hot with custard and some reserved fruit syrup.

Thursday

BRAISED LAMB CHOPS WITH PARSLEY DUMPLINGS

Five or 6 chump chops, 1 tablespoon good, clean fat, 1 chopped onion, 1½ cups water, ½ teaspoon vegetable extract, 1 cup diced vegetables (carrot, turnip, celery), salt, pepper.

Dumplings: 1 cup plain flour and 1½ teaspoons baking-powder (or ¾ cup self-raising flour and ¼ cup plain flour), ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, ¼ cup chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 or 4 tablespoons water or milk.

Trim chops and brown lightly in hot fat. Remove meat, add onion, and brown. Place meat and onion in ovenware dish. Heat water sufficiently to dissolve vegetable extract. Mix the two ingredients together and pour over the meat and onion. Cover and bake in moderate oven ½ hour. Add vegetables, salt, and pepper, and cook 1 hour longer, adding dumplings after the first 15 minutes.

Dumplings: Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt. Rub in the butter or substitute, add chopped parsley and lemon rind. Mix to a dry dough with water. Shape into small balls, place on top of vegetables and liquid in casserole. Cook with lid on.

FRUIT FLUMMERY

Two tablespoons gelatine, 1¼ cups water, 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup orange juice, ¼ cup lemon juice, grated rind of 1 orange and ½ lemon, pulp of 3 or 4 passionfruit.

Soak gelatine in ½ cup of the water. Blend flour with balance of water, add sugar, orange rind and juice, lemon rind and juice. Bring to the boil, stir in soaked gelatine, simmer 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into basin; when cooled and beginning to thicken, add passionfruit pulp and beat until very thick. Pour into serving-dish or mould, chill until firm. Serve with or without cream.

Friday

SALMON POTATO PIE

One pound old potatoes, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon scraped or grated onion, good sprinkle pepper, 1 16oz. tin salmon, 1½ cups medium-thickness white sauce, squeeze lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Mash freshly cooked potatoes, while still hot beat in butter, milk, parsley, onion, and pepper. Beat until smooth and creamy. Spread over base and sides of greased ovenware dish, keeping back almost half the potato for the top. Drain and flake the salmon, removing any dark skin and bones. Mix with the white sauce, flavor with lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Fill into potato-lined dish, carefully cover with balance of potato. Bake in moderate oven until lightly browned on top.

Saturday

VEAL GOULASH

One pound veal steak, 1 chopped onion, 1 green pepper, 1 tablespoon good clean fat, ½ small tin concentrated tomato soup, 2 teaspoons paprika if available, ¼ pint stock or water, 1 teaspoon salt, a little freshly ground black pepper or ½ teaspoon white pepper, ½ teaspoon dried marjoram, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, boiled noodles.

Cut steak into cubes, chop onion. Prepare green pepper by removing stalk, seeds, and fleshy inside ribs, and chopping finely. Cook onion and green pepper in the hot fat until the onion is soft and yellow. Remove from pan, add cubed steak, and brown well. (This browning can be facilitated by first rolling the steak cubes in dry flour and shaking off any excess before putting into the hot fat.) Add tomato soup, paprika, stock, salt, pepper, and marjoram. Cover pan, or transfer to covered saucepan, and simmer gently 1 hour or until meat is tender. Fold in parsley and serve on a bed of hot cooked noodles.

CRISP Salad Platter is a bowl full of health—lettuce, watercress, shallots, hard-boiled eggs, carrot, halved pears, served with fresh home-made rolls.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . .
Drinking while you eat.

People used to think it was a bad thing to drink with meals. The idea was that the digestive juices became so diluted that they couldn't then do their work properly. The fact is, however, that water is so very rapidly absorbed that the dilution doesn't last long. And in any case, you have such a tremendous reserve of digestive power that all that could happen is that digestion would take a little longer. So it really doesn't matter if you drink with your meals. Do it if you like it, and don't if you don't.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . .
Cooking Greens

From green vegetables we get three important things, vitamin A, mineral elements, and vitamin C. The vitamin A is quite difficult to destroy. The mineral elements tend to dissolve in water; vitamin C also tends to dissolve in water, and in addition is fairly easily destroyed in the presence of air. There is also an enzyme in green vegetables which is released when the leaves are crushed. This increases the destruction of vitamin C. So the rules for cooking green vegetables are simple. Use fresh vegetables, do not let them wilt, do not crush them or cut too finely. Put them straight into boiling water to destroy the enzyme. Use as little water as possible, keep pan covered, cook for as short a time as possible. Serve as soon as cooked.

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Cook a special Sunday breakfast

● Sunday is a time for a more leisurely breakfast, when the family can eat together without frantic clock-watching to spoil their enjoyment of the meal.

FOR these and other "special occasion" breakfasts, try adding chopped, sauteed mushrooms to egg dishes. And, of course, scrambled eggs go very well with bacon and tomatoes.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH MUSHROOMS

Four ounces **mushrooms, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, salt, pepper.**

Wash and drain mushrooms, peel and chop. Melt half the butter or substitute, add mushrooms. Place lid on saucepan, leave to cook for 5 or 6 minutes, shaking pan occasionally. Beat eggs, mix with milk, salt and pepper. Melt balance of butter in saucepan or in top of double-boiler, put in egg mixture, and cook very gently, stirring until mixture is creamy. Then add mushrooms, stir lightly to mix, and serve at once. Serves 4.

Note: Always have the courage to take scrambled eggs away from the heat when they are barely cooked; they will finish cooking in their own steam on the way to the table.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH TOMATOES AND BACON

(Serve with fried bread or buttered toast fingers.)

Allow for each serving of scrambled eggs: One medium tomato, 1 bacon rasher, nut of butter, salt and pepper.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut in halves crosswise. Dust with salt and pepper, place a dab of butter on each half. Grill gently 4 or 5 minutes, place strips of bacon, rind removed, on each piece of tomato, and continue cooking until the bacon is crisp. Serve two pieces of tomato with each serving of scrambled eggs. Chopped parsley may be added to the scrambled eggs if desired.

FRESH BREAD ROLLS

If you like to make a batch of bread with the weekend baking, leave some of the mixture uncooked to make fresh rolls for Sunday morning. Use an ordinary **dough,** but use cold liquid, cold utensils, and flour. After kneading put the dough into a greased polythene bag and leave overnight. **DO NOT REFRIGERATE.** Next morning roll out to ¼in. thickness, cut into rounds as for scones, leave to rise 10 minutes or until puffy. Place in a very hot oven, cook 10 to 15 minutes. For bread recipe see "Fortnight of Family Meals" section.

TOASTED EGG CUPS

(Another weekend breakfast special using not-so-fresh bread.)

Four large slices bread, crusts removed, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Trim crusts from bread. Melt butter or substitute, brush over both sides of bread. Press each slice into an individual size pie-tin. Beat eggs, mix with milk, season with salt and pepper, add cheese. Pour carefully into the bread shapes. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes, or until set. Serve hot. Serves 4.

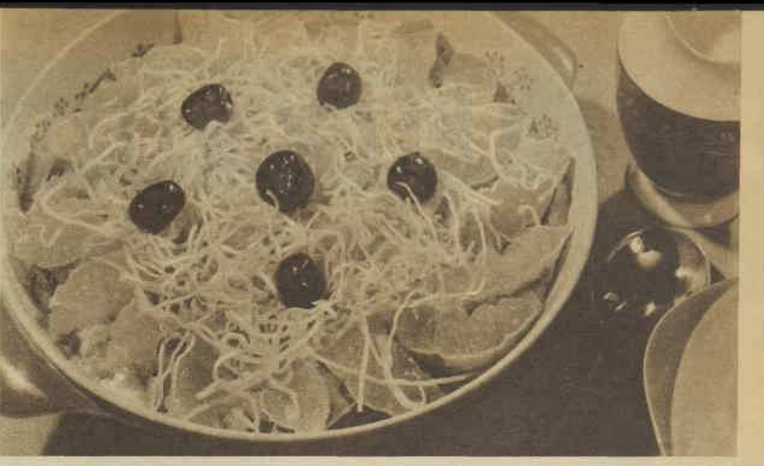
GRIDDLE CAKES

(Hot griddle cakes, 3in. or 4in. across, stacked in piles of 3 and served with butter and syrup.)

Griddle cakes are part of American breakfasts, but it's actually an old Scottish custom, for griddle cakes are really drop scones, only bigger. Anyway, they are delicious. It is a good idea to prepare the ingredients the day before.

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 8 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon melted shortening.

Sift flour, add sugar. Mix beaten egg with milk, gradually add to the flour. Lastly stir in the melted shortening. The batter should be thick, but still thin enough to pour. Heat a griddle iron, electric hot plate, or heavy frying-pan until a little water sizzles when dropped on it. Grease lightly with vegetable fat or lard, then pour batter from a large spoon to make cakes 3in. or 4in. across. When puffed and bubbling on top, turn with a flexible knife blade and cook on other side. Pile three hot cakes on top of one another, top with a square of butter, and serve with slightly warmed golden syrup.



ORANGE AMBROSIA is a fresh fruit dinner dessert which can be served equally well for a "special occasion" breakfast. Recipe for this on page 1.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . . TEA AND COFFEE

In many different countries spread all over the world, man seems to have discovered some plant from which he can get caffeine. Tea, coffee, mate, cola nuts made into an infusion or chewed, all give this stimulating substance. And you get about the same amount of caffeine in the average cup of tea as in the average cup of coffee. Caffeine peps you up and reduces fatigue. In fact, it is true that there is nothing like a good cup of tea for some of the people some of the time. For others it must be coffee.

For a more hearty dish, lightly fry slices of tinned luncheon meat on both sides, then pour some batter on each so that it sets into a hot cake. Cook in the usual way, turning to brown. Serve 2 cakes to each person.

TEA AND COFFEE

Everyone has his own idea of the best way to brew tea, and coffee, too, for that matter. The simplest way to brew coffee is to use one of the varieties of instant coffee now available. If coffee made from coffee-grounds is preferred, the following method is quick and easy.

Allow **a generously heaped tablespoon of medium-fine coffee grounds** to each **½ pint of water.** Scald an earthenware pot with boiling water. Place the measured coffee in the pot, add the required quantity of boiling water. Place lid on, leave for 5 minutes, strain, and serve with **hot milk.**

MUSHROOMS are enjoyed as well for breakfast as in a dinner dish, such as this delicious Braised Fowl. See Fortnight of Family Meals.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . . SLIMMING AND PUTTING ON WEIGHT

There are no such things as slimming foods or fattening foods. What matters, in losing or gaining weight, is whether you eat less or more calories than you use up. Eat less and you lose weight. Eat more and you put it on. What matters is how much food you eat rather than what food you eat. But usually, if you want to lose weight, you must cut down on carbohydrates. On the whole, foods which have little or no carbohydrates are slimming, while foods rich in carbohydrates, i.e., starches and sugars, are more likely to be fattening. But they have the fattening effect only if you eat too much too often.

Eating between meals

After-school snacks

● Round about 4 p.m. the children come home calling "Biscuit and drink, please!" That plea is probably echoed in every family home five days a week.

BUT a biscuit is rarely enough. And after the second or third you know that dinner is going to be a struggle, for nothing is more destructive to young appetites than sweet food between meals.

Most children are not madly interested in the good vegetables conscientious mothers know they should eat.

But after school, a tray of crisp and crunchy fresh carrot sticks is a different proposition altogether. So, instead of biscuits, offer these After-School Specials.

Strips of celery and carrot, say 2 inches long and ¼ inch thick, **an apple,** unpeeled, cut in crosswise slices ¼ inch thick, the core of each slice neatly removed with a tiny biscuit cutter. **A couple of ounces of fresh cheddar cheese,** cut in pieces as big as matchsticks, a petalled **orange,** a small bunch of **grapes,** when they're cheap and in season, or a few **prunes.**

Of course, you won't put out all these dainties every day, but arrange one or two so that there'll be something to look forward to after the walk home from school. When fresh fruit is dear, have a small dish of **seeded raisins** and **salted peanuts.**

You could also include a few pieces of brown bread, cut thinly and toasted. Some of the well-known brands of brown bread take on a particularly nutty and appetising flavor when toasted.

And a drink? Well, there are lots of possibilities. Squash is very popular or you can make your own frozen drink that's nourishing as well as cooling.

Mix together equal quantities of **tinned orange, pineapple juice, and water,** and put in the ice-cube section of the freezer. When the crowd come home, hand them a paper napkin and an ice-cube.

Or you could hand around ripe tomatoes and salt, or small glasses of tomato juice, orange juice, or grapefruit juice. Children love it.

A glass of health

Try a glass of **milk** and a **lettuce-and-cheese** sandwich made with brown bread. Sounds like a snack, but it's nearly as good as a meal.

Because milk is so bland in flavor it makes an ideal companion for spices, fruit juices, and flavored ice-creams. Experiment with a good pinch of **ground nutmeg** added to the bedtime **cocoa.** For teenage parties, serve it topped with snippets of **marshmallow.** And put it in a mug, alongside **cheese and biscuits.**

Bananas taste wonderful with milk and fruit cordial. For each glass mash a really **ripe banana** with a dessert-spoon **castor-sugar,** using a fork for ease. Add a tablespoon of **fruit cordial,** fill up with **milk,** then whisk, using a rotary beater.

Fresh stewed **apricot** and **plum juice** is thick and tasty. Pour 2 tablespoons of juice into a glass, fill up with milk, whisk with a fork, and drink.

Try coffee with a new angle, and call it banana and coffee frost. Mash **two large bananas** to a pulp. Stir in **½ pint milk and 1 pint strong coffee.** Flavor with **vanilla.** At serving-time put in a bowl, beat in a small cube of coffee or chocolate ice-cream. Pour the frothy foaming drink into glasses, serve with a straw. It's delicious.

Here is a favorite pick-me-up:

Combine 1 well-beaten egg, few grains salt, 2 teaspoons sugar. Add a glass of rich milk, sprinkle of ground nutmeg or a little vanilla. Beat well. Serve in a glass.

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Life's five essential foods

Fats and Carbohydrates

THESE are the foods that provide energy. Carbohydrates—the sugars and starches—give you energy that is quickly available. The fats provide more energy, weight for weight, but in a form that is absorbed more slowly, which means that you don't get hungry so quickly afterwards. Fats and carbohydrates go well together—bread-and-butter, chipped potatoes, etc. If you eat too much fats and carbohydrates the excess may be stored as body fat. Carbohydrates are cheap and balance more expensive foods, such as meat and eggs.

Pr

THESE are the body-builders—the essential food stop growing in height, but your body never st lies in your muscles; and half of it has to be replac having a life-span of only four or five days, have eggs, milk, meat, fish, offal, bacon, cheese—can pro

TASTY, substantial dish for Sunday dinner is Pot Roast of Beef served with some delicious vegetables.

TWO SAVORY, NOUR

● From "A Fortnight of

BOTH these dishes are intended as the main course for the main meal of the day.

Pot-roasting is ideal for the drier, or not so fatty, cuts of meat, as the meat is part-roasted and part-steamed.

In Baked Stuffed Bream the stuffing given could be omitted if desired and the plain fish served with grilled tomato halves and mushrooms.

Main dish for First Sunday of Fortnight.

POT ROAST OF BEEF

Three to 3½lb. boned, rolled rib of beef, clove of garlic, 3 dessertspoons fat, salt, pepper, 4 tablespoons water, small whole onions, potatoes prepared as for roasting, carrots.

Cut 4 small slits in top of meat, insert ¼ clove of garlic in each. Brown meat thoroughly in hot fat in heavy saucepan. Season with salt and pepper, add water. Cover closely and cook gently 2½ to 3 hours. About 45 mins. before the meat is done, add potatoes and carrots; 15 mins. later add the onions.

Remove meat when it is tender, and keep hot. If vegetables are not sufficiently brown, leave the lid off and cook quickly. Remove vegetables; keep hot while making brown gravy.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS: MILK.

Milk is obviously a complete food for a growing calf, so it is not surprising that it is a very good food for growing humans. Even so, it is not perfect. No food is. Milk has excellent proteins, vitamins, and mineral elements. But there's not enough iron and hardly enough Vitamin C. Apart from that, milk is about as good an all-round food as you can find. In fact, just because it is such a good food, all sorts of germs like to live and grow in it. Most of these are harmless, but occasionally harmful ones do get into milk. That is why milk should be pasteurised.

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vide material for growth and repair. You may
al and repair. Most of your own body protein
etely every eighty days. The cells of your skin
to be renewed. Only important protein foods—
herewithal for this unceasing renewal.

Vitamins and Minerals

YOU need both vitamins and minerals every day to help with growth and repair and to regulate body processes. Both are essential for good health. Only minute quantities are needed, and are present in food in only the smallest fractions. Some foods are rich in certain vitamins and minerals. Others have little or none. Since you need all the vitamins and minerals, eat every day some of the foods that are relatively rich sources of supply—e.g., fruits, vegetables, salads, together with milk, cheese, and other dairy products.

HING FAMILY DISHES

Meals" (in this supplement)

Main dish for Second Tuesday of Fortnight.

BAKED STUFFED BREAM

OVEN-COOKED fish is a change from fried fish, and contributes to a most nutritious meal.

Four bream, about ½lb. each, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, ¼ teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon scraped or grated onion, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-yolk or 1 tablespoon milk, lemon slices.

Wash fish well in salted water, dry thoroughly. Leave heads on, but remove eyes. Rub inside and out with cut lemon. Combine breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, parsley, onion, melted butter, and grated lemon rind. Moisten with egg-yolk or milk. Fill into fish. Sew up with coarse thread, leaving a loose end to draw thread out when fish is cooked. Place fish side by side on flat, greased oven-dish, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes until flesh is soft, white, and flaky. Remove thread, serve hot with lemon and parsley.

Alternate stuffing: Combine 1½ cups cooked rice, ½ cup chopped tomato, ¼ cup chopped onion, salt, pepper, and 1 egg-yolk. Mix well.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS: BREAD.

There have been arguments about white bread and brown bread almost since man began to bake it. But the answer chiefly depends on whether or not you are trying to live almost entirely on bread. In the ordinary way, white bread supplies enough of the things you need, if the rest of what you eat is sensible. If it isn't sensible, then even the "wholest" of wholemeal won't give you a good diet. Bread, whether white or brown, is a very good source of protein, providing more than one-quarter of our daily protein—more than we get from any other single food.

WHOLE FAMILY will enjoy this Baked Stuffed Bream served with potato chips and spinach moulds.

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NEW SWEDISH WAY TO

Get Slim

NO HUNGER PANGS

with

LARSON'S SWEDISH MILK DIET

WHAT IT IS

LARSON'S S.M.D. is a special diet invented in Sweden, the country with a healthy way of life. It is a palatable, granular preparation which combines with milk to form the bulk your system requires. A fortified food, it discourages appetite without underfeeding. It has swept America, England, Europe and South Africa.

No Underfeeding

LARSON'S S.M.D. reduces your caloric intake yet is so nourishing you never get that weak, starved feeling. By taking it 3 days a week, instead of ordinary food, you lose pounds and inches . . . pleasantly, easily, safely.

How to use it

Take a teaspoon of S.M.D. granules with a glass of milk 4 times a day, only 3 days a week! Monday, Wednesday, Friday, diet the Swedish way — **Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, eat usual meals!**

Vitamins for Health

LARSON'S S.M.D. is a healthy, wholesome food supplement with an enriched formula. **It contains Vitamins as well as the protein, carbohydrates, glucose, minerals and phosphates the body needs when reducing.** Be so fit and energetic on slimming days!

You enjoy life

No monotonous dieting with LARSON'S S.M.D. You only take it 3 days a week. But as you lose weight, how much better you look and feel! Think of the more youthful, attractive clothes you can wear!

Men too!

Overweight men can reduce with it just as pleasantly!

Saves money!

It costs less than the food you would otherwise eat on diet days! You save while slimming!

Quick results!

If you are in normal health and follow the diet **faithfully** you should reduce the very first week. Get LARSON'S S.M.D. from your Chemist or department store today.

LARSON'S S.M.D.

FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR DEPARTMENT STORE

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Larson's S.M.D. from your Chemist, please mail in this coupon.

WORLD AGENCIES PTY. LTD.,
Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney, New South Wales.

Please send me a two weeks' supply of S.M.D. at 21/-, plus 1/- postage.

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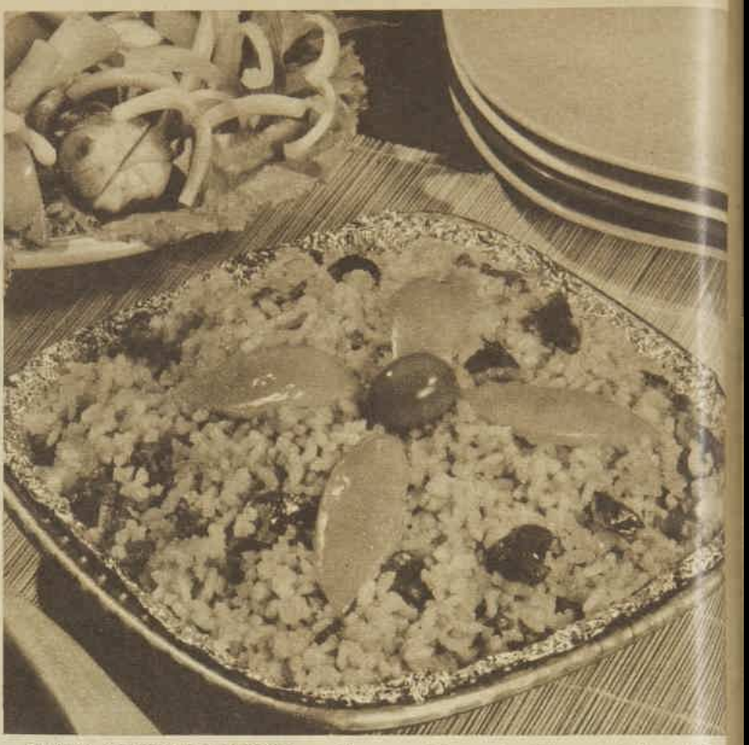
SWEDISH MILK DIET

SAVORY RICE DISHES



TASTY CHICKEN LIVERS have been used to make this nourishing dish. It is garnished with tomato wedges, black olives, and served with a bowl of crisp salad. Parmesan cheese can be sprinkled over for extra flavor.

● **Sustaining for large family appetites, savory rice dishes provide an economical base for many interesting recipes.**

A FIRM, dry unseasoned rice is most suitable for savory dishes.

A sure and simple way of doing this is to wash the rice well and place it in a saucepan.

Add cold water until it comes to 1in. above level of the rice. This is irrespective of the size of the saucepan or the quantity of the rice.

Cover with a tightly fitting lid, bring quickly to the boil; then simmer very slowly for 12 to 15 minutes. When the lid is removed the rice will be in firm, dry grains and all the water evaporated.

All spoon measurements given in these recipes are level.

RICE AND CHEESE SAVORY

Two cups cooked rice, 1 cup grated cheese, 1oz. melted butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 small onion (grated), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Combine rice, cheese, and butter in a saucepan. Add egg-yolks, milk, salt, cayenne, onion, parsley, and sauce; mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenproof dish and bake in a moderate oven 25 minutes. Serve piping hot.

SEAFOOD PUFFS

One cup flaked seafood (crabmeat, tuna, cod, or other cooked fish), 2 cups cooked hot rice, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons flour, egg or milk glazing, 1 cup crushed cornflakes, shortening, ½ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup chopped gherkin, lemon wedges.

Combine seafood and rice, mix in egg, salt, pepper, lemon juice, and parsley, using more or less according to taste. Divide into equal portions and shape into patties with floured hands. Dip in glazing and toss lightly in crushed cornflakes; press on well. Fry until golden-brown on both sides in small quantity of shortening. Serve with mixed mayonnaise and gherkin, garnish with lemon wedges.

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH RICE

Eight or ten chicken giblets or livers, 5 cups stock or water and bouillon cubes, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 onions, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 cups rice, pepper.

Soak livers for ½ hour in cold water, drain, and chop roughly. Place in 3 cups stock with salt and simmer 20 to 25 minutes. Add sliced onion in heated oil, fry slowly for 5 minutes, add butter. Stir in dry rice and fry until lightly browned, stirring constantly. Drain liquid from livers, add to remaining stock, and pour over rice. Simmer 20 minutes, add livers, adjust seasonings to taste, and cook further if rice is not sufficiently tender. Serve on a platter or in a shallow bowl decorated with tomato wedges and black olives. A separate bowl of crisp salad greens and finely grated Parmesan cheese can accompany this dish.

SEAFOOD AND RICE patties with mayonnaise and gherkin sauce make an ideal lunch or late supper dish. Any tinned or fresh fish can be used.

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TO THE POUND

Most flavour
FROM EVERY CUP

Most lift!
AT ANY TIME

KINKARA is very much *your* cup of tea! So economical . . . so full-flavoured . . . so refreshing when you are tired or worried. To get the most from your teapot, buy Kinkara . . .

It's the **Most!**

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New Interest in Life For Old Soldiers

Red Cross Handcraft Service which started during World War II in Service hospitals is now a permanent and rewarding part of Red Cross service.

In Red Cross Handcraft Workshops, servicemen who are aged, crippled and even blind, find a new interest in life. They are taught scores of crafts which they make for pleasure or profit. Even those who cannot leave their homes are not forgotten and are given regular handcraft tuition.

THIS IS THE

RED CROSS CENTENARY YEAR

Australian Red Cross Society (N.S.W. Division)
27 Jamison Street, Sydney

Q222M

Take the guesswork out of planning your new home.
CONSULT OUR HOME PLANNING CENTRES.
For addresses and service details turn to our Home Plan page in this issue.

Easy-when-you-KNOW-HOW:—

COOKING TIPS

GRATED raw potato makes an excellent thickening for soup.

• Here are some hints to save time and trouble in the kitchen. Money-savers, they'll add an individual touch to your cookery.

A TABLESPOONFUL of olive oil added to the water will make spaghetti or rice less likely to boil over.

★ ★ ★

GREASE potato skins before putting potatoes in the oven to bake. Not only will this keep the skins tender but the potatoes will cook more quickly.

★ ★ ★

IF you want to keep a wedding cake for Christmas, sprinkle the bottom of the cake with brandy or sherry. Wrap in tinfoil and store in an airtight tin.

TO remove onion or garlic smell from your hands rub them with a cloth soaked in vinegar.

★ ★ ★

MINIMISE cooking smells by adding a little lemon juice to the cabbage water before it begins to boil.

★ ★ ★

PINCH of salt added to mustard during the mixing will help to keep it moist longer.

★ ★ ★

RINSE a saucepan with water before boiling milk in it. This will prevent burning.

★ ★ ★

WHEN cooking pears leave on the stalks—this will give them a pleasantly unusual flavor.

★ ★ ★

COFFEE will keep fresh much longer kept in an airtight jar in the refrigerator.

HEAT a lemon in the oven before you squeeze it. This way it will give twice as much juice.

★ ★ ★

CARROTS, radishes, and other root vegetables keep longer when the heads, with the leaves still on, are placed in a bowl of water. The vegetable itself should be left out of the water.

RAW ONION rubbed round a salad-bowl gives an ordinary salad a lift.

★ ★ ★

SAVE tears by slicing onions with their skins still on, then slip off the skin and dice quickly with sharp knife.

QUICK way to sour fresh milk—just add lemon juice to required amount.

USE a wet knife when slicing hard-boiled eggs. They will not break so easily.

★ ★ ★

PLACE pieces of peeled apples or pears in cold salted water if you want to prevent them becoming discolored.

SPOON makes sardine tin-opening an easy job.

NEW WAY TO SPEED RECOVERY!

Glucona — the sparkling new glucose health drink

Here we see Grandmother well on her way to a quick recovery, thanks to Glucona. Sparkling Glucona sustains strength . . . builds vitality. And, as it is enriched with Vitamin B_1, Glucona gives *full* benefit without using any of the body's own reserves of this essential vitamin.

Mother's worries are over—Glucona has helped him pick up quickly. In the sickroom, Glucona is invaluable. Being rich in pure medicinal glucose, it is a source of nourishing food and energy at all times—*particularly when even light foods cannot be kept down.*

This mother-to-be knows how quickly Glucona soothes and settles stomach upsets, relieves morning sickness, nausea. She keeps it handy in the 'frig—Glucona is even nicer and more refreshing when chilled. So convenient, too! . . . no mixing—no diluting.

Glucona is recommended by the medical profession and enjoyed in hospitals everywhere. As Glucona contains its own Vitamin B_1 combined with the glucose, it starts immediately to build up fresh reserves of energy and stamina — pours new life into you . . . so you recover *quicker*. Buy sparkling Glucona from your chemist.

HP358

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MOTHER!

WIN

A VOLKSWAGEN

And a course of driving lessons if you don't drive!

1ST PRIZE

or any of **126** other prizes in the

"Mother's Choice" FLOUR

£2,000 JINGLE COMPETITION!

Mother! Imagine you with a brand new car (you choose the colour) . . . and £100 cash in your pocket. You can go shopping, pick up the children from school . . . visit your friends . . . in your own Volkswagen. Or perhaps you'd like a Hotpoint fully automatic electric range you can set and forget (or an Ekco 21" TV set). You can win any of the 127 prizes . . . so easily . . . plus a substantial cash bonus, in this easy competition. This is your chance to be a big winner.

EXTRA £375 in CASH AWARDS!

A Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour packet top must be sent with each entry. Prize-winners who include a Mother's Choice Plain Flour packet top also will receive cash bonuses as follows: 1st—£100; 2nd—£50; 3rd—£5 each; consolation—£1 each.

2ND PRIZE

HOTPOINT FULLY AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RANGE OR A.E.I. EKCO 21" TV SET

25-3RD PRIZES

EACH A CHOICE OF SUNBEAM ELECTRIC BEATER-MIX OR AUTOMATIC FRYPAN.

100 CONSOLATION PRIZES!

Each a hamper of Mother's Choice quality products.

Read this first!

See the recipe for the quick-mix cake on the back of the Mother's Choice Self Raising packet. Here's a one-bowl cake that needs **only two minutes' mixing** with spoon or electric mixer . . . yet is truly . . . deliciously . . . home made. A moist, even-textured cake you can make in a variety of flavours with perfect results every time. In fact, after you've tried this time-saving cake method, you'll be so enthusiastic about it, you'll have no trouble completing the Mother's Choice Jingle on this page.

RULES

1. Open to N.S.W. residents only.
2. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a packet top from Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour. If you also include a packet top from Mother's Choice Plain Flour, you will qualify for the big cash bonuses.
3. The closing date is 5th August, 1959, and entries received after that date will not be considered.
4. Employees and the families of employees of Mother's Choice Pty. Ltd. and their advertising agents are not eligible.
5. Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
6. All entries become the property of Mother's Choice Pty. Ltd. and may be used for advertising purposes. No entries will be returned.
7. Results will be published in Sun-Herald on Sunday, 30th August, 1959. Prizewinners will also be notified by mail.

Remember!

The top of a Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour packet must be sent with each entry.

★ If you also include the top of a Mother's Choice **Plain** Flour packet, you will qualify for the extra cash bonuses.

JUST ADD THE LAST 2 LINES TO THIS PICTURE JINGLE!

Buy Mother's Choice Flour On the back of the pack Is the Quick-Mix-Cake method Give it a crack!	Combine all ingredients In one mixing bowl Mix only two minutes That's fast, 'pon my soul!	You'll be proud as can be Of a cake that's so light _____

You'll find plenty of words to rhyme with **light!**

WRITE YOUR LAST TWO LINES HERE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

GROCER'S NAME _____

(The top from a Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour packet must be sent with this entry.)

☐ Tick here if you also wish to qualify for the cash bonuses by including a Mother's Choice Plain Flour packet top also.

Post complete entry form, together with packet top(s) to **Mother's Choice Pty. Ltd., Box 7065, G.P.O., Sydney,** to arrive not later than **5th August, 1959. Additional entry forms available from all grocers.**

LV19/59.

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he asked his Family Chemist...

. . . and found the shortcut from pain to relief!

Grandmother's favourite cold cure is a charming memory of the horse and buggy days BUT, *in a modern age*, the expert is the man you go to. The Family Chemist. No trial and error, no cabinet filled with useless "medicines", no unnecessary expense! Most important of all, no protracted colds, persistent coughs; no endless sniffing and painful headaches. You get your relief quickly — as efficiently as modern chemistry knows how — which means very efficiently these days!

Remember! A wise move, at the first sneeze, is a quick visit to your Family Chemist. The protection his knowledge gives you costs not a penny more.

ask your Family Chemist ...he knows

TAX RECORD CARD . . . many of the items you buy from your Family Chemist are tax-deductible. Ask for YOUR tax record card, another of the advantages of shopping with YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST.

Your Family Chemist invites you to enjoy Rescue 8 on ATN7 each Friday night at 7.30 p.m.

An announcement of the Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia ON BEHALF OF THE CHEMISTS OF NEW SOUTH WALES FG3

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Rice with sugar 'n spice

CARAMEL RICE is a delicious and nourishing pudding served with cherries and almonds. As a variation chopped dates, raisins, or figs can be added. Caramel sauce is made with golden syrup and condensed milk.

● Rice for pudding no longer means a dull, uninteresting dish. Mixed with various fruits and sauces it takes on a new look that the family will love.

ONE method of cooking rice for sweet dishes so that the grains are soft and separate is to wash the rice well, then drop into a large quantity of boiling water with salt and lemon rind or juice.

Boil for 15 to 20 minutes, strain into a colander and run under hot or cold water tap until water runs clear.

Stand colander over boiling water to keep the rice hot if necessary.

Spoon measurements in these recipes are level.

FRUITY RING DESSERT

One dessertspoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons hot water, ½ cup uncooked rice, ½ teaspoon salt, 2½ cups milk, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup cream or chilled evaporated milk (whipped).

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Combine rice, salt, and milk in saucepan. Bring to boil, cover and simmer until milk is almost absorbed. Add gelatine, sugar, and vanilla; cool. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into ring-mould and chill until firm. Turn out mould by dipping quickly in warm water.

Fruit Sauce: One packet frozen raspberries (thawed), 1 tin pear halves, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Drain juice from both fruits into saucepan, heat with the sugar. Blend cornflour with a little water and mix into heated syrup. Stir until thick, add raspberries, half the pears, and lemon juice; cool. Pour over ring and decorate with remaining pears.

CARAMEL RICE

One cup rice, 2½ cups milk, ½ cup water, pinch salt, ½ cup butter, ½ cup golden syrup, ¼ cup condensed milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Wash rice well, place in saucepan, add milk, water, and salt, bring to boil, then simmer for 15 minutes. Melt butter in separate saucepan, add golden syrup and condensed milk. Cook, stirring continuously for 3 minutes. Stir in vanilla, then spoon rice in sweets bowls, trickle sauce over and decorate with cherries and almonds. If desired, pieces of chopped dates, raisins, or figs can be mixed into the rice before serving.

Yes, ma'am

THE SOAP IS IN THE PAD

Insist on this Yellow and Black pack

for Nigger Boy, the amazing, soap-impregnated steel wool.

Lasts four times longer than ordinary steel wool — cleans better and faster!

NIGGER BOY

Cook perfect **RICE** in 15 minutes the **Sunwhite** way!

1 **Combine:** 1 cup uncooked Sunwhite Rice, 8 cups boiling water, 1 flat dessertspoon salt.

2 **Boil rapidly** for 15 minutes only, with the lid off the saucepan.

3 **Simply** tip cooked rice and water direct into colander and allow the rice to dry naturally.

Now! Sunwhite RIVERINA-grown RICE gives you the delicious *natural* flavour of white rice—just as *nature* intended! And in only 15 minutes you have the snowiest, fluffiest rice you've ever served — the perfect complement to any meal. It's easy on the budget, too. Yes, the best rice costs less—goes further.

THE NATURAL RICE THAT COOKS QUICKLY

CAWNPORE CURRY with RICE

Ingredients: 1 lb. lean leg mutton cut in pieces; 2 level tablespoons butter; salt and pepper to taste; 1 small onion; 1 level tablespoon coconut; 1 level tablespoon chutney; 1 tablespoon lemon juice and small piece of peel; ½ cup plain flour; 1 level tablespoon curry (more if preferred very hot); 2 cups water; 4 cups of boiled rice.

Method: Cut raw meat into small pieces and lightly brown in the butter over a low heat. Season with salt and pepper. Add peeled and diced onion, chutney, coconut, lemon rind and lemon juice. Add water and bring to boil. Blend flour and curry together with a little water. When boiling, thicken with blended curry and flour mixture. Simmer until meat is quite tender (approx. 1-1½ hours, adding a little more water if needed). Boil 1½ cups of uncooked rice to make the required 4 large cups of boiled, salted rice. Drain and serve with the cooked curry, decorating the dish with lemon wedges and serving side dish of chutney. Serves 4.

illustrated above

A Susan Lee Whyte Kitchen Tested Recipe.

Sunwhite Rice

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HOW TO MAKE THEM EAT WELL

• *You do your best — prepare a balanced diet for your family but they won't eat it. This article will help you know whether the remedy lies with you, or is one for a doctor.*

IF you've read the Family Doctor's Cookbook thoroughly, you will know what is meant by well-balanced meals and will make a point of serving them.

"But," you might say, "what's the use of all our planning? We all put the right foods on our table, but that doesn't mean the family eats them."

Are you sure they do not eat the balanced diet you provide? It is true they often fail to eat a balanced meal. But nutrition is not measured by a single meal.

Children who are offered a good variety of foods containing the essential nutrients are likely to balance their diet pretty well over a week or two.

One child might pick at the green salad but do well with other green vegetables.

Another child might decline the cooked carrots at dinner but eat raw carrots nearly every day in the school lunch her mother packs for her.

She might rarely eat cereal at breakfast but have two slices of wholemeal bread with her luncheon sandwich, and one slice of bread is the equivalent of one helping of cereal.

Many mothers who have had to deal with food allergies, or whose budget is small, have become expert at juggling substitutes. Even when a boy or girl shows a marked dislike for some food, if an issue is not made of it and a good variety of food put on the table from day to day and week to week, the children's appetites will tend to satisfy their nutritional needs.

Most children, in fact most people, have some food preferences, and a great many have a few active dislikes among certain foods. But many food dislikes are only temporary.

If a mother forces a child to eat a food for which he has no desire she may turn a temporary dislike into a permanent one.

When the mealtime atmosphere is relaxed and food is offered, not forced or urged on them repeatedly, most children are willing to taste, especially if others at the table are evidently enjoying the dish.

Mothers like to please each member of the family with his or her particular favorites on occasions—if it is someone's birthday or a special celebration.

But day in and day out, no one member needs to be specially catered for.

How are their appetites?

Mothers know better than almost anyone else that appetite is an individual matter. It varies from child to child, and with each child it varies from day to day.

Obviously many of these differences are constitutional, and some have to do with a child's health.

Appetite also reflects a child's spirits and state of mind, just as it does with adults.

A marked change in appetite is one of the signs to observe when a boy or girl is struggling with some problem or some difficult step in growing up. There are ways, however, in which parents can help to encourage a good appetite.

Here are a few suggestions:

Help Boys and Girls to Relax: If a child is worrying it will not help him to be scolded about his eating. But his appetite is likely to improve if he has his parents' sympathy and understanding.

Richard's parents, for example, noticed that he was eating poorly at the beginning of his first year at high school. They said nothing about his appetite, but his father tactfully gave him an opportunity to talk about school. It came out that the boy was worried because he did not think he had a chance to get in his class football team at the new school.

When his father said, "It doesn't matter all that much. What matters is having fun playing," Richard cheered up considerably.

Avoid Forcing: Some children simply do not have hearty appetites.

Mothers of young children are regularly cautioned by pediatricians to let the baby eat only as much as he feels like eating; when he is hungry he will ask for more. With school-age boys and girls you can encourage good appetite in various ways, but not by making an issue of their eating.

Serve Small Portions: Experienced mothers find that children on the whole eat better when they are served small portions.

A hungry girl or boy can always ask for a second helping.

Teach Your Child to Cook: Many mothers have observed that when their children learn to cook and bake in school they become increasingly interested in and co-operative about the meals at home.

In some schools cooking class is open to boys as well as girls. There is nothing sissy about cooking today when so many fathers are expert barbecue cooks.

The Child Who Eats Too Much: Parents are not usually the best persons to decide that a child is eating too much.

Some boys and girls seem to have a remarkable capacity for food at certain stages of their growth. Or they develop a powerful "sweet tooth."

Occasional sweets will not upset them, but dentists have found some connection between excessive sweets and tooth decay.

Boys and girls are often plump during their school years, especially as they approach puberty. They also seem to be eating a great deal through this period. They are using up a great deal of energy, and their bodies are beginning a stage of rapid growth. For many children this is also a time of unsettled and uncertain feelings, and eating is a comfort.

Usually they outgrow both the plumpness and the unusual appetite in due course. But if you are seriously worried, consult a doctor. Leave it to him to decide whether the boy or girl is overweight and whether his diet should be revised.

From "The Parents' Guide to Everyday Problems of Boys and Girls," by Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg, published by Random House, New York.

TOO MUCH bread and jam too near a meal will ruin a child's appetite for meat and vegetables and her other essential foods

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers' WEEKLY

July 8, 1959

EASY-TO-MAKE MOHAIR SKIRT

— Page 10

Supplement: Not to be sold separately.

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LETTERS

OUR COVER: *We don't know what our cover girl's thinking—but it could be (smugly) about her pretty, chic skirt. Turn to page 10 for another version of the skirt, plus full how-to-make instructions.*

There are no holds barred in this teenage forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used.

Rock-'n-roll in the doghouse

ONE day I let my dog listen to a very rhythmical rock-'n-roll tune on the radio, and immediately he slunk to the refuge of his kennel. Now, however much he is coaxed, he will not come out of his kennel while rock-'n-roll tunes are being played.—*"Doggone," Cessnock, N.S.W.*

Lancers rougher

WHY is it that adults shake their heads and say, "Whatever will the teenagers of tomorrow be like when the teenagers of today are such irresponsible, thoughtless, tight-pantsed widgies and bodgies?" If you don't get home from a dance until one o'clock it is absolutely outrageous, but the next day the adults will tell you about one of the many mornings they got home as the sun was rising. I've heard them speak of such dances as quadrilles and lancers, where the boys almost threw their partners from corner to corner, then galloped around the room almost caveman fashion, dragging their partners behind them. The boys of today have more respect for us. Even when rock-'n-rolling they handle us with care. I am fortunately blessed with parents who will listen to Elvis Presley without protest. They always welcome my teenage friends, and don't mind a bit if we roll the carpet back, "hep" up the music, and jive, rock-'n-roll, and play party games until well after midnight.—*Beth Beattie, Kimbriki, via Wingham, N.S.W.*

BETH BEATTIE
. . . good old days.

Endowment unfair

WHY isn't child endowment carried on until children leave school? Many boys and girls leave school at 15 and earn wages while their parents receive child endowment. Those who stay at school to better their education lose endowment at 16. — *Dorothy Bingham, Chatswood, N.S.W.*

Boys ARE polite

ONE is forever reading of the bad manners of Australian boys. Personally, I've no complaint to make. Any boys I've had anything to do with are always polite, and offer to carry suitcases, open doors, and pull out chairs for girls, as well as constantly being ready to be of assistance to anyone. What else is expected of them? Or are all my male acquaintances rare exceptions to the rule? Of course, girls cannot expect good manners if they are not well mannered themselves!—*"Australian Girl," Thallon, Qld.*

Full price at 12!

FROM the age of twelve onwards one has to pay full price at the pictures. Surely if we are not allowed to see adult films until we are sixteen we should only have to pay half-price until the same year. This practice of charging 12 to 16-year-olds full price induces them to see films suitable only for adults.—*G. Bateman, 99 Derwent Ave., Lindisfarne, Tas.*

Nothing on the air

HOW many times do you switch on the radio and hear the announcers say, "The show for all the family"? But do they include teenagers? No. They have competitions for adults and children only. They also have an hour or so for children's sessions and serials for the adult folk during the day.—*"Unfair," Albury, N.S.W.*

Sadness of love

WHY are nearly all love-songs ("Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, etc.) sad? Love should be so happy, yet we teenagers are led to believe that as soon as we get a girl or boy friend they are suddenly going to drop us, leaving us in a state of the "blues." Please, don't scare us! Let's have some love-songs with happy endings. — *W.N., Grafton, N.S.W.*

All for black ban

I AM strongly against the "Why Black Ban?" point of view expressed by "Waiting" (T.W., 17/6/'59). While teenagers are young they can wear vivid reds and oranges and gay blues and greens that the older generation just can't wear. Black looks both old and dull on teenagers and it often drowns complexions. Why get out in drab black when there is such a wonderful variety of youthful colors? — *"P.B.," Roseville, N.S.W.*

Basically good

TEENAGERS' dress, hairdos, and seemingly strange habits are a passing expression of our need for individuality and independence. Adults seem to be overlooking the most important thing about the average teenagers—that we are fundamentally good, seeking to give of our best. Why not give us a chance? Surely if we are kind, polite, and courteous, does it matter that we enjoy rock-'n-roll or wear green and crimson socks?—*Helen Allcorn, 6 Caraline St., Orange, N.S.W.*

For wet weekends

SOME parents think we are silly if we sit for "hours on end," as some put it, but it is usually only one hour or so, listening to pop tunes, but this is our style of music and we like it. On wet weekends it is the only thing to do, and on other weekends not everyone is lucky enough to go out all the time. We have to pass the time away somehow, and to most of us this is the best solution. — *B.M., Landsdowne, N.S.W.*

Tell parents more

IN answer to "R.S." (T.W., 17/6/'59), who says parents don't take enough interest in their children—isn't it the children who make their parents lose interest in them? Every time they are asked something such as "Where are you going?", the child answers, "To a girl's place" or "Out for a while," instead of giving full details. If children took more interest in telling their parents about matters, their parents would take more interest in them.—*J.L., Bondi, N.S.W.*

All for color

WHAT'S wrong with teenagers wearing "loud" clothes and listening to rock-'n-roll? These brightly colored clothes and this fast, lively beat liven up the otherwise dull routine of life; parents seem to forget they were once kids like ourselves.—*Ross Olsen, "Kyree," Box 32, Narromine.*

ROSS OLSEN
. . . "loud" clothes.

We're not squares

I ENTIRELY agree with Carol Munro (T.W., 10/6/'59). Why don't all the doctors, psychiatrists, and others give up trying to understand "teenagers"? If they must write articles, let them write "The Difficulties of Middle Age" or something similar. Or, if they feel it necessary to write about teenagers, I suggest that they do a little more research. At our school we are not "squares," but we enjoy sport of all kinds, music — from classical to the latest "pop tunes" — dancing, and films. — *M.H., Box 173, Coff's Harbor.*

Her own fault

WELL "Sue A" (T.W., 17/6/'59) certainly had a grumble about boys, didn't she? I must say, though, that I don't sympathise with her at all! It is an old but true saying: "It's the girl who sets the standard of behaviour." No wonder her boyfriends play "chicken" when she actually pretends to enjoy it. Isn't she encouraging this "show"? If she dislikes this beer-drinking habit her friends have, why put up with it? I would rather walk home from parties than go home with someone who is not sober. "Sue A," you are expecting higher standards than you are setting. If young people go to parties at which there is drink (which they shouldn't), they should not expect their partners to leave in the same state they arrive in. There is nothing wrong with a MAN having one drink occasionally. However, a normal teenage boy should not need to prove that he is a man in this way — there are many more "manly" occupations, and girls should be feminine — not tomboyish.—*"Fussy Joy," Yass, N.S.W.*

Oh! That garlic

MANY New Australian lads complain of Australian girls refusing to dance with them. Many of them are good-looking and have good manners, but, oh! that smell of garlic. If they must eat garlic, why not chew one of the many preparations specially made to sweeten the breath? Then they would have a much happier time at dances. —*"Troy," Abbotsford, N.S.W.*

I like Elvis

MY favorite subject is Elvis Presley. I don't like the people who are forever saying things and criticising Elvis about the way he does his singing. My friend at work, a middle-aged lady, always runs Elvis down and gets me angry. She likes old grandfather Bing Crosby and "fatso" Mario Lanza, so I run those squares down. Why can't people leave Elvis alone? Because he's famous and wealthy, these people are jealous because they themselves or their sons have no talents to become famous. They've never met Elvis, so how do they know what he is really like? We would not have a new color like "Presley Purple" and the boys would not have the wonderful clothes they have now if it were not for Elvis.—*Colleen Johnston, 51 Rancloud St., Booragul, via Teralba, N.S.W.*

Brickbats

HIS ARE girls completely ruled by fads? Can't they be original or individual? Their clothes, behaviour, likes and dislikes all seem to be ruled by "it's the fashion."

It is very rare indeed to meet a girl who talks of anything other than "the" favorite singer, film star, or "our" bermuda shorts and long socks.

There are a lot of more interesting things in our modern world. The falsity of it all is shown in the fact that the fads of last year are deplored today. Those things "in fashion" now will be readily deplored next year.

Let's have some originality among girls, and not so much "mob extremism."—*Bob Rose, 93 Cook Road, Centennial Park, N.S.W.*

HERS WHY do boys insist on bragging about their "other" girls when trying to make an impression on a new girl-friend?

Honestly, if they could only see what kind of an impression they make, I'm sure they wouldn't even mention one "other" girl.

Yet they like to think they are experienced and can send us out of this world with one kiss.

I wish someone would let on to these "first and onlys" that the more they brag and rave on the more we wish they would go back to their old flames and let us find some boy in a million who can find something better to talk about, even if it is only cars or sport.—*"Jeanette," Armidale, N.S.W.*

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'Twixt Twelve and Twenty

Pat Boone talks to YOU

● "'Twixt Twelve and Twenty," the book by U.S. pop singer and film star Pat Boone, has been a publishing sensation in America, where it quickly became a best-seller. Pat, 24, is married and the father of four young daughters. Fans have bought more than 20 million of his recordings.

Part 1: JAM TODAY

WHAT is a teenager? And why? I'll say one thing: I know what we are *not*. While we are truly in-betweeners, we are not "left out." We're not separate from the human race. Not by a long shot.

I know what we *feel* like sometimes. We feel that we're set apart, shooed off together, accused as a group until we get on the defensive and deny everything, like the little boy who was raiding the henhouse, and, when the farmer appeared, piped up, "Ain't nobody here but us chickens, Boss."

Well, what *are* we? We're a group of individuals who are making a change. *The greatest single change, physical, mental, and emotional, in the shortest period of time, that we will ever be called upon to make.*

This has some agreeable symptoms. Usually we're dreamers, romantic, and suddenly serious. The girls are getting prettier and their figures are getting womanly.

The symptoms

But there are symptoms which we all share to some degree that are not as attractive and are apt to be as painful. And I mean painful!

FIRST: *Insecurity.* I remember existing in a kind of in-between world with my back towards childhood and my face towards adulthood but actually feeling that I didn't belong "no place."

You're too old to be content with a soap-box car and too young to own a real one. You're too old to be satisfied playing with dolls and not old enough for the responsibilities of a real live family. Kid parties are dull because they play the pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey or tag. Grown-up parties are duller because all they do is talk—or play bridge. You're dying to go on a date, but at the last minute you wish you were baby-sitting or working for your dad because you aren't sure you will be dressed properly, or know what to say, and you decide you didn't want to go anyhow.

It's a tough life! There is a lot of stress and strain as you're pulled backwards, towards childhood, by a host of yesterday's habits; and forward, towards adulthood, by a host of tomorrow's dreams.

Shy, fearful

The chief trouble is that we are not sure of ourselves. We tend to become shy, fearful, to ward off inferiority feelings, or mask it all with a hollow, superior manner that can make us very unpleasant company.

SECOND: *Restlessness.* We just can't seem to settle into the moment. We feel we should be travelling faster, but we're not sure where. We flutter and flit both mentally and physically, trying to find a place to light. Time takes on a new dimension. It doesn't function by mother's voice, or school bells, or our stomachs so much now. Now time is a measure of progress, mental and emotional time, and, not understanding it, we run from it. We're impatient sometimes with ourselves or with others. We don't know where we're going, or who we're going with, or what we want when we get there—but we're on our way! That's for sure.

THIRD: *Inconsistency.* I remember how exasperated my brother Nick was when even his voice wouldn't stay the same. One minute he would squeak like a mouse, and the next boom like a foghorn. Very interesting conversationalist. Or my sister, Margie, thinking one day that Bud was the only boy in the world, and next day saying, "Oh, him!" as if he should be on a slow boat to Nowhere.

One day you're filled with enthusiasm for getting all A's and becoming an atomic scientist, and the next you've decided to retire from the world, sit under a cork tree and smell the flowers.

High-flown resolutions are made today—and broken tomorrow. When we sense that this is in any way "different" we become secretive. If anyone tries to make us stay on one track we're even a mite resentful. We understand ourselves. It should be easy for parents and friends to understand us. But do we? And is it?

FOURTH: *Indecision.* Let's face it. A lot of times we simply cannot make up our minds, in the most determined way. Should we or should we not ask that pretty girl for a date? Should we or should we not wear an old dress that's tried and true, or a new dress Aunt Minnie sent that doesn't quite fit right? Should we go to church or should we go to a picnic? Or the heartbreaking indecision of whether we should pretend we live in a brick mansion, and then never be able to bring any friends home. Or should we let them know we live in a small weatherboard house on the wrong side of the town and risk losing their friendship?

The hard way

We feel very frustrated, but let any older person try to help us decide and they are likely to find that we are positive in our indecision. We don't need any help. We are a little like Sam Goldwyn, the famous Hollywood producer, who once said: "I want you to know that I am not always right—but I am never wrong."

Now, if we just let these symptoms run riot we will find we are out of balance. The changes we make will be abrupt and painful for us and everyone around us.

This is the hard way.

But there is an easier, happier way. Check yourself on these symptoms. Finding the ones that plague us, and usually it is a touch of all four, we can go to work on bringing ourselves back into balance or harmony again.

One way I found to begin to control the three "Ins"—In-

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Charles Eugene (Pat) Boone

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Pat Boone and YOU

● From page 3

security, Inconsistency, Indecision—was to get my values straight. I had to ask myself questions. Why am I trying to impress people? Whom am I trying to impress? What is important to me? Where should the emphasis be — on what I have or on what I am? How do I judge other people? By whether they have a big house or whether they have a nice smile?

We can't honestly say right off the bat that we don't place the greatest importance on outward things. I know I used to think they were all-important.

Looking back, I cringe a little, because it seems silly—and even worse.

Some things at home made me feel insecure. We were moderately well off, had our own comfortable house and ten acres of ground. We lived in an average suburban area and went to a suburban school. But our place was positively rural. The other houses were new, trim, with badminton courts, sleek lawns, flowering hedges. Ours was older, kind of plain. We didn't have hedges, we had fences (sort of run down); and no badminton courts, just a barn.

The barn was where Rosemary, our cow, lived, and Rosemary was my cross. Rosemary and the turkeys, and chickens, and pigs, and horses. We weren't gentleman farmers. We had those things because we had a big family and had to cut corners. Rosemary was a necessity, not a luxury. It wasn't so much that I didn't like the animals or that I hated milking a cow. It was that we didn't live in a farming community.

I learned a lot from Rosemary besides the value of solitude. Rosemary wouldn't stay put. She was a wanderer. You can imagine how welcome Rosemary was when she got out and went gallumphing around our fancy suburb, into yards, breaking down badminton nets, munching prize roses and, cows being cows, leaving her trail behind her! And I had to chase her.

It embarrassed me to death!

Then I would catch her on a velvety front lawn, and just as I got my hands on her she'd take off again with me in hot pursuit, while people looked out of windows, shaking their heads either in laughter or anger.

I was ashamed

I always knew that somebody would see me, somebody I didn't want to see me.

I was well into my teens and almost six feet tall the afternoon that, sure enough, the worst happened. There went Rosemary, there was I chasing after her. Here came a car. In it was *the* girl, Joan! And beside the road was a sort of ditch. After a second of tortured indecision I hit the ditch, trying to hide. And of course *the* girl spotted me there and I looked a bigger fool than ever. You know how painful those moments can be.

The way I felt about our house was more than painful, because there was a layer of guilt spread over it like butter on bread.

I was ashamed of our house.

It looks awful set down in words like that. And it hurts to admit it. But we won't be getting any place if we aren't honest with ourselves and each other. Almost every teenager I know has been ashamed of something connected with his home or family. In my case there was less excuse than most because, while we didn't have a lot of luxuries, Mama was willing to share everything we had. She always cooked extra food and all of our friends were welcome, even the whole class. I just didn't bring anybody for a while.

Well, I was hurting. I was doing it the hard way. So now and then I did some serious thinking about the situation. Whom *was* I trying to impress? What *was* important to me? How did people judge me and how did I judge other people? Did I want to be myself or pretend to be somebody else?

I came to believe that people were not as interested in what I had or what I wore as in what I *was*.

If I didn't have the voice of Perry Como and the face of Clark Gable, well, I'd have to make the most of the face and voice I had. If I didn't have a badminton court and I did have a cow, then I'd face the reality and adjust to it. If we lived in an old weatherboard house I would stop hankering after an all-glass modern one and be proud of the love and affection we had in our home.

Live for today

I found that the things that mattered most to me personally were love, people, fun, kindness, laughter, creating things.

The most important thing is to make up your mind what is important, what is temporary and what is lasting, what is for real and what is just a symptom of the changing teens, like Nicky's voice or my skinniness, or the roly-poly stage some of the girls at school went through.

A lady once remarked to the Irish playwright and wit George Bernard Shaw that youth is a wonderful time of life. And Shaw replied, "Yes. What a crime to waste it on the young!"

When we look at one of our teenage symptoms, restlessness, we begin to understand what Shaw meant and we can keep youth from being wasted on us.

Juanita Bartlett, executive girl in our office, wears a little locket on which is inscribed: "Jam Today." You remember where that comes from? *Through the Looking Glass*, where the White Queen told Alice she couldn't have any jam today, because "The rule is, jam tomorrow and jam yesterday—but never jam *today*."

A wise man said that "most people are as happy as they make up their minds to be." Now, I think I am a very happy person. And the secret of it, for me, is that happiness is a thing called now. I feel so strongly about it that I'd even like to write a song with that title.

Youth is wonderful!

But we can spoil it or waste it. What's the hurry? What's the big rush? You'll never be eleven, or twelve, or thirteen, or any other teen year but once.

Today is unique. Don't let its wonderful moments go by unnoticed—and unused.

I promise you something: You will grow ahead fast enough. The time will come when you can drive a car. When you can date unchaperoned. Marry. Earn a living. When you can wear spike-heeled shoes or a dinner jacket.

My very good friend Bobby Morrow says one of the reasons he won three gold medals at the Olympics is that he has never jumped the gun.

Jumping the gun has penalties. Both you and I have seen some of the penalties paid, by teenagers who insist on living ahead of their physical or emotional or mental age and growth.

At the worst, cars piled up. Girls' lives ruined. Boys in juvenile court. At the least, unbalanced lives, a lot of extra problems and discomfort.

To guard against needless worry and anxiety, to overcome restlessness, impatience, and frustration, to be happy *Now* and not waste a moment of our wonderful youth, I think we should all have written somewhere, on a locket, or in our minds, or on a sign in our room: *Jam Today*.

● Next week: DO IT YOURSELF

From "Twixt Twelve and Twenty," by Pat Boone, published by The World's Work.

THE FOUR little Boone daughters: Laura Gene in the arms of her mother, Shirley — then (from top to bottom) Cheryl Lynn, Linda Lee, and Deborah Ann.

AT REHEARSAL. Pat in a routine with Tab Hunter.

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE

● Introductions faze lots of people but become ridiculously easy if you remember just a few basic points:

You always introduce younger people TO their elders and boys TO girls.

For instance, when one of the boy-friends comes round, say: "Mum, this is Jim Smith. Jim, this is my mother."

If your mother has remarried and has a different surname to yours, add ". . . this is my mother, Mrs. Turner."

To introduce Jim to another girl, say to her: "Susie, this is Jim Smith. Jim, this is Susie Allen."

If possible, add something to the bare introduction. Something like: "You two probably see each other on the train sometimes." Anything to get the conversation going.

When introduced, say: "Hello, how are you?" Unless you want to be frightfully formal and say "How do you do?"

There are often long, awkward pauses when a group of boys and girls meet, so start introducing all round and if you've forgotten a name say so — and carry on from there.

Some girls think it's so sophisticated to ignore all their girl-friends when a fascinating new boy stops to say hello. This isn't sophisticated. It's stupid.

Show how sophisticated and poised you are by introducing him to all the girls.

If this happens to you and you're left standing in a group wondering who they all are, say quietly and helplessly to the person next to you: "I'm sorry, I don't know your name, but I'm Jane Green."

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MICHAEL HAS STEEL GRIP ON GOLF

By MARY COLES

● Young Sydney golf champion, 15-year-old Michael Downie, is developing "steel fingers" — with the help of a 9lb. brick and a sawn-off broomhandle.

CHAMPION schoolboy golfer Michael Downie keeps his eye on the ball after driving off. Michael's average drive with a No. 1 wood is 230 yards.

MICHAEL holds the broomhandle horizontally at chest level; a length of strong string attaches the broomhandle to a brick on the ground.

The exercise is to turn the handle over and over with the fingers until the brick is raised to meet it.

Sounds easy? Try it sometime.

If Michael lets his grasp weaken when the brick is in mid-air like a yo-yo, in a flash the handle can slither round in his fingers, letting the brick fall with a thud on his toe!

This boy with the brick and the broomhandle has been hailed as one of Australia's most promising young golfers; already he has won eight open schoolboy championships, including the 1959 Australian and New South Wales titles.

He also plays A Grade pennant golf as a member of the New South Wales Golf Club at La Perouse. His handicap is 4.

When the N.S.W. Amateur Championships are held at Manly Golf Club from July 10 to July 18, Michael will compete for the experience of playing against the adult topliners.

Michael started his golfing career at the age of seven, when his father, Tony Downie, a member of Cammeray Golf Club, cut a club down to size for him.

Became a caddy

But golf then meant nothing more to him than hitting a ball round paddocks with the other kids.

It was the urge to earn some pocket-money by caddying which really got him interested in the game a couple of years later.

The interest turned into real golf fever when Neville Chambers, twice champion of the Cammeray Club, made Michael his regular caddy.

At this stage, Michael's father decided that if his son were going to take up the game, he should begin the right way and have lessons.

Well-known pro. Bernie Oakman has been Michael's guide, counsellor, and friend ever since.

"Any boy or girl considering playing golf should take lessons from a professional as the first step to the game," Michael said.

"The best way to correct faults is before they start, and, although a player builds up his own individual style, there are a million small faults which can ruin his game if they go unchecked."

Even temper

Six feet tall, with brown eyes and dark hair, Michael has a quiet manner and is not easily rattled.

"A player needs to cultivate an even temperament, one that is not excited by success or depressed by bad luck," he said.

"Before beginning a round, it is just as well to face the fact that you'll hit some bad shots along with the good ones. It's the final score that counts. A few bad shots will only ruin your game if you fuss.

"A game should move along at a brisk, even pace. Doubts and tensions build up when play is too slow. Of course, deciding how a shot is to be played, selecting the right club, and making the shot should always be unhurried.

"I watch the back of my left hand very closely when I'm about to make a shot, because its position indicates the face of my golf club. The face of the club should be square with the ball at impact."

Michael carries round a kit of fourteen clubs when he plays, but he says newcomers to the game can get along with five — a No. 3 wood, No. 4, 6, and 8 irons, and a putter.

He practises at Cammeray Club three afternoons a week and also has an occasional round before breakfast.

The part of the day when he isn't playing golf is spent at North Sydney High School; he hopes to sit for his Leaving Certificate next year.

Michael keeps fit playing Rugby Union and doing exercises every day, especially body presses and arm-strengthening exercises. In summer he surfs at Manly and Balmoral.

MICHAEL'S coach, Bernie Oakman, devised this exercise for wrists and fingers — winding a 9lb. brick up on a broomhandle.

BEGINNERS need only five clubs for an enjoyable game, according to the young champ who uses 14.

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OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

SHE'S GOT HER WINGS — AND £14 A WEEK

By ANNE DWYER

● Meet pretty, petite Pam Taylor, a girl with her head in the clouds but her two small feet planted firmly on the ground. She's a brand-new air hostess.

THE first thing you notice about Pam is her wide, sweet smile, and on her jacket you can see the shiny gold wings which are making that smile brighter than ever.

The wings are only one month old. Pam won them after three interviews, quite a few anxious days and nights, and three months' solid study.

But all the work and the worry are forgotten now that Pam is a fully fledged "hostie" with Qantas — Australia's overseas airline.

"I just love flying," Pam said. "Truly, I'd rather be in the air now than on the ground.

"I've just done my first flight —to New Guinea. It was wonderful. In fact, it's all so wonderful I just can't believe it."

Pam's first duty on the flight was to see that the aircraft was in order for the passengers. Then she greeted them as they came aboard.

She saw that they were all comfortable, gave them magazines, told them anything they wanted to know about the route or the aircraft.

Paper work, too

The three stewards on board prepared all the food, and Pam helped them serve some of the courses.

There was quite a bit of paper work to be done, too; the hostess assists passengers with any health, immigration, and entry forms which have to be filled out.

There weren't any babies on the flight for Pam to try out her newly acquired knowledge of baby care, but there were some small children to look after.

"I just amused them," Pam said. "It wasn't too difficult, as I love children and I've had quite a lot of experience with them."

Six years' experience, to be precise. Pam was a qualified speech therapist working in school clinics before she took to the air.

Speech therapist

When she left the Presbyterian Ladies' College at Pymble after getting her Leaving Certificate, Pam went to the Children's Hospital and Sydney University to do a three-year course in speech therapy.

When she qualified she worked in clinics treating children for speech defects such as stammering.

Each winter there were skiing trips to Kosciusko with her parents, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Stanley Taylor, and sister Patsy, squash and surfing in the summer, lots of parties—a generally pleasant life.

"I loved my work," Pam said, "but about a year ago I decided I wasn't getting anywhere. I had gone about as far as I could where I was.

"That was when I decided to try to be a hostess. I thought about it for a while; and one day I rang and made an appointment for an interview."

At 23, 7st. 2lb., 5ft. 3½in., with the Leaving Certificate, First Aid Certificate, and good health, Pam fitted all the basic qualifications.

She had a slight knowledge of French, had been outside Australia only as far as New Zealand, and had only ever made one flight — to Melbourne.

"My first interview was with the employment officer," Pam said. "He asked me about my interests, schooling, work, why I wanted to be a hostess, and general topical questions.

"The next interview was with the employment officer again and a senior hostess.

"It was much more informal this time, but when I left I didn't really have much hope.

"Then I was called in for a third interview—with the passenger services manager, the flight hostess superintendent, the passenger services training superintendent, and the flight hostess instructress.

"They talked about anything and everything. They asked whether I was engaged and if I was prepared to work for two years. There's no bond to make you stay — it's a sort of gentlemen's agreement."

The next day there was a ring to say she had been accepted!

After a medical test Pam started her three months' training course.

"I had to get up each morning at 5.30 to get from my home at Lindfield to Mascot before nine," Pam said.

Hard work

"There were only three of us in the training group. The others were Joan, who had been a hostess with a local airline, and Judy, who was a cookery demonstrator on TV.

"We worked very hard, but it didn't matter, as it was all so interesting."

Finally, after a two-and-a-half day examination, it was all over —and Pam got her wings.

Now she can be called on any time to pack her bags for England, the United States, Hongkong, or Tokio. In fact, she'd probably be in one of those places already except that she is one of the models for the airline's new hostess uniform and so can't go too far afield.

How do Pam's family feel about her being a hostess? "They were a bit worried at first about my being away so much, but seeing me so happy now they are quite pleased," she said.

Pam said that a girl's social life would certainly be affected by being away so much, but there were many compensations.

"I don't have any special boy-friend," she added, "so I didn't have that problem to cope with."

Qantas have 85 hostesses; they receive more than 800 applications every year, so you can see the standard is high.

Flight Hostess Superintendent Miss Marje De Tracey says: "Besides the basic qualifications, pleasant appearance, and personality, a girl who is going to be a hostess must have commonsense.

"If she is going to be able to look after between 60 and 100 people, she must be a girl who can look after herself.

"Each year about one in every four Qantas hostesses marry, but it's not, as many people think, to passengers or crew," Miss De Tracey said.

"Most of the girls marry the boy next door or someone they have known before they took up flying."

On local airlines the marriage rate is sometimes as high as 50 per cent.

AIR HOSTESS Pam Taylor waits at the foot of the aircraft gangway to welcome passengers aboard. Overseas airline hostesses fly an average of 800 hours a year.

PAM practises her meal-serving technique on Miss Marje De Tracey, Flight Hostess Superintendent, and Philip Penn, Passenger Services Instructor.

HOW TO GO ABOUT IT

QANTAS: Apply to the Employment Officer if you fit these qualifications:

Age: Between 21 and 27.

Weight: Not more than nine stone.

Height: Not more than 5ft. 6in.

Intermediate Certificate or its equivalent; First Aid Certificate or nursing experience.

Pleasant personality and attractive appearance.

Commencing salary is £14/-/- a week, with extra allowances and special flight pay. All accommodation and meals are provided when on a flight.

LOCAL AIRLINES: Qualifications are the same as for Qantas, except those regarding height and weight, which vary from 5ft. 1in. minimum to 5ft. 8in. maximum, and from 9 stone to 10 stone maximum weight.

Commencing salary after a three-month probationary period is about £15/-/-.

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LISTEN HERE—WITH BERNARD FLETCHER

Fabian still fabulous

● Fabian, a young rocker, is rapidly shooting to the top of the recording world.

HIS first platter available here is a 45 r.p.m. single (EA.4357). The "big" side is "Turn Me Loose," a really solid rock number which you may have already heard on the radio.

Fabian tears into it with all the gusto of a veteran. Actually he's only 17 and has been in show biz for less than two years.

Flipside is "Stop, Thief!", the thief in question being the girl who's stealing his heart.

Fabian has been coached by his buddy Frankie Avalon, but he has also taken singing lessons and studied the guitar, dancing, and dramatics.

Soon after he was discovered by a talent scout he and his family signed an agreement never to reveal his surname to reporters or strangers.

The publicity gimmick was simply "The Fabulous Fabian." And it seems to be paying off.

TOMMY COLE, that fresh-faced lad who was out here with the Mouseketeers, took time off when in Sydney to record "Date Night" on another 45 disc (DO.4079).

This is a bright, catchy number that we should be hearing for quite a bit longer than the average pop.

Tommy is backed with a band, a feature of which is the drum work of **Mouseketeer Cubby O'Brien.**

"Date Night" was written by **Jimmie Dodd** and his wife, **Ruth Carrell**, and you can meet Ruth on the other side, which is called "Rosy Glow." It's a smoochy, romantic song which provides a slow contrast to Tommy's fast beat.

MUSICAL COMEDY Certain of a hearty welcome by lovers of musical comedy is a new 12-inch LP of the score of **"White Horse Inn,"** a show which not only had a smash season in Australia many years ago but which is frequently revived by amateur groups. I'd almost forgotten how charming the music is.

Ralph Benatzky and **Robert Stolz** take credit for that, and on this disc (OCLP.1205) you can enjoy new English lyrics by **Harry Graham.**

The singing stars are **Andy Cole** and **Mary Thomas.** You may have heard Andy on that earlier record which coupled excerpts from "Rose Marie" and "New Moon," so you'll know you're all set for fine singing. The rest of the cast is made up of **Rita Williams, Charles Young,** and full chorus. The ork is directed by **Tony Osborne.**

All the old favorites are there —"It Would Be Wonderful," "Your Eyes," "You, Too," "In Salzkammergut," and, of course, the famous "Goodbye," which has always been a show-stopper. In all, there are 12 tracks, each brimful of melody.

CLASSICAL One of the more attractive aspects of "doing records" is to come across a rare work by a well-known composer. It helps give you a new slant on him.

A new LP simply called **"Grieg"** (APL.10330) is a good example. Here conductor **Edouard van Remoortel** has chosen to forget the "Peer Gynt Suites" and the "Lyric Suite" for a while, and has recorded the **"Sigurd Jorsalfar Suite,"** which began life in 1872 as incidental music to a drama of the same name.

Grieg is said to have written and orchestrated it in eight days! Twenty years later he arranged some of the music into this Suite.

I thought it would all be new to me, but the second movement called "Borghild's Dream" turned out to be something I have heard many times, but not under that title. Maybe you'll know it, too; a Grieg devotee will certainly place it.

Side One is rounded out with the "Two Elegiac Melodies," orchestral versions of the songs "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring." Both are highly romantic, and very easy to listen to if you have a musical "sweet tooth."

Side Two, which plays for 27 minutes (good value, that), is devoted to the "Symphonic Dances," Grieg's most ambitious work for orchestra.

On this refreshing record **Remoortel** conducts the **Bamberg Symphony** and the **Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna.**

JAZZ During the last half of the 'thirties a number of recordings appeared with the title "Yancey Special." Bob Crosby's 1938 disc was one of the best known. It referred to **Jimmy Yancey,** negro pianist, who had been in retirement for some 30 years.

Folk began to sit up and take notice, so Yancey made a comeback via the recording studios, making a few but outstanding records from 1939 until he died in 1951 aged 57.

He plays four of his blues piano compositions on an Extended Play 45 r.p.m. disc recently issued (EPVA.1203). They were waxed in 1943, and I more than heartily endorse the album notes which read in part: "There are very few records issued at present which really qualify as great, but this is one of them.

This is authentic piano jazz, unobscured by flashy embellishment, deeply moving at times, and a joy from start to finish. In short, a collector's piece and a memorial to a jazz immortal.

The four tracks are "At The Window," "Boodlin'," "Sweet Patootie," and "The Rocks."

LINDA LAURIE — as a schoolgirl, as herself, and as Ambrose's squeaky-voiced girlfriend.

Leggy schoolgirl with two voices

From LARRY FOLEY, in New York

● Linda (Ambrose) Laurie is just a leggy high-school girl — but it seems she has a big future in show business if she wants it.

SHE hasn't reached top hit-parade billing with her first two records—"Ambrose, Part Five" and "Forever Ambrose"—but they are widely popular in Australia as well as America.

Her gimmick is that she sings both parts of her songs—a sort of "solo duet"—ranging from the gravel-voiced Ambrose to his squeaky-voiced girlfriend.

Her first record, "Ambrose Part Five," was the kind of lucky accident that has launched many a star into show business.

Linda was fooling around in a recording studio one day when somebody handed her the mike and said, "Say something, do something, sing — anything," whereupon Linda went into a nutty dialogue, a party piece of her own composition, between a little girl and her boy-friend, Ambrose.

Somebody from Glory Records, New York, was at the studio, and, as they say in show biz, "flipped" over Linda's turn.

The dialogue was polished up and recorded a week later. It sold more than 200,000 copies.

How did Linda happen to be in the recording studio at that opportune moment?

Well, she had been singing a fair bit, in private and at church socials, community centres, and so on, with a group of young friends, and the group finally caught the attention of a songwriter named Lou Stallman.

Stallman began to use Linda to demonstrate some of his songs at the studio.

Many voices

The success of her two records didn't turn her head. She is still at school, will graduate from Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn, this year, and plans to attend New York University.

Linda has many voices, a talent she discovered years ago when she took to mimicking old-time vaudeville star Candy Candido, who is the voice of many Walt Disney characters.

Linda is 17, 5ft. 6½in., slim, with dark hair and almond eyes.

She lives with her mother, 20-year-old brother, and truck-despatcher father in half of a two-family house at Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn.

Laurie is a stage name. The family name is Gertz. Her mother, Mrs. Esther Gertz, said: "Linda is the first of the family to enter show business. Whether she makes it a full-time career is up to her.

"She's a mature, responsible person, and doesn't show any signs of going high-hat.

"If she does I'll just chop her legs down a bit."

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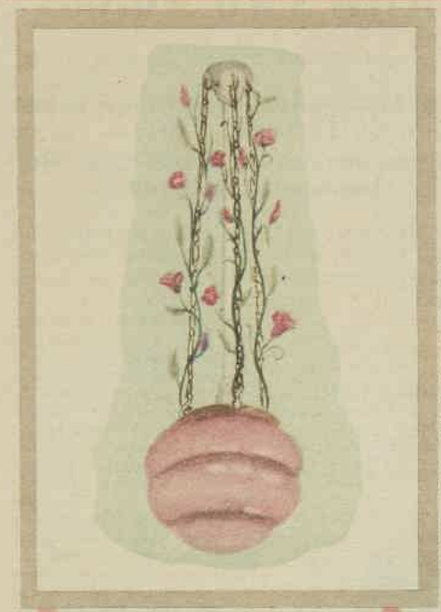
Be your own interior

● Do you ever wish you had a real dream of a room, furnished to express your taste, exactly as you want it? This feature shows how, for a very low cost, your castle in the air can become a reality.



FLOWER SPRAYS of plastic hide ugly lamp chains. White plastic tube covers light cord.

Written and illustrated by Mary Mackay.

ALL you need is a little money, some imagination, and a certain amount of elbow grease.

A handyman is always useful, but if your father is the type who prefers to knock up eighteen holes on the golf-course rather than knock up a set of shelves for your bedroom, you can get along quite nicely by yourself.

If you're a girl who loves frills and flounces, you can have a delightfully feminine bedroom.

Let's imagine that your room is small, with walls in a bad state, and only one long window, which looks out on to an ugly fence.

In the room illustrated below, the irregular wall surface is hidden under a bold wallpaper. Remember, a splashy print does more for a small room than little, indistinct motifs. If you decide to have wallpaper, the shop will advise you on the amount required and will also provide a pamphlet on how to hang the paper.

To prepare the walls you will have to fill and smooth over large cracks or noticeable holes with a paste filler.

When everything is ready, beg a friend to help you do the hanging; papering alone isn't much fun.

Light from the only window is very important, so hang curtains not across the window but against the wall on either side and draw them only at night.

The curtains illustrated hang on large plastic rings from a brass rod. This is an inexpensive and easy method of hanging drapes. The fabric needs hemming only—that includes the sides, of course.

Unbleached calico, tinted in cold-water dye, makes effective curtains. For family harmony, do use a bucket and not the bath!

You may be thinking that a bird cage is an eccentric touch in a bedroom.

Well, keep a secret — it's not a real bird. Something is needed to hide that ugly view without blocking the light, and this is one solution.

Painted furniture is no longer just for children's rooms, so why not lacquer some old pieces for your "new-look" room?

A large old-fashioned oak wardrobe with mirror panels in the doors — a legacy from grandmother, perhaps — holds masses of clothes, but in its original state looks unsightly. Paint it iris-blue and cover the mirrors with rose prints.

A long-discarded gramophone cabinet is pressed into service for its shelving space and painted to match the wardrobe. Its recessed top (where the turntable sat) is a wonderful receptacle for cosmetics.

A small wall bracket with a mirror set in an old oval picture frame makes a simple dressing-table to suit the Victorian flavor of the room.

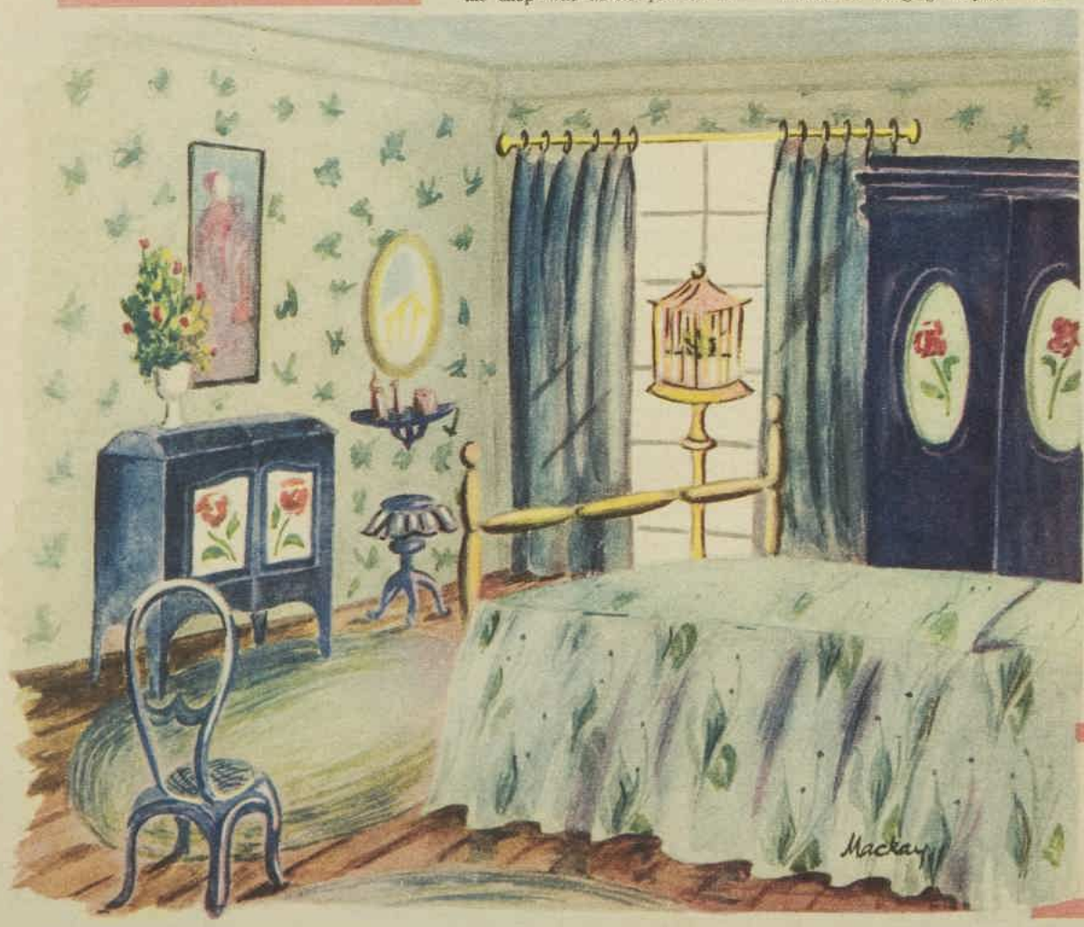
The group is completed with a converted music-stool, its short frill the same material as the curtains. If you are really gone, gild the bracket and stool to match the mirror!

An extravagant buy would be matching wallpaper and furnishing material, but in this room the two patterns, though not matching, are compatible. The bedcover, a plain throwover type, is made from a dress cotton bought at an end-of-season sale.

For an easy footrest to help when pulling on your Bermuda socks, use this old rattan chair, reclaimed from the garden. Tie up loose bars with raffia and paint it all to match the other furniture.

Seagrass mats add the final touch and look well against the wooden floor — sanded and buffed to a high gloss with boot polish! Choose any color you like and apply like floor polish, but be sure to rub it all off.

Then stand back, admire your handiwork, and wait for the congratulations!



CHARMING, feminine effect is achieved with inexpensive items. Wall bracket, mirror, and old music stool provide dressing-table set.

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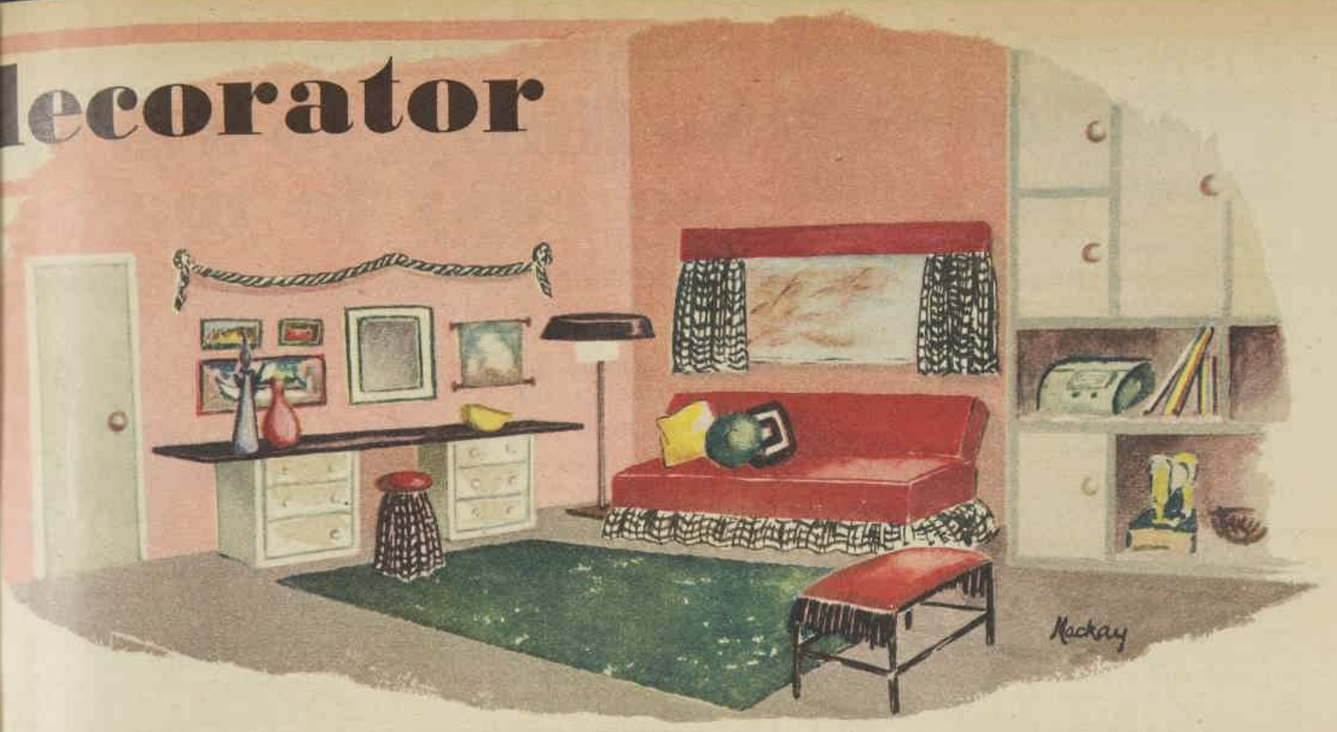
decorator



How to furnish a bed-sitting room

● This room is for the girl who wants a sanctum where she can study, pursue her hobbies, have her friends in to gossip.

IT has to look enough like a living-room for visitors not to feel they have barged into a young lady's bedroom, but at the same time allow for sleeping and dressing in comfort.

Picture a large barn of a room that could "eat up" masses of furniture and still look empty.

For a satisfactory bed-sitting-room, bed and dressing-table are the two pieces most in need of disguise. Let's start with the bed. The divan in the illustration has a cover of red burlap — an inexpensive durable material that immediately banishes the bedroom atmosphere.

The gingham frill is not removed when making the bed, but launders easily. More gingham is used for curtains and matching stool-cover. Striped ticking would look equally effective and cost just as little.

To make yourself the dressing-table stool, paint the top of a wooden kitchen stool with red lacquer. Gather 1½yds. of material on to elastic and slip over the seat to hide the legs.

Now — the dressing-table. Two old chests of drawers are painted pearl-white and a plywood board about six feet long is placed across the tops so that the ends overhang. You could paint the board with blackboard paint or cover it with a plastic laminated surface. If you are financial use a sheet of black glass instead of the board.

Don't be scared of black; it's terrific for accents; and so sophisticated!

● To Page 10

SOUVENIRS, photographs, accessories hang from hooks on pegboard screen. Panels are nailed to wooden frames, hinged together.

COAL SCUTTLE, brightly lacquered, is used for massed flower arrangement in an empty corner. Use one for a waste-paper basket.

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Be your own decorator

● From page 9

Now you have a first-class unit — dressing-table-cum-desk, a handy stool that fits underneath, and two yards of flat surface.

Be careful here; remember the bedroom bogy. Keep your cosmetics and hairbrush hidden. On the surface have ornaments, books, or your collection of china horses.

Talking of collections: a current fad is to collect bottles of interesting shapes. Three or four filled with brightly colored water (cookery coloring essences make the clearest colors), set to catch the sun, make a pretty group.

Mirrors are real bedroom give-aways, so disguise one this way: Attach a mirror to the back of a picture with metal corners screwed into the frame. Hang it in a group of pictures and when you have finished admiring yourself, turn the mirror to the wall. Puzzle — under which picture is the mirror?

The group of pictures in this room is given unity by a looped cord pinned to the wall above.

Reading lamp

Reading in bed needs a good light, which is a problem when a divan has no headboard to attach a lamp. Try a standard lamp to stand near the divan for reading, by the mirror for making up, or over your chair for studying or sewing.

Before you scream "But the cost!" listen to this. The one in the illustration can be made by any girl—yes, any girl—for less than the cost of one 12in. LP record. Simply follow the complete directions on this page.

Special grey floor paint is used to cover the worn floorboards in our room on page 9, and a gay green cotton rug added for warmth. If your rug is sombre, then paint the floor a bright color. Red looks wonderful. You might even decide to paint the boards in contrasting stripes!

Walls are a big area to think about. This room has painted walls because the paint costs only a few shillings and anyone can wield a brush or, easier still, a roller. Be sure to take kalsomine off old walls with a special stripper before painting. Porous surfaces need an undercoat called a "sealer."

If you want to use wallpaper in your bed-sitter there are some fabulous designs around — jazz-band instruments, Egyptian drawings, Paris cafe scenes, ballet dancers.

Travel posters, pasted to overlap, cost nothing except a grateful smile at the tourist-office clerk, and look colossal. They are so bright you may have to hand round smoked glasses!

The handy little black wrought-iron or wood table on page nine doubles as a seat. The fringed cushion (removable) is made from a piece of foam rubber covered in burlap to match the divan. This is an invaluable piece of furniture in a bed-sitting room, and a nest of these would be better still.

Another seating idea that takes up little storage space is a set of boxes which fit inside one another, rather like children's alphabet blocks. Paint the sides, add alphabet letters or some gimmick you like, and cover foam-rubber offcuts for cushions.

Movie chairs

Film director (folding) chairs are a current craze with American teenagers. Stack them in a cupboard and unfold them when friends call. On one paint your own name (or a TV hero's) across the canvas or sew it on in white tape.

Whether your hobby is making your own clothes or collecting records, you will need storage space—for sewing-machine, portable 'gram, books, or maybe a typewriter. Added to this is that vital hanging space and drawers for clothes.

The best space solution is units, built-in or the type that can be added to. They do cost quite a lot of money, so a good idea is to request a section as a combined family present for each birthday.

While you are waiting on the complete set, a wooden framework with a hanging curtain will hide a lot of clutter. A polyethylene zipper bag, hung on a hook, makes a miniature wardrobe, completely dustproof.

EASY-TO-MAKE MOHAIR SKIRT

So fluffy, so warm; so easy to make

● The pretty girl on our cover is wearing a check skirt — in mohair, but naturally. Mohair is THE material this season.

HERE is the skirt again, this time in a warm jewel color, and worn with black—black sweater, stockings, and flatties.

Why not make yourself one of these puffy, fluffy skirts? You'll be (a) very warm, (b) very fashionable, and (c) very pretty, like that girl on the cover and the attractive young dog-owner on this page.

It's a skirt that can go anywhere — to parties, to town, even to the football.

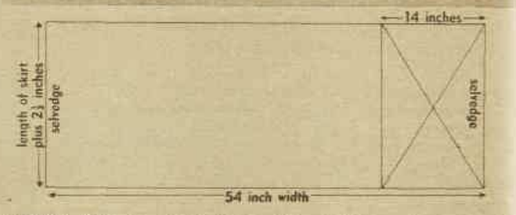
Here are the directions for making the skirt. You'll find it quick and easy to make.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 1½ to 2yds. 54in. mohair (amount depends on length of skirt), one 7in. slide fastener, ¾yd. 2in. grosgrain ribbon for waistband, hooks and eyes, bias binding.

Measure your normal skirt length. As shown in the diagram, add 2½in. to that length —½in. for waistline seam allowance, 2in. for hem.

The skirt will take up two widths of material. One 54in. width is not full enough to give a puffy effect. But two widths makes even a slim figure look bulky, so (as shown in the diagram) trim 14in. off the width of each piece.

Incidentally, don't waste that material. Sew the two pieces together, hem it — to make a stole; or divide one piece lengthwise and then sew the two resulting pieces together —to make one of the long, fluffy, and currently fashionable scarves. Wear it wound round your neck a couple of times on a chilly day.



With right sides together, machine the two mohair skirt pieces together down the length. That is one side seam.

On the other side seam, machine to within 7½in. of one end. That is the slide-fastener gap.

Put in slide fastener.

Run two gathering threads along the waistline. Pull the threads in till the material is gathered in firmly to your waist.

Use the grosgrain ribbon, folded lengthwise in two, for a waistband (the mohair would be too bulky).

Sew in place like a normal waistband, turning the ends in neatly above the slide fastener.

Fasten the waistband with two hooks and eyes.

Machine bias binding along hem edge of skirt. Put up hem by hand.

A standard lamp for £2-10-0!

● Here are the directions for making a lampstand and lampshade for your bedroom. You can do it — just take your time.

LAMPSTAND **Materials required:** One piece ⅝in. lightweight copper piping 4ft. 6in. long, 1ft. of 12in. x 1in. dressed maple or other timber, ¼in. brass nipple, push bar holder lamp fitting, diffuser bowl, 2 screw nuts, 4 rubber buffers.

Directions: Have a plumber put a thread on either end of piping. Borrow father's brace-and-bit or electric drill and make a hole through centre of timber the same size as your piping.

Wind a screw nut as far as it will go along thread at one end of piping. Place this end through hole in timber and attach the other screw nut to underside of timber.

Hammer rubber buffers on to timber base at corners to act as little legs.

Thread electric cord through piping, leaving two inches free for light socket.

Screw brass nipple on to thread at other end of piping. Screw in push bar holder. Prevail upon father, uncle, brother, or boyfriend to attach light cord to socket.

Screw in diffuser bowl.

Varnish timber base and coat copper piping with silicone spray, or paint the complete stand.

LAMPSHADE **Materials required:** 1 wire drum-shaped lampshade frame 18in. in diameter, 6in. deep; 1 sheet black surface board 25in. x 20in.; strong black cotton.

Directions: Cut two strips of surface board 25in. x 6in. Sew these together at end to make one long strip, using wide herringbone-stitch and allowing ¼in. overlap.

Oversew strip to wire frame at top and bottom. Sew free ends together, using herringbone and again allowing ¼in. overlap.

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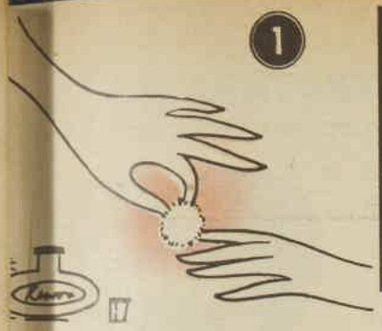
MANICURE AT HOME

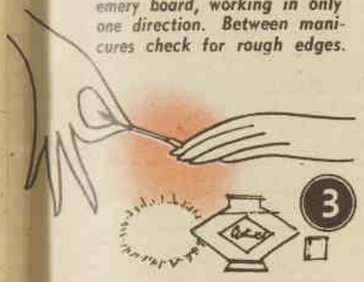
By CAROLYN EARLE

● The scene is a hairdresser's: a girl sits under the dryer, the fingers of one hand soaking soothingly in warm soapy water as the nails of the other hand are being skilfully manipulated by a manicurist. You murmur to yourself, "A home manicure was never like that." Yet you need only collect all the equipment used by a manicurist and you have the makings of a really professional manicure. The pictures on this page show all the steps for a full nail treatment. The best time to do your nails is in bed last thing at night, when you are relaxed and able to give them the full attention they deserve.

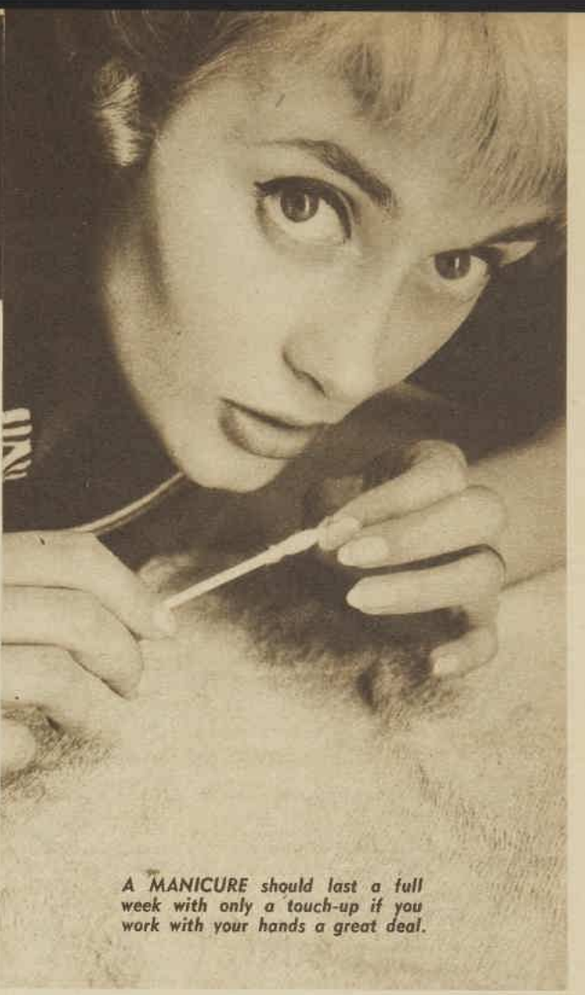


1 REMOVE old polish with cottonwool soaked in remover. Hold wad briefly against the nail, then slide it off firmly.

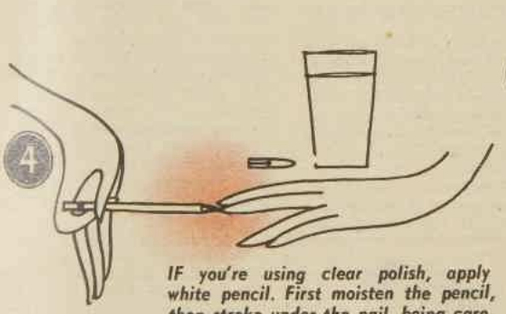
2 FILE nails smooth with an emery board, working in only one direction. Between manicures check for rough edges.



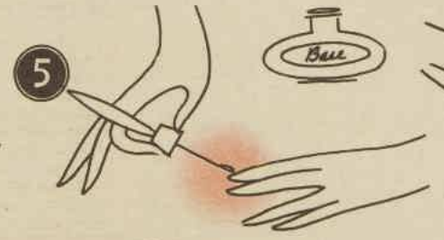
3 USE cotton swab to apply cuticle remover. Work gently and never cut delicate cuticle with metal. Wash hands well.



A MANICURE should last a full week with only a touch-up if you work with your hands a great deal.



4 IF you're using clear polish, apply white pencil. First moisten the pencil, then stroke under the nail, being careful not to jab the point into the skin.

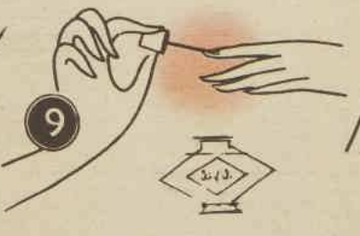


5 USE a base for your first coat—you'll find it adds days to the "life" of your manicure. Apply it just as you would polish; wait 5 minutes for it to dry.

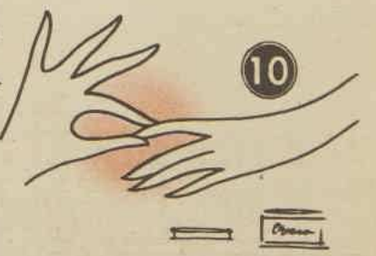
6 NOW the first coat of polish. One stroke across base of nail, two down sides, one down centre.

7 RUN the ball of your thumb gently over the tip of each polished nail after the final coat to remove a hairline of polish. This, too, makes polish last longer, prevents chips.

8 ADD a sealer coat for the final touch, and allow to dry thoroughly. If you always use this much care a manicure should last longer.



9 CUTICLE OIL is applied after the manicure is dry. It will soften the area around nails, help prevent rough edges—save stockings.



10 WHEN you use hand cream, massage it gently into the nail area before you smooth it over your skin. It will help to keep hands soft.

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A WORD FROM DEBBIE

SOMETHING Different: Don't paint or wallpaper the inside of your cupboards: instead, cut out colorful magazine illustrations and paste them on the walls. (They don't have to be straight, but be careful Elvis Presley isn't making eyes at a tomato sauce advertisement.) Give the finished "wallpaper" a couple of coats of clear varnish.

Something Useful: Stick a big drawing-pin on the tips of your stiletto heels—it works just as well as a shoemaker's tip and can be renewed as long as your drawing-pins hold out.

Something New: Have the windows of your room those awful old brownish holland blinds? If you're allowed you can brighten them up by painting them in stripes (or spots) and if you're artistic go all contemporary.

Something Unexpected: So you don't give your phone number to men you know only slightly? You should. How can a man become anything more than a stranger unless you give him the chance? This, of course, doesn't mean that you throw caution to the winds and whisper your vital statistics into every willing ear, but discriminate and decide when it's worth allowing an acquaintance to develop.

Something Cute: An old beret (I know they're out now) can be given new life if you sew on a couple of pompons in good colors. And it's not hard to stitch your initials on a pair of plain woollen gloves.

Something Nice: Company for breakfast? Frost the rims of the orange juice glasses by dipping them in orange juice, then in sugar, and let them dry. A little of the peel added to orange juice gives it extra tang. Just a little though.

Something Useful: Just the thought of a slice of fresh bread well spread with butter and filling makes me reach for the breadboard. It spells murder to a diet though, so try using cottage cheese instead of the butter—it's less fattening.

Something Telling: My girlfriend says she knows when it's time to go home. Her earrings begin to pinch.

Here's your answer

By Louise Hunter

His privilege

"SOME time ago I met a very nice boy with whom I went out for a few months until I broke it off. Recently I met him again and realised how much I have missed him. Although we were quite friendly towards each other when we met, he didn't ask to see me again. Unless I get in touch with him I may not see him for quite a while, as we do not live near each other. Do you think I should take this step, seeing it was I who broke it off?"

W.J., N.S.W.

No, I don't. It's a girl's privilege to break off such an association, a man's to start it again. If he'd been really keen to keep on seeing you he'd have been busy in the meantime to get you to go out with him again. It's up to him to make the next move.

NOT out the window

"I AM a girl of 21. My parents have never let me go out with boys, as they consider that knowing boys before marriage is inadvisable. For the past three years I have been going out with boys without my parents' consent. I have been escaping from my bedroom by climbing down an apple tree which grows just outside. Last night my parents discovered I was not at home and first thing this morning my father cut down the apple tree. There are no drainpipes on this side of the house. What should I do?"

"Caged," N.S.W.

Use the front door to go out, but only after you have told your parents.

At 21 you are an adult and should be able to stand on your own feet. But don't get carried away and think I'm saying that you are 21 and that you can do what you like. While you live in your parents' home, accepting their open-handed shelter and sustenance, I believe you should live by their rules. But at 21, if you're not kidding me—and I strongly suspect you are—you should be allowed to mix with boys and be able to cope with situations like this, even if the apple tree is cut down.

If you can't resolve the situation into a more livable one, there are other more drastic steps at your age. You could support yourself and board. But whatever you do, be adult about it. You are an adult and it's time you gave up adolescent capers like climbing down apple trees or drainpipes.

Keep saying "No"

"I AM 19 and engaged to a man of 22, with whom I am very much in love. About six weeks ago I attended a party where I met a man who paid me undue attention. Since that night I have received many invitations to go out with him in the way of phone calls. I keep on telling him I am engaged and very much in love with my fiance. But he keeps persisting. What should I do?"

"Annoyed," N.S.W.

Just keep on saying "No, thank you." He'll get sick of it soon.

Must have consent

"A FRIEND of mine is planning to get married, but her parents are against her marrying young. Is it legally right to get married without your parents' consent if you are over 18? My friend is 19."

"Legal," Qld.

You cannot marry without your parents' consent before you are 21, unless you have the permission of a court.

Time is a healer

"MY boy-friend and I live in the same suburb and have known each other for years. We are both 18 and are very fond of each other. Everything has been wonderful, but now something has happened that is ruining our happiness. Both our mothers used to be great friends and belonged to the same tennis club. However, a few months ago a dreadful quarrel occurred, the tennis club broke up, and our mothers cannot stand the sight of each other. Now, every time my boy-friend comes to my place, Mother very pointedly asks how his father and brothers are, and then goes away and will not speak or come near until he leaves. Things are just as bad with his mother. Every time we approach them they refuse to speak about the matter. We have thought and thought about solutions, but all are unsuccessful. If things keep on the way they are going, we don't know what we'll do. Can you please help us?"

"Perplexed Pair," W.A.

I can't help you, I'm afraid, but time can. I think that in such an unhappy situation time is the only thing. At first, all you can think of is your own hurt, but later when things settle more and your mother realises she is making you unhappy as well as other people you may have some chance of fixing things up.

Leave it for a while, and then try to get help from some outside person who is not concerned at all. Why not ask for the advice of your own clergyman? He may be the best person to help.

Magistrates can help

"I AM very unhappy at home and wish to leave. Could you advise me at which age it would be possible to do so without my parents stopping me? Also would it be more polite to ring my parents and tell them I was leaving or to write them a letter?"

"Friend," N.S.W.

There is nothing worse or sadder than feeling as you do, my dear, but I'm afraid you are a bit young to take this step. If the situation gets to be very unhappy, though, you should go to the Chamber Magistrate at Central Police Court, Liverpool Street, Sydney, and talk to him about it.

One of the Magistrates' jobs is to give such advice, and they are all very kind and helpful and know the exact legal position. If and when you are able to leave home, I wouldn't write a letter, although it would be quite polite to do so. I'd talk to your parents, it would be much better.

"We don't have anything in common . . . he's interested in girls and I am interested in boys!"

Bombs and romance

"AS a mother of three children aged 13 and 7 (boys) and 11 (a girl), I am very interested in your column. Apparently you are in favor of 15 and 16-year-olds having romances. Do you really think it is a good idea to encourage schoolchildren to think sentimentally about the opposite sex? My 13-year-old goes out a little with his mates, swimming, and to the Show, and so on, but I think that dances and picture-going should wait until he leaves school. Surely 17 approximately is early enough to go out in mixed company with any serious attempt to pair off? I myself grew up in the war, but was only just under 17 when 'men' started to mean anything, and I was 17½ before I had my first romance. I married 13 days before my 19th birthday, which these days would be too young on the average, but wartime speeded things up somewhat! Anyway, 14 years later I have no regrets. By the way, do you really get these letters from teenagers or are they 'good journalism'?"

S.T., N.S.W.

Your last remark asking whether I really get the letters replied to in "Here's Your Answer" sent my blood pressure up to danger level.

Letters pour on to this desk each day in frightening numbers, letters that are plaintive, sad, bewildered, happy—letters that give me a great deal of anxious thought. I choose the most representative ones each week—the ones that will help the greatest number of young people—and answer them.

I do not favor 15 and 16-year-old romances and I don't favor the hydrogen bomb either, but nothing I can say or do will stop either of these things.

I think that, as you say, "approximately 17" would be a good age to start feeling interested in men, but today interest in the opposite sex seems to start much earlier.

I have many letters from 13-year-old girls with very serious problems. When I first began this column I found it hard to believe that such young things would have such problems, but, believe me, they really do.

But although I think 17 would be an age that you and I approve of and so would all parents, I don't think any-

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"It keeps coming out 'He loves me.' I wish I knew who he was!"

"I'll bet they think we just sit around and wait for them to call."

one can set an age and say "That's when you'll start feeling romantic about boys."

Everyone matures at a different age, and surely each responsible parent knows best of all when that has occurred with her child or children. If she has their love and confidence she surely can guide them through a happy adolescence and relation with the opposite sex, which will mean, I hope, that I get far fewer unhappy letters from bewildered young things who say they "couldn't ask Mother."

Rings without charm

"WE are two teenagers who would like some advice as to what to give our boy-friends for Christmas. We like these boys very much and we know the feeling is mutual. As they live a long way from us we see them once a year — at Christmas. We have thought of tiepins, cuff-links, etc., but we wondered really if it would be wrong to buy a pair of friendship rings, one for each of our boy-friends and one each for us. We would very much value your opinion."

"Worried Teens," S.A.

I think it would be most indelicate and forward of you both to buy friendship rings. Actually I think a friendship ring is a ghastly custom. It's like a mock engagement ring. And believe me they are no charm to bind you to your boy-friend. No charm is necessary for this if you are true friends.

Teenagers shouldn't give presents of this kind. In fact, I doubt the wisdom of giving boy-friends presents at all, and when you start worrying about them in June the situation is really too ridiculous.

The etiquette of present-giving is vast, so vast that nowadays much of the real spirit of Christmas gift-giving is gone — presents are often given as a return for past favors or because people think they'd get more favors if they obligated their friends by giving them a gift. Are you sure your thoughts about the Christmas gift don't fall into either of these?

I'd relax on the boy-friend front if I were you. About December 20, when you are sure whether or not they are still your boy-friends and whether or not they will give you gifts, buy some little thing for them — but not jewellery.

A ring is a symbolic love gift from a man to a woman. Don't take it from him. It would be a sort of gift that would make men take off like greased lightning from the girl who gave it to them — they'd realise that the girl they were taking out was making the running, the man's traditional role.

The wrong quality

"I AM 13 and I suppose I am really too young to write to you. I have broken off a friendship with a boy I was very fond of. The reason is that he was asking me to go out to the pictures. My parents and I think I am too young to do this. After I had told him this, he still wished to go out with me, so I broke off our friendship. That was the end of six months' happy friendship. Then I discovered that I liked his twin brother. I had always thought that this boy was rather nice and sensible, but shy. But he likes me also. But I miss my previous boy-friend, and I think that although he is a little annoyed with me he does really like me a little. At our social last week I asked my previous boy-friend for the Lady's Choice. He told me that he had no other girl-friend. I am wondering if I was right in breaking off our friendship."

B.M., Qld.

I think you were quite right to break off your friendship with this boy, as it had begun to assume the wrong quality. No girl of 13 should have a boy-friend who asks her out to the pictures.

I think you are too young to go to socials, too. Try to remember that you are only a 13-year-old schoolgirl, and put first things first. At your age first things are schoolwork, growing, and being an obedient daughter. Social life and boy-friends are way back. Thank you for writing; 13 is not too young to write to me. It doesn't matter how old or young you are.

Not a freak

"I AM 10 years of age. A few months ago my periods started. Some of the girls in my class call me a freak. Please tell me what a freak is, and is there anything wrong with me?"

"Perplexed," Qld.

A freak is an oddity. You are not one. Generally in Australia a girl's periods start between the ages of 11 and 16. Younger than 11 is unusual but can still be normal. Take no notice of your friends.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A GUY says it's GIRLS who KISS 'N' TELL

• To whom it may concern—all previous offers of goodnight kisses to my dates are withdrawn.

IF I hadn't splurged this week's spending money on a new pair of desert boots (the sands had run out for my old pair) the above advice would be appearing in every public print from the London "Times" to "Tiger Tim's Own."

I'm darned if I'm going to risk being off my kissing game one night—and have my loss of form broadcast to the world next day.

Before any girls commit hara-kiri with nail-files or start hitting the perfume bottle, let me tell you the whole story . . .

Now a girl will tell you that a boy who kisses her and tells is a pretty caddish character.

Almost as bad, in fact, as the bloke who doesn't kiss her at all!

But I'm firmly convinced that the kissing-and-telling crime is a clear-cut case of the **pet** calling the kettle black.

Girls are, without a doubt, the greatest kissers-and-tellers since puppy love was whelped and dates were B.C.

You don't believe it?

Well, come with me on my morning train to the office—the 8.26—and you'll soon see what I mean.

It all started as we were rocking and rolling along and I was quietly reading my favorite weekly over the shoulder of the girl beside me.

I was just sweating out a space trip with Mandrake when a girl's voice in my ear dragged me back from the underworld.

"Oh, that Jack!" she yelled above the clack-clackety-clack of the train. "I'll just never go out with him again! I'd die—simply **expire**—if he kissed me again!"

The yeller was a blonde, 17-or-so-year-old office-worker. Her intended audience was a pony-tailed companion.

But at a rough estimate about 40 strangers had box seats, too.

"It's that silly moustache he's trying to grow," hollered Blondie. "It tickles!"

"I know what you mean, hon," screamed Ponytail as we raced through a tunnel. "My Charlie's got a nose like a cocker spaniel!"

I must have made my interest in their conversation a bit obvious, for suddenly I felt four hostile eyes turned on me and heard Ponytail say something about "Big Ears." Which wasn't quite fair considering they were talking at the top of their lungs.

Probably at that very moment a red-faced Jack was shaving off his mo and Charlie seeing a vet!

Next day I went along minding my own business. But it was on again. This time the early morning announcers were a red-headed girl and a freckled mate.

". . . then he crooned," Coppertop was saying, "'your lips are like ripe tomatoes.' Really! He thinks he's Tab Hunter!"

"If his hair keeps falling out he'll be more like Yul Brynner!" chuckled Freckles . . .

Next morning we were only about a dozen rattles out of the station when a brunette announced to her girl-friend—and the world—that her last night's date, a poor sap named Al Malone, could well have a follicle-to-follicle talk with his barber.

It appeared that dandruff had dry-scalped Cupid when they clinched.

Even Malone's best friends probably wouldn't tell HIM. But certainly his girl had no compunction in telling everyone else.

Suddenly the name rang a bell. I'd gone to school with Al Malone. A friend of good ole Catsmeat Malone, eh?

"Excuse me," I said. "Did I hear you say something about an Al Malone?"

The brunette's icy stare would have sent Sir Edmund Hillary scampering for his snowshoes.

"Well, really!" she snorted as she gave me a free X-ray. "I must say nothing's private to some people!"

"You misunderstand me!" I tried to soothe her. "I was just going to say that I know old Catsmeat Malone . . ."

"CATSMEAT!" she shrieked. "How dare you get personal about Aloysius. I won't hear a thing against him!"

"But . . ."

I'm a bit hazy about the rest of the trip.

All I know is that every woman in the compartment suddenly acted as if I were a typhoid-carrier—or, worse still, a witness against Liberace!

As I slunk off the train (and I swear I felt a dainty foot try to trip me), I heard the brunette grate to her mate ". . . Why, a girl can't even think about a boy . . ."

Well, no girl's going to "think" out loud—about me.

I want every girl to know that the Rudolph Valentino in me has retired.

The lipstick and tissue industries are in for a slump. They've boomed during the last couple of years by trading on the trail of smudged Cupid's Bows I've left behind me. Well, they'll just have to get a new selling gimmick.

Sorry, girls, but my mind is made up. To you my lips are really sealed.

—Robin Adair

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Love story

Janet was hopeless without her specs . . . couldn't see across a room, and faces were just pink blurs. The weekend that Janet broke her specs was the most momentous of her life. On Friday night she and her friend Kay were getting ready for a party. Kay was brushing Jan's hair when . . .

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YOUR TRIP ABROAD

How to get jobs in U.K. and Europe

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● We've now given you many practical ideas on how to save enough money to get to England and Europe and what to do when you get there.

HELICOPTER view of London, showing the West End on the left bank of the Thames.

LET'S suppose that now you're back in London, ready to settle down to a few months' work.

What can you do?

That, of course, depends on your qualifications and what you want to do.

A quick glance down the "sits vac." column of the daily newspapers reveals that there is a much wider scope for employment than there is in Australia.

A nurse or a teacher can find unique employment "private easing," and may be absorbed into some fascinating household —that of a holidaying Indian rajah or some learned English professor. Then there are the usual "relieving" jobs in hospitals and schools throughout England.

Secretarial work is easy to find, too. But don't expect to get a plummy job. Australians and New Zealanders are bad risks as far as employers are concerned, for though their work is quite up to the English standard they have too often "queered their pitch" by breaking a three-month contract to dash off after a few weeks on some tour.

The most satisfactory type of secretarial employment for the working holiday-maker is offered by secretarial agencies. There are hundreds of them which take a certain percentage of the wages but guarantee to find employment whenever or for as long as you want it.

Domestic work

Domestic work opens up undreamed-of corridors of employment, ranging from jobs walking dogs in public parks to scrubbing floors in palatial mansions.

Poorly paid and mostly quite hard work, these jobs are simply an interesting stopgap to your dwindling bank account.

Waitressing and coffee-bar jobs, though the wages are poor, are occasionally quite lucrative, as the public is used to tipping in England.

For the quaintest pick of the domestic jobs, study the classified advertisements in a little magazine called "The Lady" and the Personal column in "The Times." You may find yourself grooming horses in Ireland or cooking for an 80-year-old bachelor.

But be wary. White-slavery is not as old-fashioned as most people imagine. So, though the advertisement may be exactly what it seems, let your bank manager or some responsible older person inspect the job and your future employers.

Whatever you tackle in England, don't expect to make your fortune or even break even between your pay packet and your living and entertainment expenses.

The general wage scale is much lower than in Australia, except for the top-of-the-bill jobs. Added to that, you will want to do, buy, and see a lot that is out of the scope of the average English working-girl.

Dip into your capital in the bank for all the little extras. It's worth it. And eat the sort of food you have been used to at home. Fresh fruit and vegetables and good meat at least once a day may be expensive, but they are a good investment as an insurance against a doctor's bill.

Perhaps you liked your little taste of the Continent so much that you would like to go back and work there.

Jobs for English-speaking girls are very restricted. Not only is the language barrier fearsome but most countries, including France, Italy, and Germany, will not give working permits to aliens.

This means that the only way to do legitimate secretarial work abroad is to work for some English or American firm which has branches in Europe. This sort of work is more permanent, perhaps, than you want.

Domestic employment abroad is relatively easy — hard work, but easy to find. The most usual job is that of "au pair" to a French family. You are paid pocket money only for your work, which may range from waiting on the table, looking after children, to teaching English to the family, the tasks depending on how many servants the family employs.

But you are "kept" for your work. And French family cooking is superb, even if your accommodation and toilet facilities may seem a bit crude.

Sometimes this kind of work can be desperately dismal, but there is always the consolation of learning French — most families give you each afternoon free to attend one of the large international language schools.

Lots to learn

There's not only the language to learn. You will be able to observe, probably for the first and only time, a completely new code of morals, manners, and traditions within the family circle.

"Au pair" jobs on the Continent are sometimes advertised in the English newspapers or handled by domestic-employment agencies in England.

The work is only worth the trouble for a minimum of three months.

Less binding work on the Continent is grape-harvesting for a few weeks in the autumn. You can join up with a group of students.

Qualification for this work is simply a great capacity for "roughing it." It's hard labor, backbreaking, and finger-staining. You will sleep in little huts.

In most cases, naturally, your wine and grape ration will be free. Wages are not commensurate with the labor, you'll think, but the experience and fun can be priceless.

Suddenly you'll realise that all the experiences you have weathered have accumulated into a lot of self-confidence.

But you will never get this invaluable confidence if you have worry and financial insecurity. Travel on a shoestring is not good enough nowadays.

Yes, we say it again.

Even if it means waiting three years for your trip, wait till you have enough money. It's worth it — in the fun you'll have and the worries you won't have.

PARTY ICEBREAKERS

Baby pictures get things going

● Photographs are the key to a successful party if you use the icebreaker which wins this week's £5 Progress Prize for 17-year-old Lynette Younger, of Bilpin, N.S.W.

"ASK every guest to bring along to the party a photograph of herself, or himself, under the age of two," Lynette suggests.

"Pin all the photographs to a noticeboard with numbers underneath.

"Then give guests pencils and paper and get them to identify one another.

"By the time they have finished the ice will certainly be broken."

Send us YOUR favorite game or idea for getting a party started with a swing. Letters should be short. The idea you suggest doesn't have to be an original one as long as it's an effective one.

Address your entries: "Party Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Closing date for the Party Contest is July 15.

Here is a list of the prizes you have a chance of winning with your favorite icebreaker.

FIRST PRIZE: A Philips Model 215 9-valve True 2-Unit Stereophonic Radiogram in walnut or maple finish, valued at 159 guineas.

AGFA Opticus 100 Slide-o-matic color slide projector, one of four to be won in our Party Icebreaker Contest.

OTHER PRIZES:

FOUR Philips Model 198 push-button all-transistor portable radios valued at 42 guineas each.

FOUR 25-guinea courses at The Arthur Murray School of Dancing. The course of 26 private and group lessons can be taken at the Sydney or the Parramatta studio.

ONE grooming and deportment course at the June Dally-Watkins School valued at 20 guineas.

FOUR Agfa Opticus 100 Slide-o-matic color slide projectors valued at £19 each.

SIX prizes of two vouchers each for 12in. LP stereophonic Philips, Polydor, or D.G.G. recordings valued at three guineas each.

● This contest is governed by the rules as published in our issue of June 10.

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Fish out of water, but certainly not floundering, the Konrads Kids, Ilsa and John. Keeping fit in winter is no problem to these brilliant young swimming champs, who can show some good strokes on land as well as in the water. Ilsa, 15, plays squash once a week and is goalie for the Birrong High School basketball team. Brother John, 17, a pupil at Sydney Technical High School, likes a fast game of tennis. They also practise callisthenics (exercises). Both are studying for exams. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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